FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCB

Section 2225

LIBRARY PRINCETON
FEB 21 1936

THE

CENTENARY SINGER

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

POPULAR

DURING THE LAST

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

COMPILED AS DIRECTED

BY THE

MUSIC COMMITTEE

OF THE

GEN. CONFERENCE & ASSOC. M. E. CHOIRS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Methodist Episcopal Church

NEW YORK:
CARLTON & PORTER.
CINCINNATI:
POE & HITCHCOCK.
1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

[Stereotyped by C. W. Warren, 43 Center-street, New York.]

PREFACE.

THE Associated Methodist Episcopal Choirs memorialized the last General Conference, desiring the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of securing a collection of Tunes which might become a denominational standard. Such Committee was appointed; the two sections met, and determined that it was expedient to issue, first, a small collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday-School, Class, Prayer, and other Social Meetings. Also, that the poetry from our standard Hymn Book chiefly should be used, and the Tunes be such as had gained public favor.

Prominent in this work, is a purpose to induce familiarity with the poetry of our Hymn Book; and especially that those hymns should first occupy the minds of our youth, and form the resources of memory.

As the work is intended for social purposes, latitude has been exercised in the selection of tunes, though nothing adopted to which even the fastidious need object, especially if regard be had to proper style of performance.

Rev. THOMAS CARLTON,	Rev. F. BOTTOME,
Rev. LUKE HITCHCOCK,	Rev. HENRY J. FOX,
Rev. JOHN LANAHAN,	DANIEL AYRES,
Rev. JAMES PIKE,	JOHN F. WILLIAMS,
Rev. I. S. BINGHAM,	JOHN STEPHENSON,
Com. of General Conference.	*Com. of Associated Choirs.*

M. RUGER, *Secretary of Associated Choirs*, added.

[The copyright has been presented to the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church.]

CLASSIFICATION.

Introductory to Worship ..... Pages 1 to 27
The Divine Perfections ..... 28 to 38
Jesus Christ:
Incarnation and Birth ..... 39 to 43
Sufferings and Death ..... 44 to 51, 397
Resurrection and Ascension ..... 52 to 55
Priesthood and Intercession ..... 56 to 62
The Holy Spirit 63, 64
Institutions of the Gospel:
The Ministry ..... 65 to 69
The Church ..... 70 to 74
The Sabbath ..... 75 to 79
Baptism 80
The Lord's Supper 81, 82
Provisions and Promises of the Gospel ..... 83 to 95
The Sinner:
Depravity ..... 96 to 98
Awakening ..... 100 to 103
Inviting ..... 104 to 116, 387, 395, 398
Penitential ..... 117 to 135, 396
The Christian Life:
Justification by Faith ..... 136 to 145
Adoption and Assurance ..... 146 to 150
Sanctification ..... 122, 151 to 172, 389, 390
Means of Grace:
Prayer and Intercession ..... 173 to 187
Family Devotion ..... 188 to 197
The Closet ..... 198 to 201
Reading the Scriptures ..... 202 to 206

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP:
Communion of Saints ..... Pages 207 to 213
Love-Feast ..... 214 to 219
DUTIES AND TRIALS:
The Warfare ..... 220 to 229
Patience and Resignation ..... 230 to 237
Steadfastness and Growth in Grace ..... 34, 144, 238 to 255
HUMILIATION:
Unfaithfulness Mourned ..... 256 to 261
Backslidings Lamented 262, 263
REJOICING:
In Deliverance from Trouble 264, 265, 388
In Communion with God. 266 to 281, 356, 386, 392, 393, 395, 400
In Prospect of Heaven ..... 282 to 307, 391, 393, 395
SPECIAL OCCASIONS:
Missionary ..... 308 to 317
Sunday-Schools ..... 318 to 321, 323, 354 to 377, 379 to 384, 399
Miscellaneous ..... 282, 323, 324 to 327, 385
TIME AND ETERNITY:
Watchnight and New Year ..... 328 to 332
Brevity and Uncertainty of Life ..... 332 to 335
Death and Resurrection ..... 336 to 343
Day of Judgment ..... 344 to 350
CLOSE OF WORSHIP ..... 268, 351 to 353

MUSIC AND POETRY.

THIS Collection of Music contains the best standard tunes for ordinary congregational purposes, and an abundance of the lighter kinds, with stirring choruses, which quicken the emotions, and tend to mobilize religious song.

In addition to the old authors whose productions are heir-looms in the Church, there is large indebtedness to Messrs. Bradbury, Mason, Hastings, Woodbury, Root, Kingsley, Foster, Lowry, Perkins, Seward, Pond, Ives, Dutton, Dingley, Webb, Jackson, Zundel, Oakley, Thompson, Marsh, Oliver, Grigg, Hartsough, Merrill, Holmes, Main, Ruger, Brown, Taylor, Emerson, Roberts, Butcher, Hull, Gould, Warren, Goodenough, Tucker, Phillips, Miller, Coles, Converse, Love, and others, popular composers of our own times.

The hymns are nearly all from the Collection of which the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have said:

"In presenting to you this Standard Hymn Book, we believe that we are putting in your hands one of the choicest selections of evangelical hymns for Private Devotion, as well as for Family, Social, and Public Worship.

"We exhort you, dear brethren, to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also; and we will rejoice to join you in time and in eternity.

"Your affectionate pastors in Christ,

"ELIJAH HEDDING,
BEVERLY WAUGH,
THOMAS A. MORRIS,
L. L. HAMLINE,
EDMUND S. JANES."

EXHORTATION. C. M.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeem - er's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace, The
The glories &c.
The glories of my God and King,
glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

1 C. M.

General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

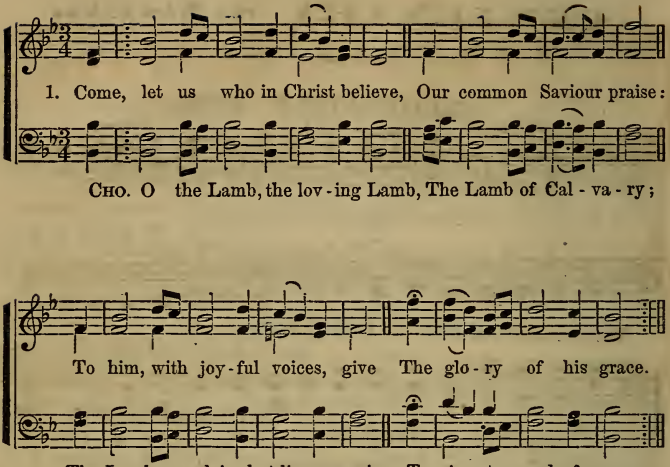
2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks,—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.



3 **C. M.**

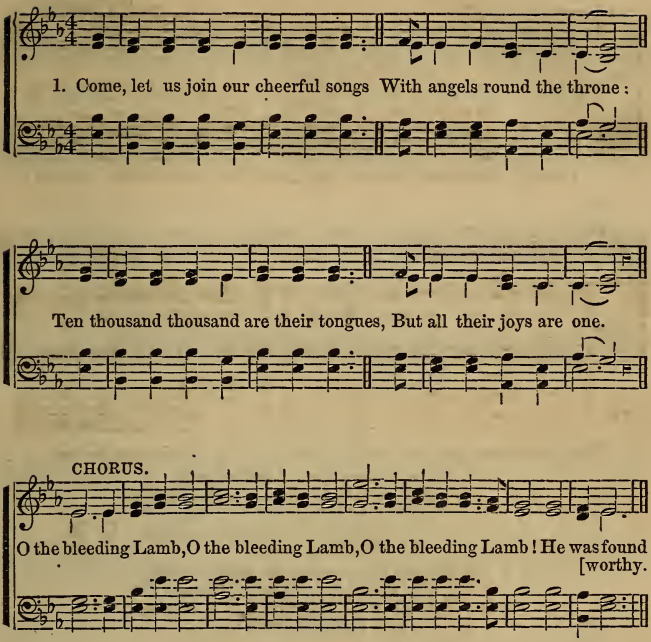
The Heavenly Guest.

1 Come, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise:
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.
Cho.—O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary;
The Lamb was slain, but lives again,
To intercede for me.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we harken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.



4 **C. M.**

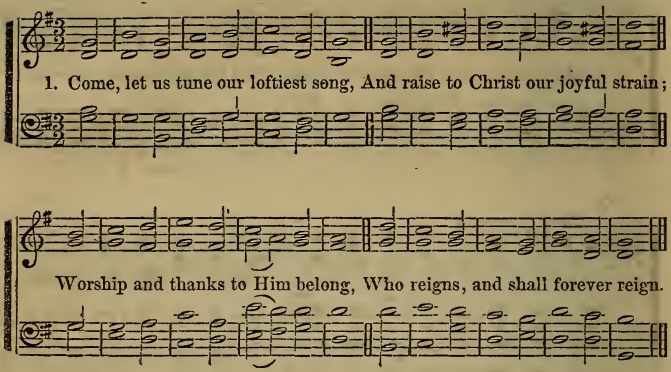
The Lamb worshipped on earth and in heaven.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

W. Tansur.



5 **L. M.**

Jesus reigns.

1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

2 His sov'reign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd, he bled,
To save us from eternal death.

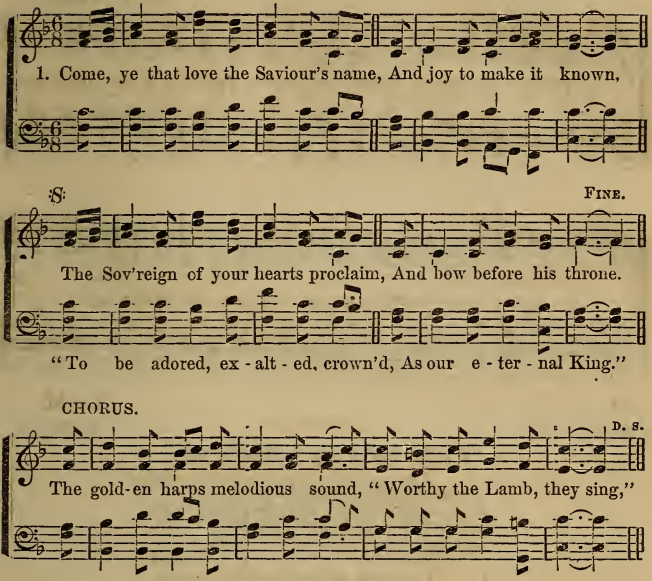
3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.

4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. C. CONVERSE.



6 *The glories of our King.* **C. M.**

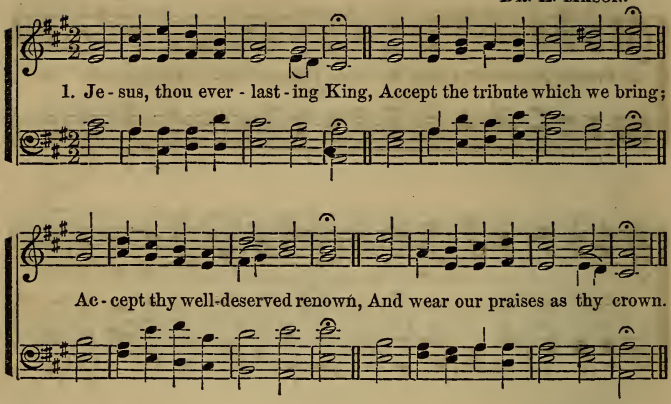
1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
  And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
  And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master, crown'd
  With glories all divine:
And tell the wond'ring nations round,
  How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
  The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
  And wish, like them, to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
  Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
  And bid it reach the skies.

DR. L. MASON.



10 **L. M.**

Tribute of praise to the Saviour.

1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

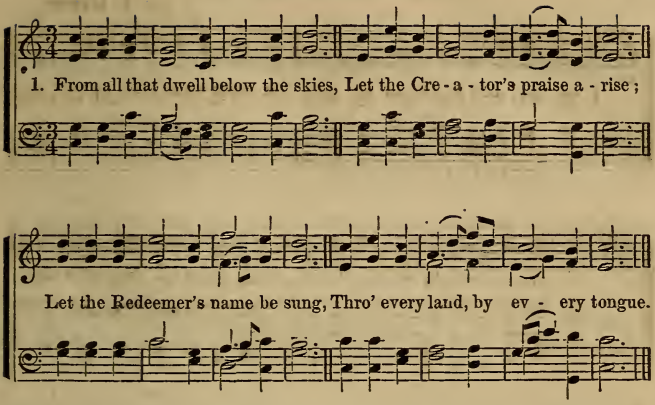
2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy Name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



11 **L. M.**

The creation invited to praise God.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

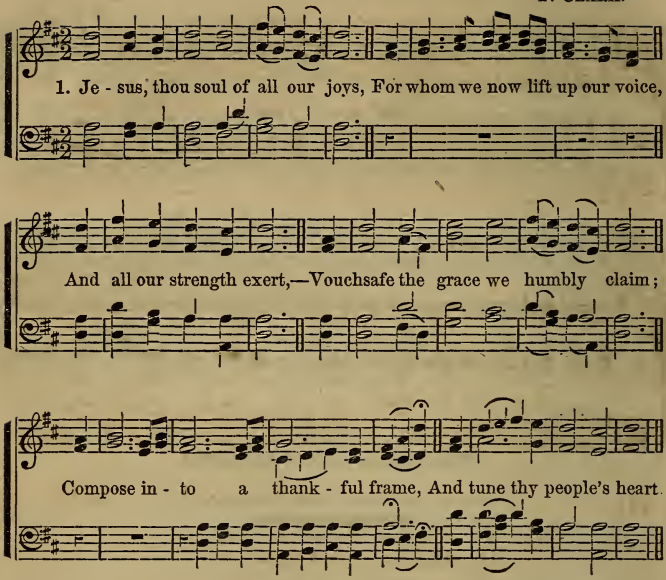
4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PIETY. 4th P. M.

T. Clark.



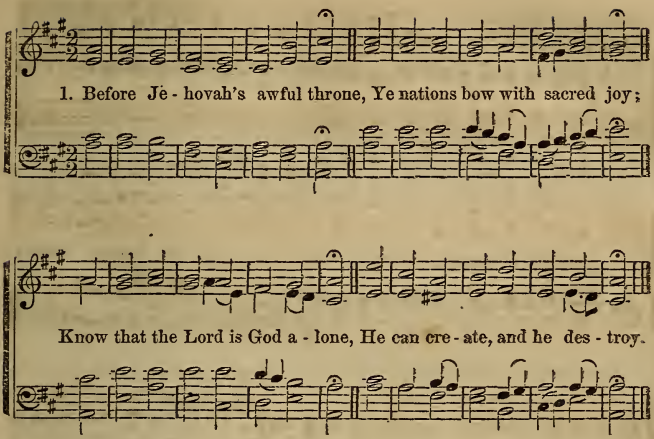
13 **4th P. M.**

The love of Jesus.

2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our whole design,
Thy glory, not our own:—
Still let us keep this end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.

3 Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join, with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy harmonizing name.

4 With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above.



16 **L. M.**

Grateful adoration.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

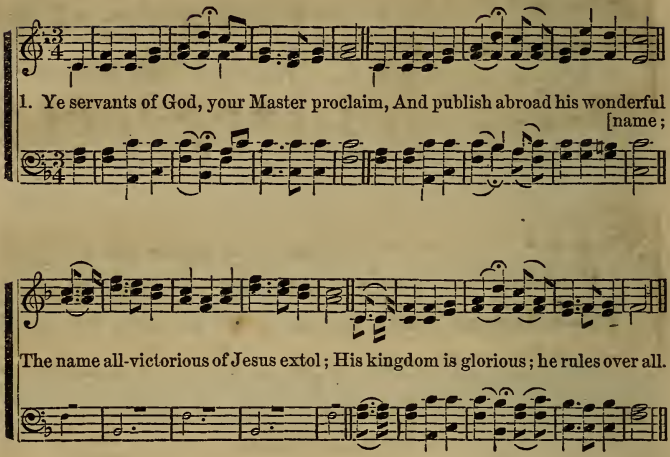
2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



18 **13th P. M.**

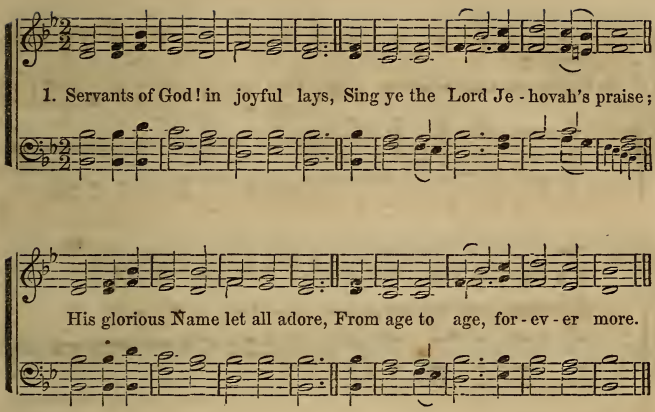
Adoration for infinite love.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.



20 **L. M.**

The glories of Jehovah.

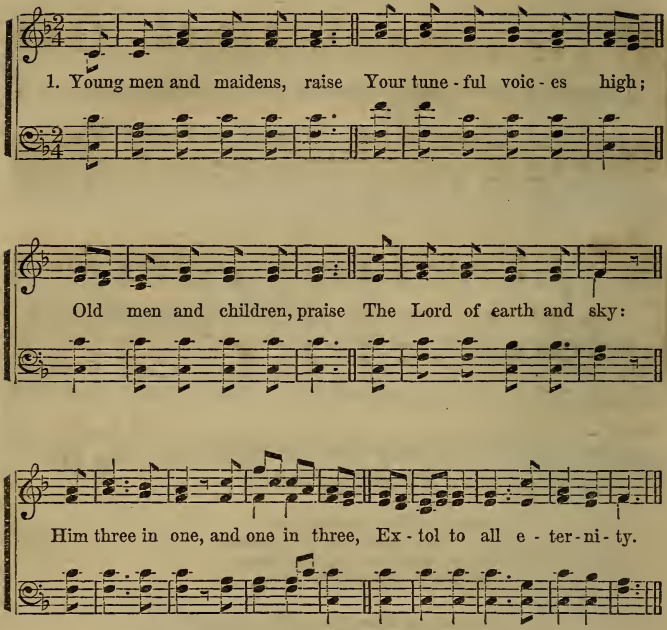
1 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious Name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In Him the poor may safely trust.

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forever more.



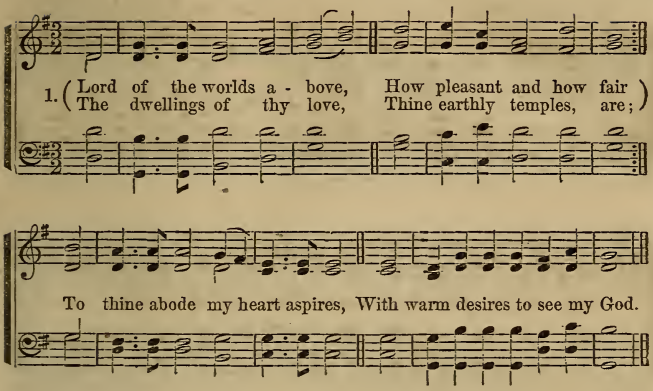
21 **3rd P. M.**

The universal King.

2 The universal King Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing His attributes and name:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In His great Name alone All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne, And shall forever sit:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs; Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs, Of all in earth and heaven:
Him three in one, and one in three,
Extol to all eternity.



24 **3rd P. M.**

Longing for the house of God.

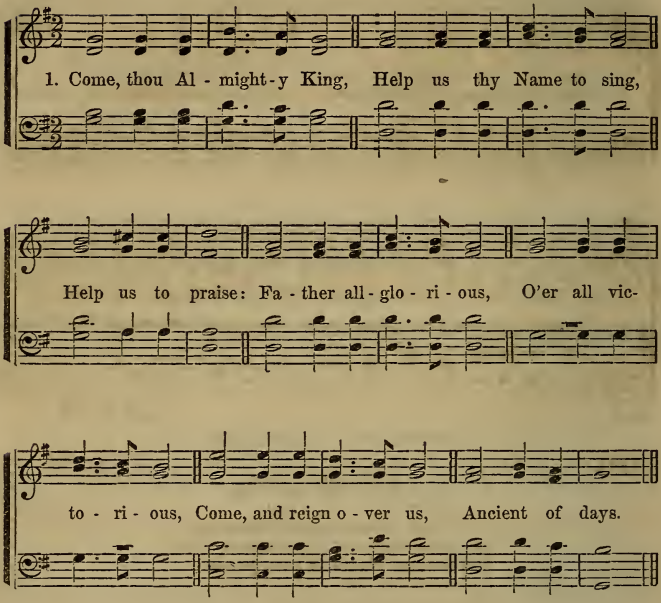
1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat! thou, God our King,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From humble, contrite souls:
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

DR. T. HASTINGS.



25 19th P. M.

Invocation and praise to the Trinity.

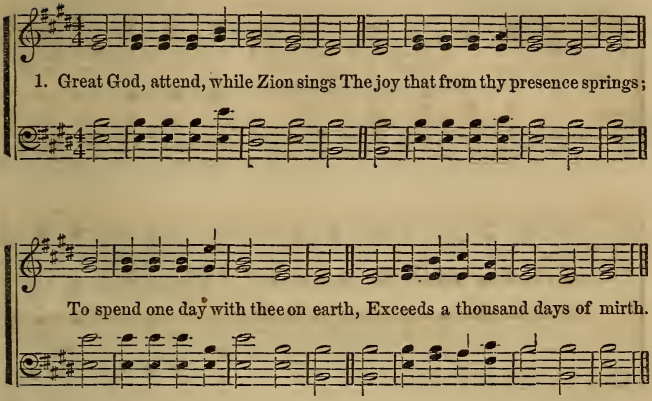
2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sov'reign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

I. B. WOODBURY.



26 L. M.

Joy of public worship.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

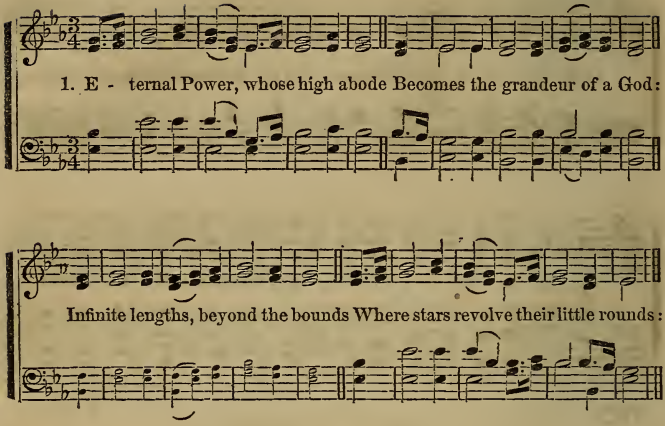
2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

I. B. Woodbury.



27 **L. M.**

Solemn reverence.

1 Eternal Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

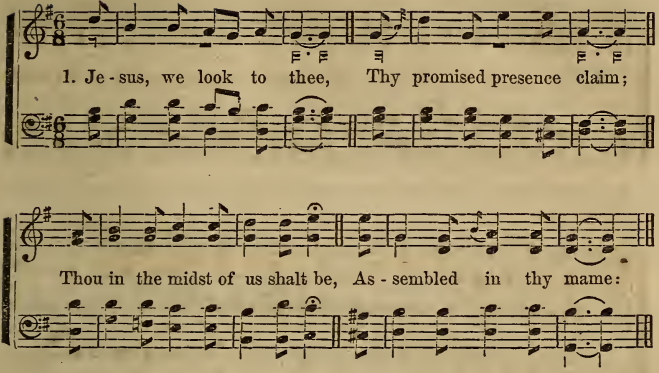
2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings:
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

G. Paesiello.



35 **S. M.**

Claiming the promise.

1 Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:

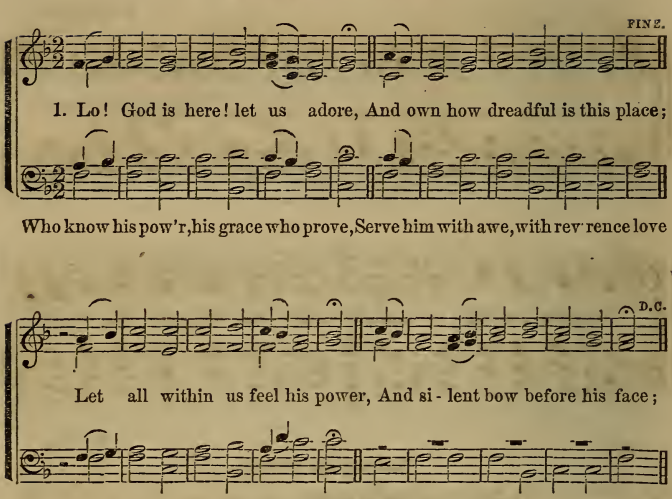
2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.

6 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.



36 **1st P. M.**

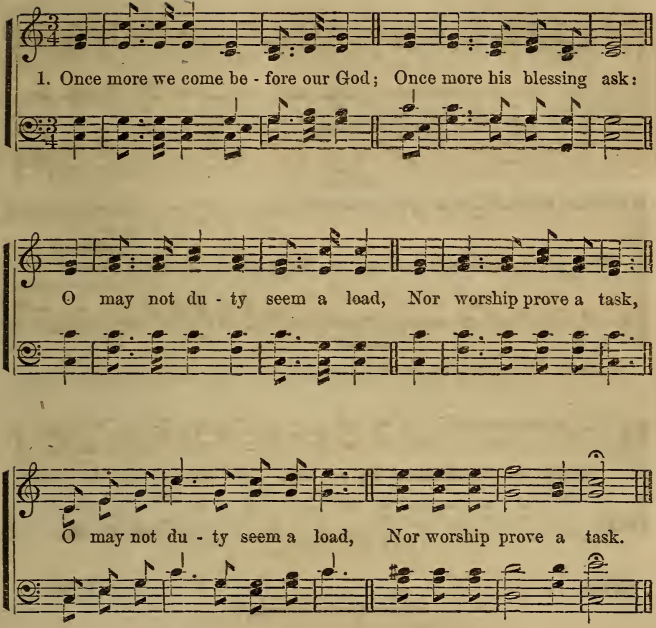
God is in this place.

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

DR. L. MASON.



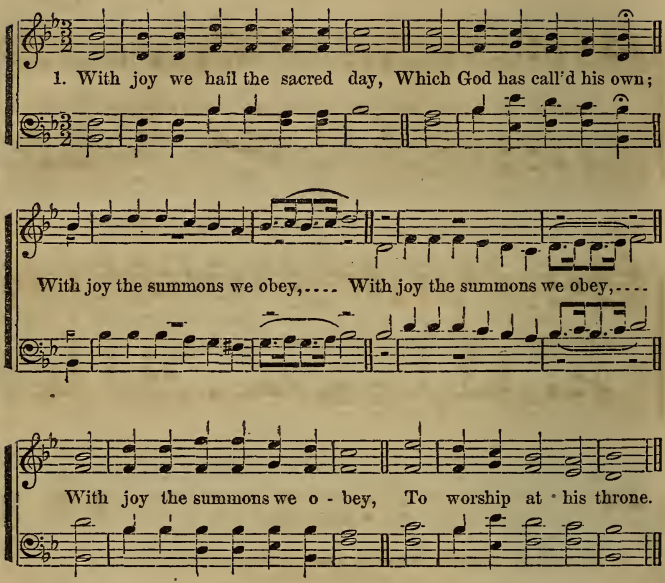
38 C. M.

A blessing on the word.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessings suit;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.



39 **C. M.**

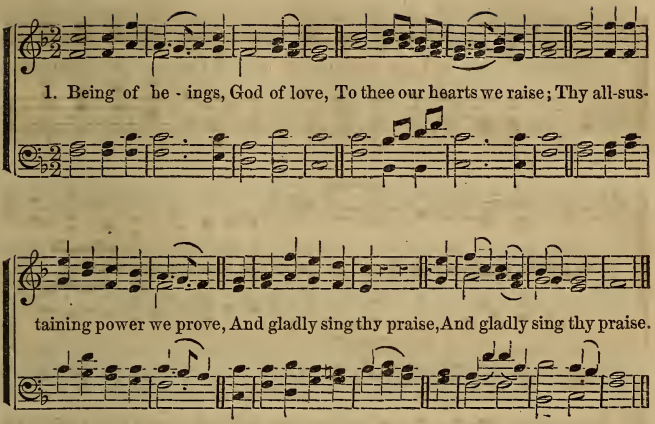
God's service delightful.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found—
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast call'd thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.



42 **C. M.**

The fulness of God.

1 Being of beings, God of love,
  To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
  And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
  Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
  To thee ourselves we give.

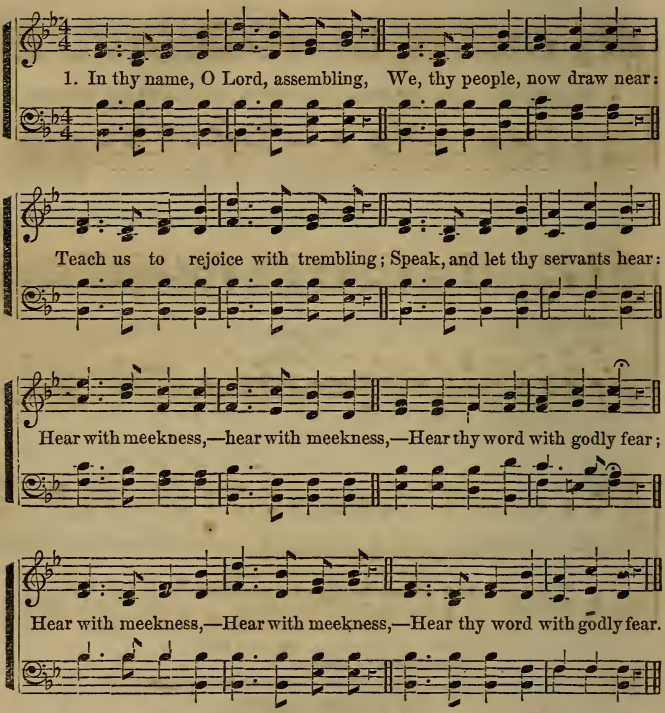
3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
  For all thy mercy's store;
The sole return thy love requires,
  Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
  Our hearts to' embrace thy will;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again;
  With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
  Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
  And be, with Christ in God.

ANTICIPATION. 8th P. M.

C. C. Converse.

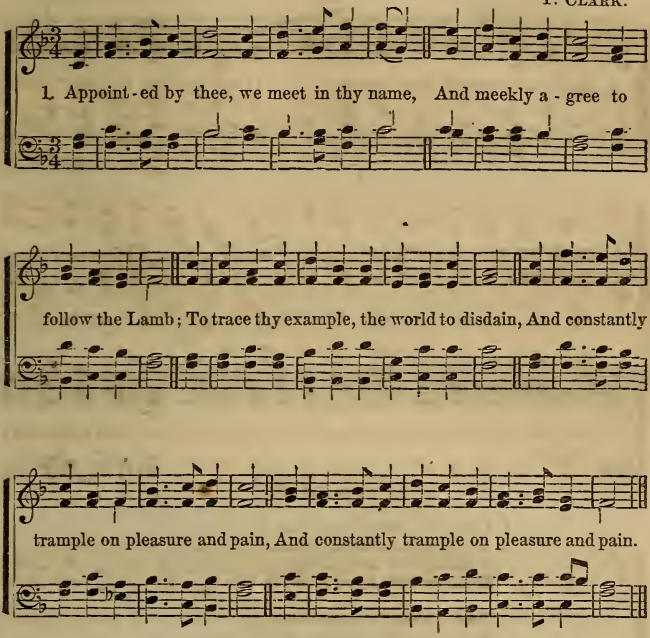


43 *Heavenly joy anticipated.* **8th P. M.**

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
May we give them, Lord, to thee:
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
May we run, nor weary be;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before:
Full enjoyment,—
Full and pure, forevermore.

T. Clark.



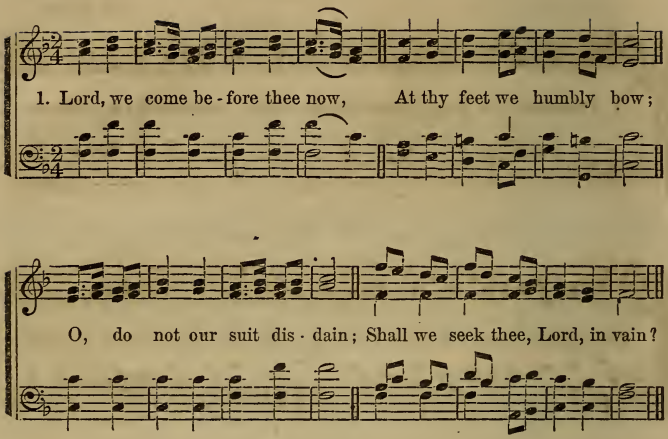
55 **13th P. M.**

The heavenly Pattern.

1 Appointed by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb;
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?
To make us anew, come, Lord, from above:
The fruit of thy passion, thy holiness give;
Give us the salvation of all that believe.

3 O Jesus! appear; no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see—
Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.



57 5th P. M.

For a general blessing.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

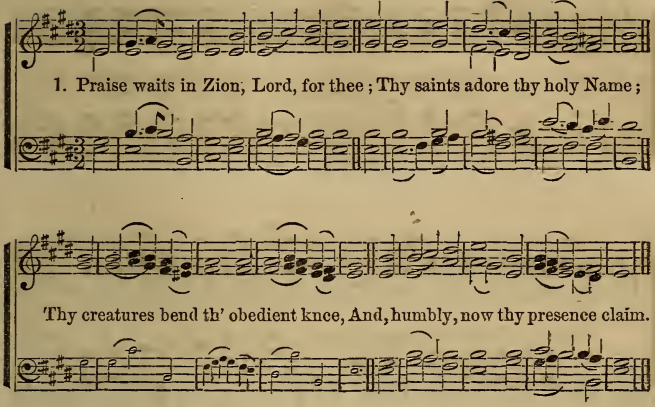
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind:
Heal the sick. the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

STANLEY.



59 **L. M.**

The bond of love.

1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy Name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, now thy presence claim.

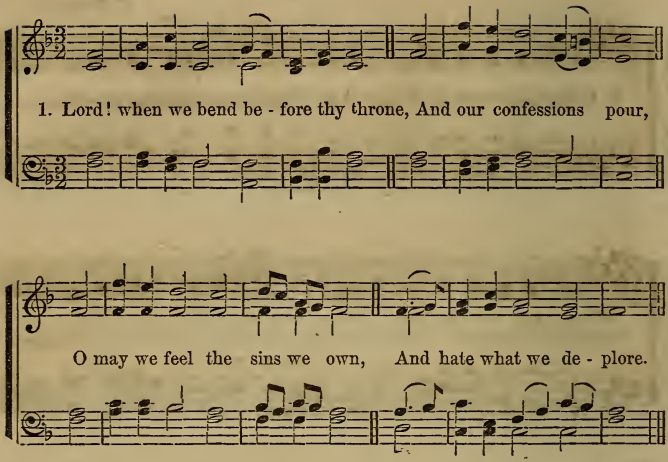
2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

3 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great bond,—the love of thee.

4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



61 **C. M.**

Confession, prayer, and praise.

1 Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

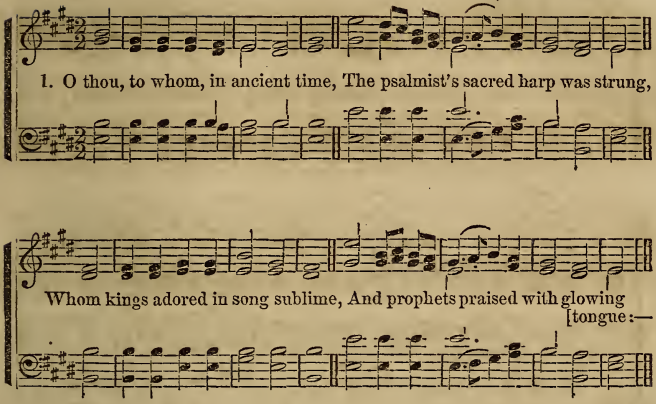
2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace into each heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive
Our grateful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review;
With love divine, transported, tell—
Thou, God, art Father too!

V. C. TAYLOR.



63 **L. M.**

True worship everywhere accepted.

1 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:—

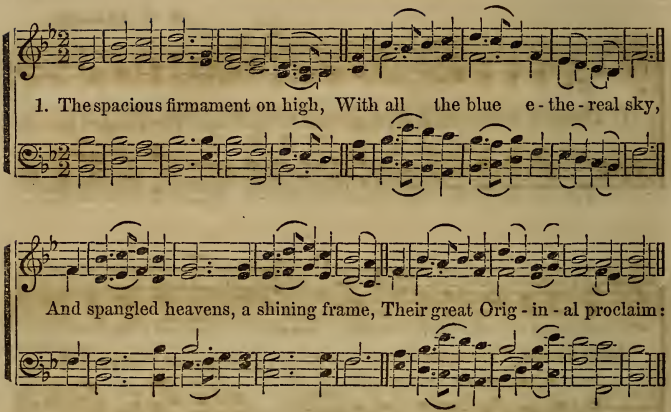
2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favour'd worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung;
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



65 **L. M.**

The heavens declare his glory.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:

2 The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

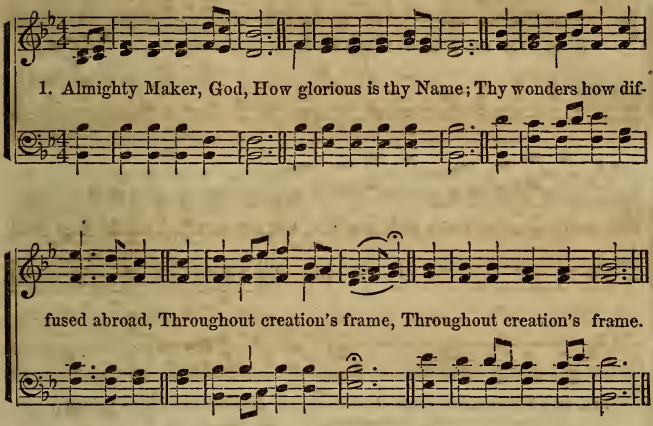
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

W. U. Butcher.



67 **S. M.**

His name is glorious

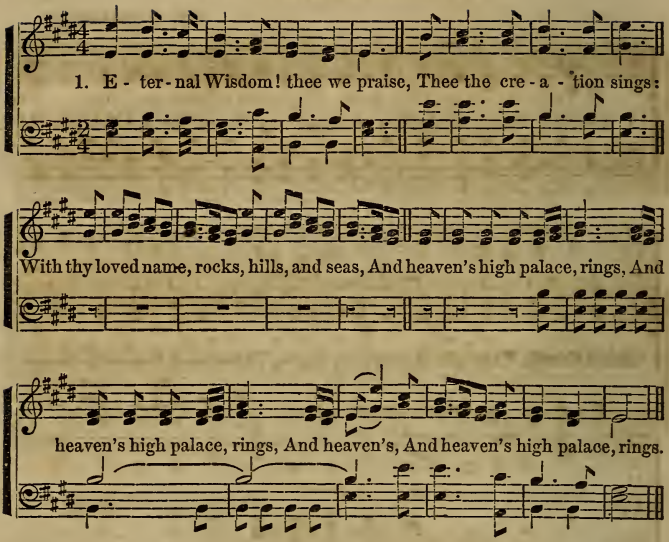
1 Almighty Maker, God,
How glorious is thy Name;
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,
Throughout creation's frame.

2 In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song;
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.



68 **C. M**

Heaven and earth are full of His glory.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

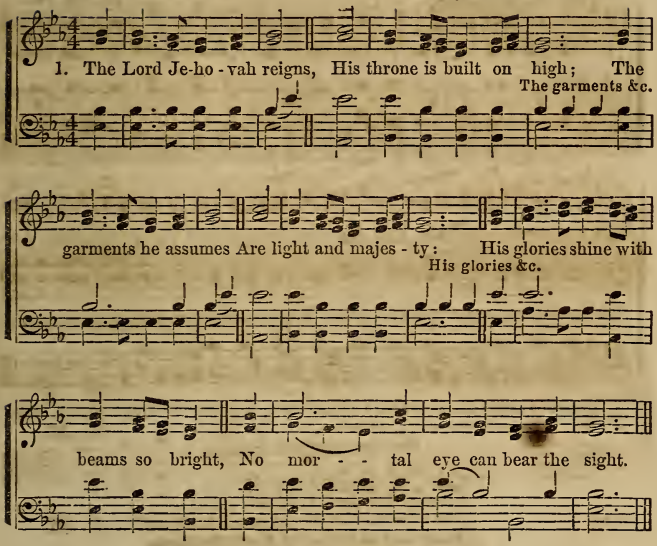
3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run:
There the pale planet rules the night;
The day obeys the sun.

4 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

5 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through thy works abroad:
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God!

6 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move:
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



77 **3rd P. M.**

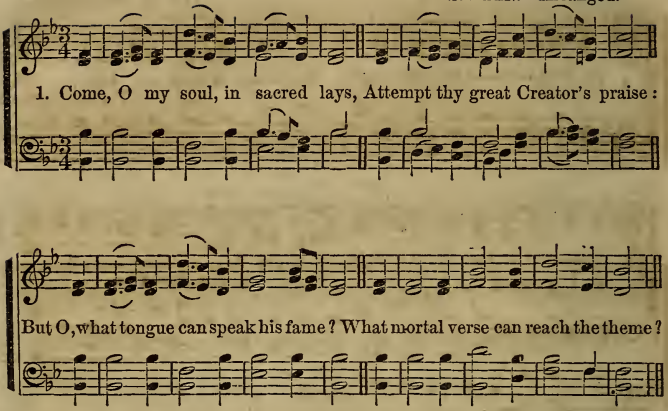
Greatness and condescension.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4 And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;—
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

S. MAIN. Arranged.



78 **L. M.**

Omnipotence and wisdom.

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

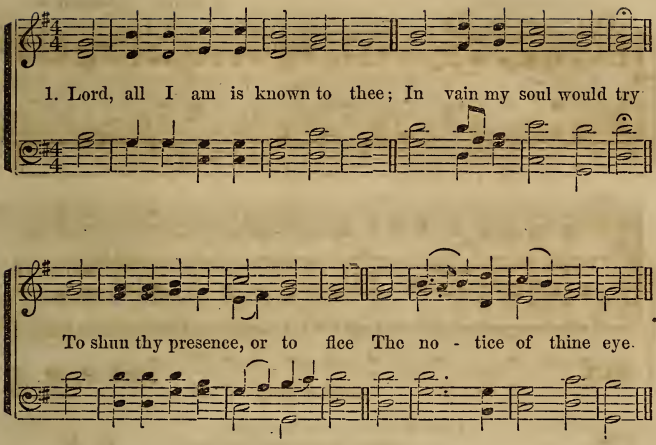
2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



83 **C. M.**

Omniscience.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

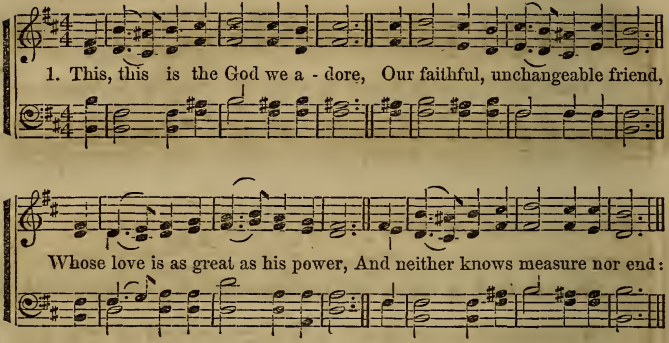
2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

BILLINGS.



85 **10th P. M.**

Immutability.

1 This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

802 **10th P. M.**

Following the Lamb.

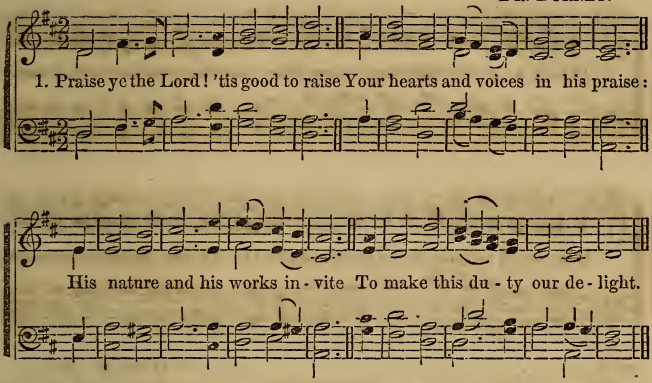
1 What now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:

2 My hope is all centred in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

3 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side:

4 I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown,
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

DR. BURNEY.



86 L. M.

Infinite in wisdom.

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Sing to the Lord! exalt him high,
Who spreads the clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

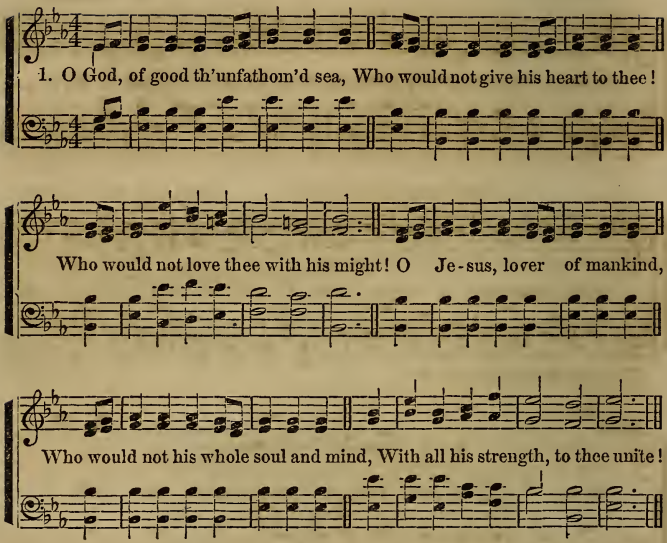
4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

JEFFERSON. 2nd P. M.

I. B. Woodbury.



87 2nd P. M.

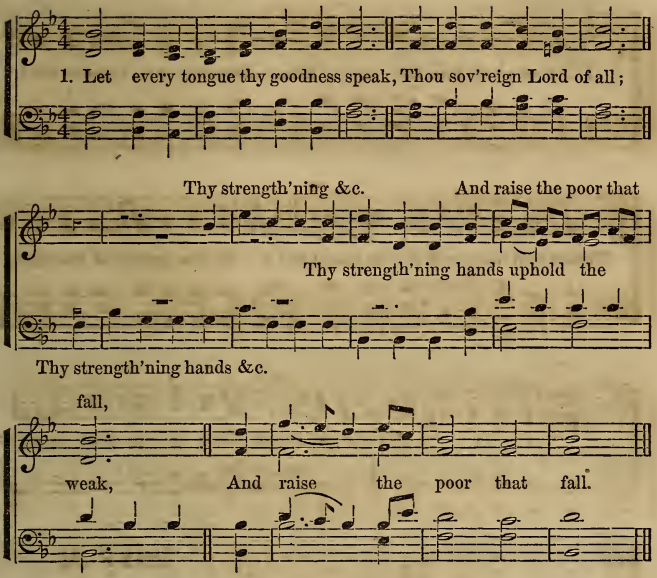
Infinite condescension.

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays;
Before the' insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes;
Yet free as air thy bounty streams;
On all thy works thy mercy's beams,
Diffusive as thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
Earth, hell, and heaven's strong pillars bow:
Terrible majesty is thine!
Who then can that vast love express,
Which bows thee down to me,—who less
Than nothing am till thou art mine.

4 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly ord'rest all that is;
And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

J. INGALLS.



89 **C. M.**

Goodness and mercy.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distress'd,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

BILLINGS.

1. Father, how wide thy glo - ry shines, How high thy wonders rise!

Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power; Their motions speak thy skill:

And on the wings of eve - ry hour, We read thy patience still.

91 *Glory, mercy, grace.* **C. M.**

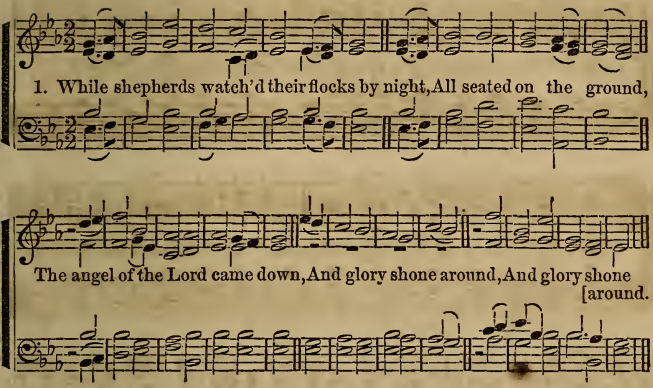
2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:
Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

3 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

1132 C. M.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,—
Let saints and angels join.

G. F. HANDEL.



113 **C. M.**

Glad tidings of great joy.

1 While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
Who thus address'd their song;

6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joi-ces; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

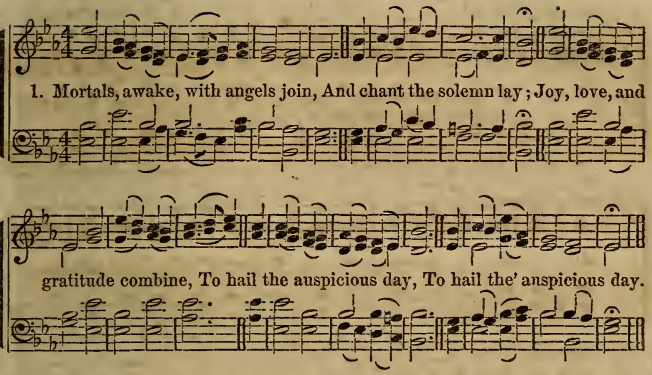
Listen to the wondrous story, Which they chant in hymns of joy:—

Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!

114 *Peace on earth—good-will to men.* **9th P. M.**

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.



116 **C. M.**

Glory be to God in the highest.

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

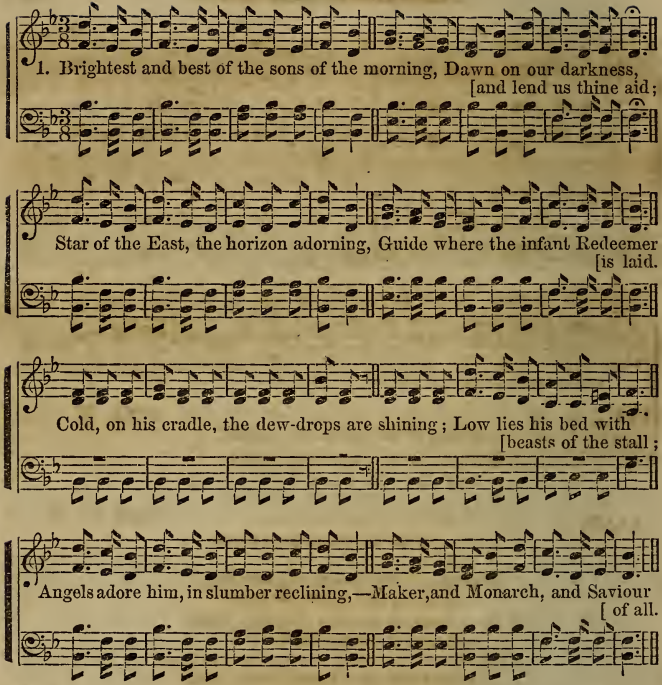
3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy, was new,—
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.

6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The' harmonious heavenly throng.

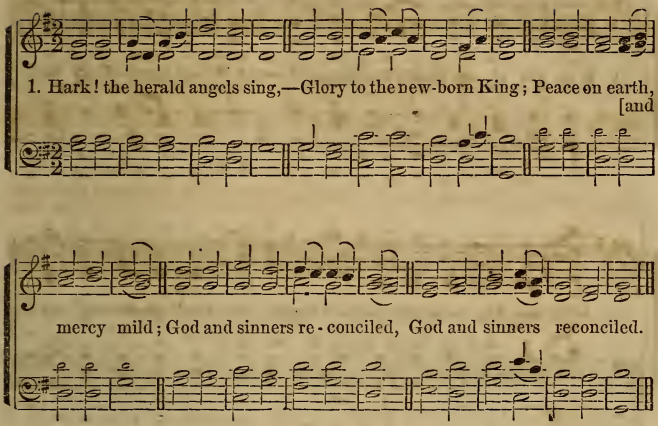


117 *The star in the East.* **30th P. M.**

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

MALAN.



125 **5th P. M.**

The sun of righteousness.

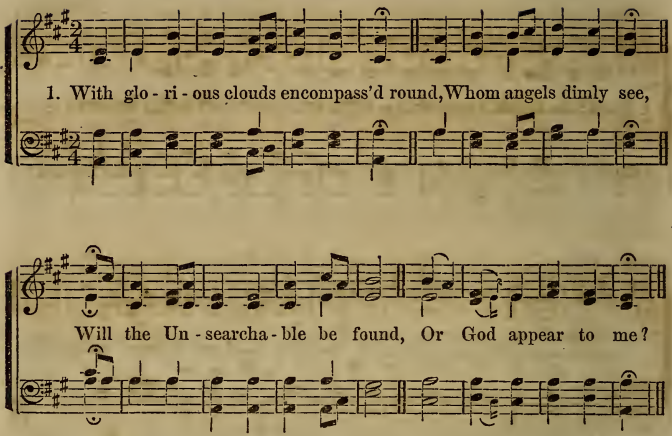
1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.

5 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.



128 **C. M.**

God manifested in the flesh.

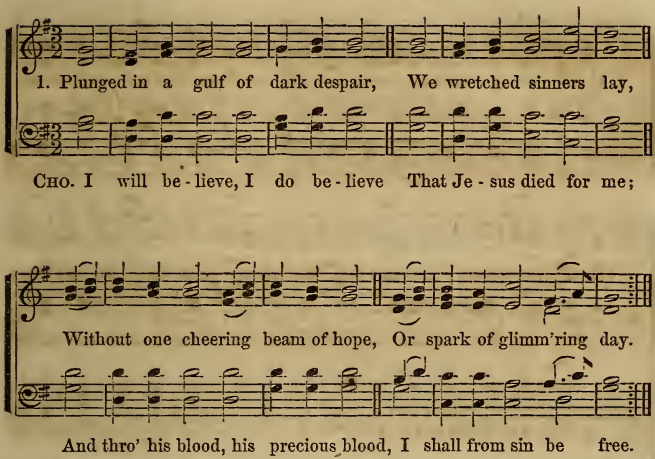
1 With glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,—
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,—
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?—

5 Might view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity?



131 **C. M.**

His amazing love.

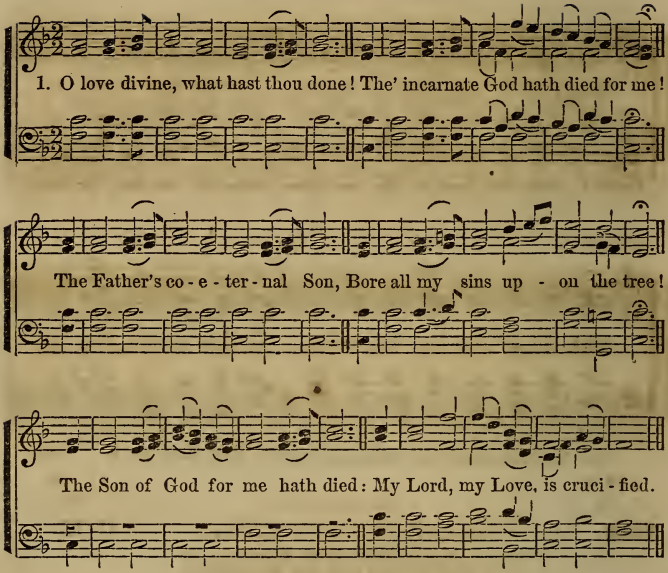
1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.



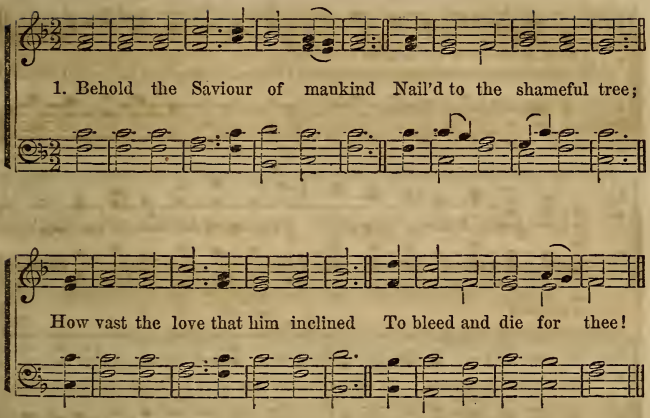
133 **1st P. M.**

Love divine.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,—
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him:
Of nothing think or speak beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.



134 **C. M.**

He died for thee.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

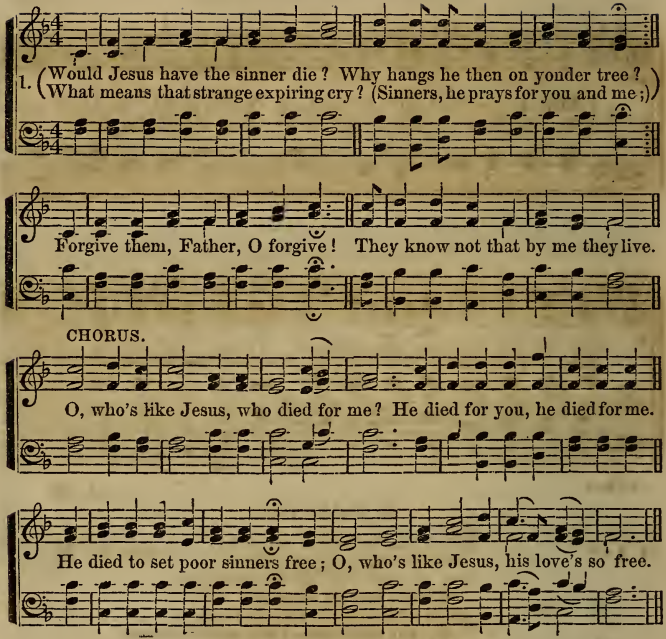
2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

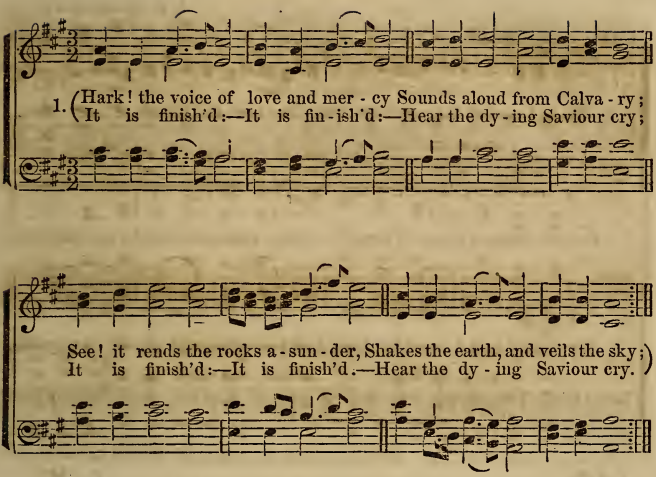


141 *His universal, everlasting love.* **1st P. M.**

2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,—
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let thy love my heart constrain,—
Thy love, for every sinner free,—
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.



142 **8th P. M.**

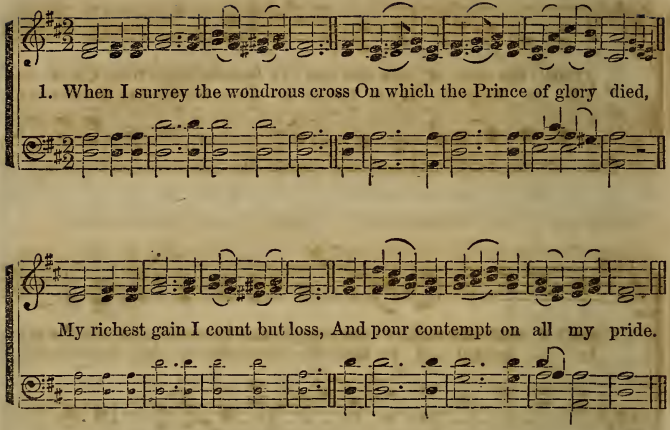
It is finished.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
It is finish'd:—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finish'd:—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finish'd:—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

I. B. WOODBURY.



143 L. M.

Glorying only in the cross.

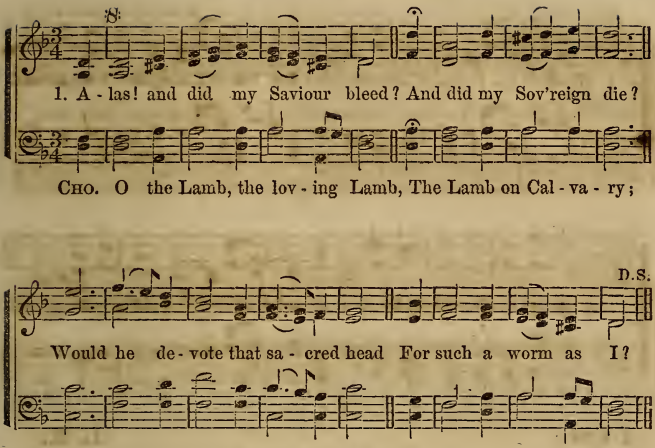
1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



146 **C. M.**

Godly sorrow at the cross.

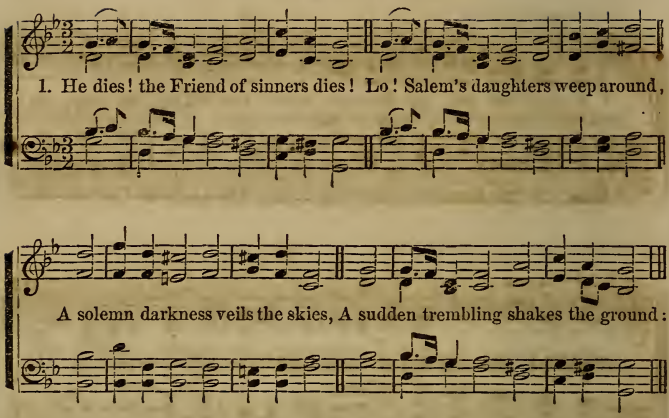
1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.



148 **L. M.**

Dying, rising, reigning.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
  Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
  A sudden trembling shakes the ground:

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
  For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
  A thousand drops of richer blood.

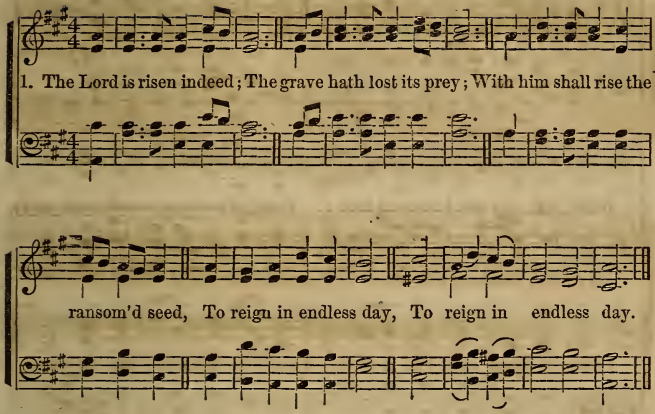
3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
  The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
  Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
  (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
  And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
  How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
  And led the monster death in chains:

6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
  Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
  And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

J. ZUNDEL.



151 **S. M.**

Joy from the certainty of His resurrection.

1 The Lord is risen indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

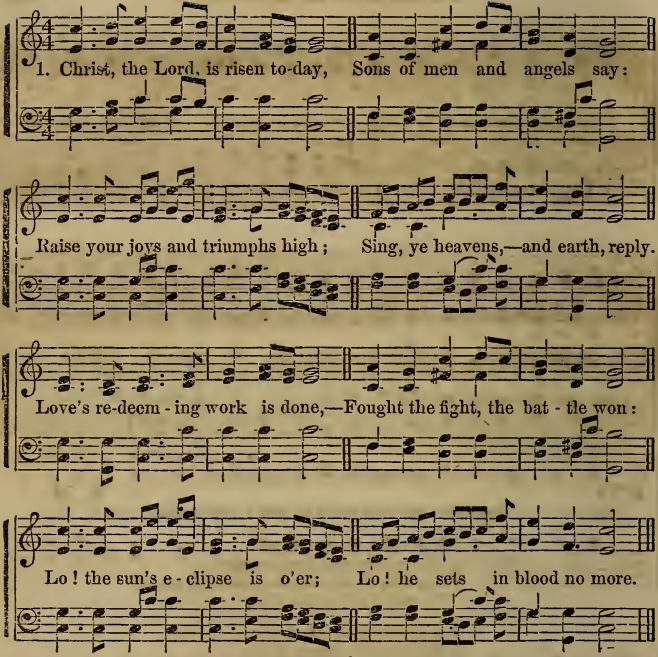
2 The Lord is risen indeed;
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels, hear;
Up, to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear:—

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

1133 **S. M.**

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.



52 *If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him.* **7th P. M.**

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.
Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this:
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je - sus hath

Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high,— The Saviour hath

FINE.

risen, and man shall not die; Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him

risen, and man shall not die.

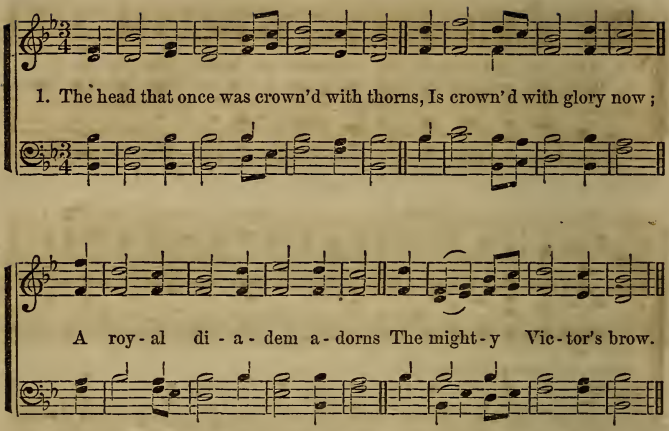
And short the dominion of death and the grave; He bursts from the fetters of

D. C.

darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry, to live and to save:

155 *The voice of triumph.* **28th P. M.**

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.



158 **C. M.**

King of kings, and Lord of lords

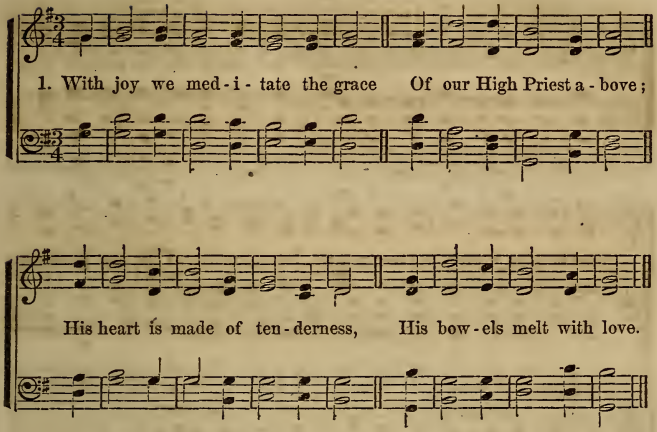
1 The head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,—
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The myst'ry of his love.



163 **C. M.**

His sympathizing love.

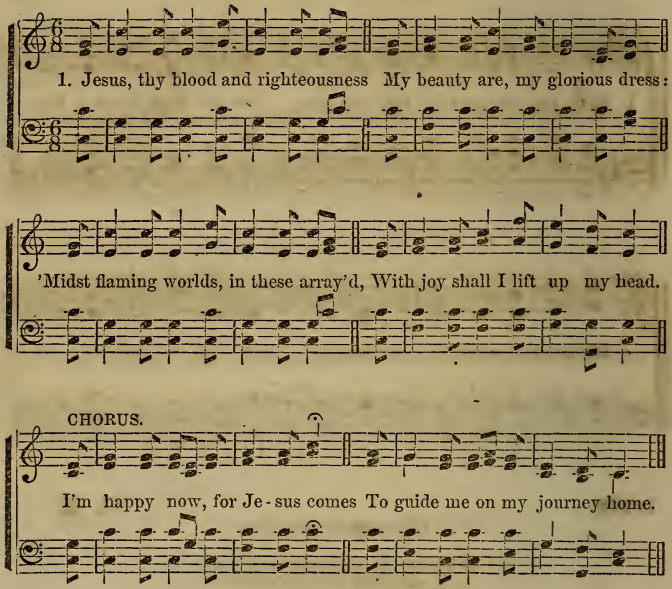
1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In every trying hour.



174 **L. M.**

Fulness and sufficiency of the atonement.

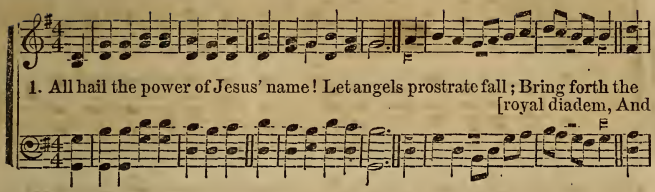
2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,—
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

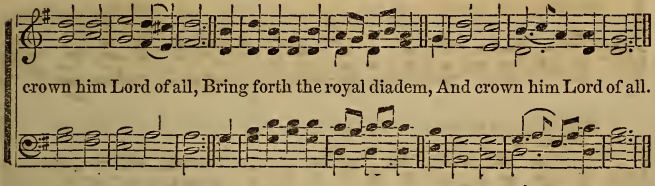
3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

O. HOLDEN





175 C. M.

Crown Him Lord of all.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

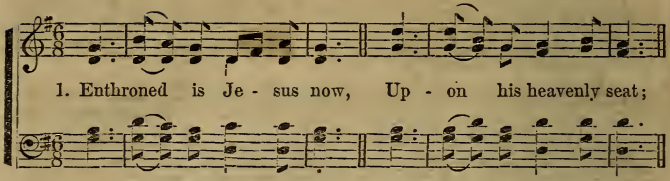
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

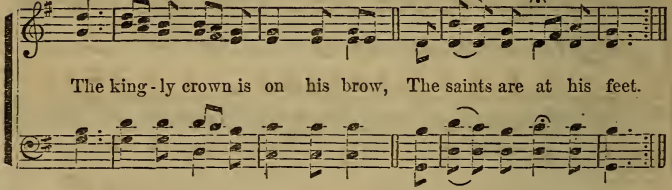
4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Rev. E. W. Dunbar.



Cho. There'll be no sorrow - ing there, There'll be no sorrow - ing there;



In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrowing there.

176 **S. M.**

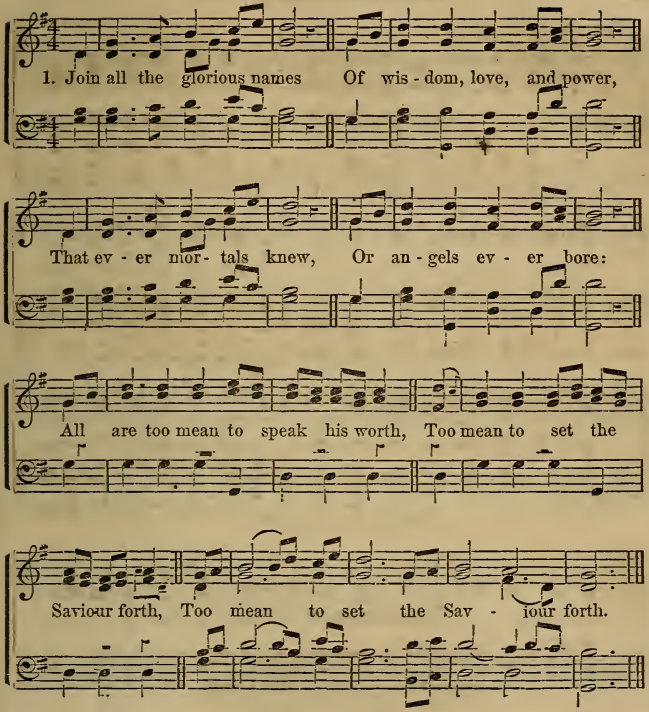
The Redeemer on his throne.

1 Enthroned is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.

4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.



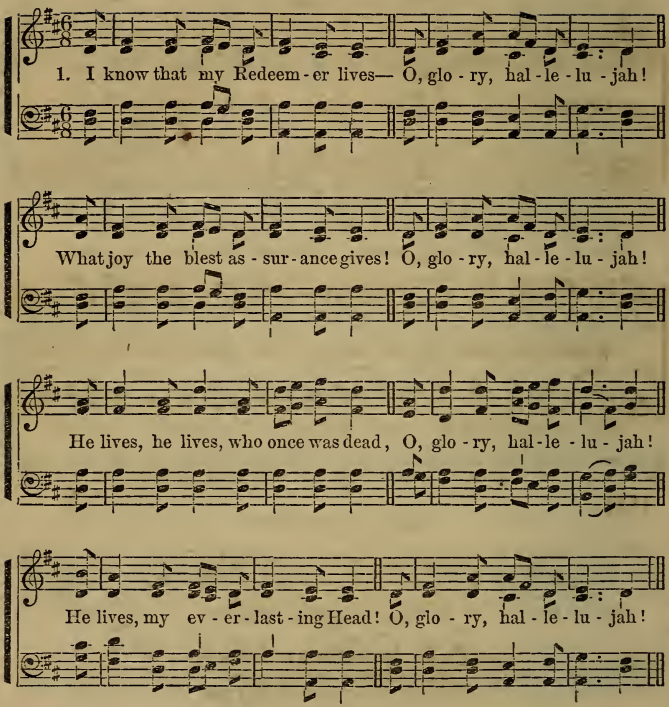
177 *Praises to our Prophet, Priest, and King.* **3rd P. M.**

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with [heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

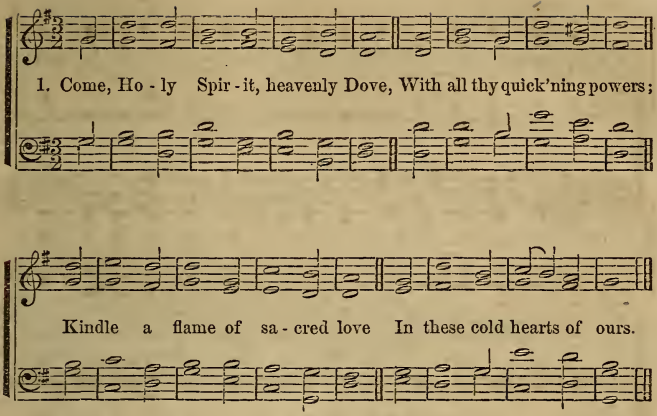


179 *Because He liveth I shall live also.* **L. M.**

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.



191 **C. M.**

His quickening power.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

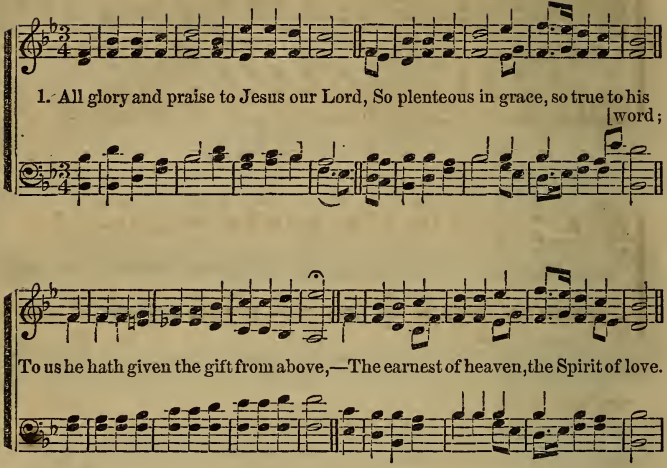
2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HAYDN.



201 **13th P. M.**

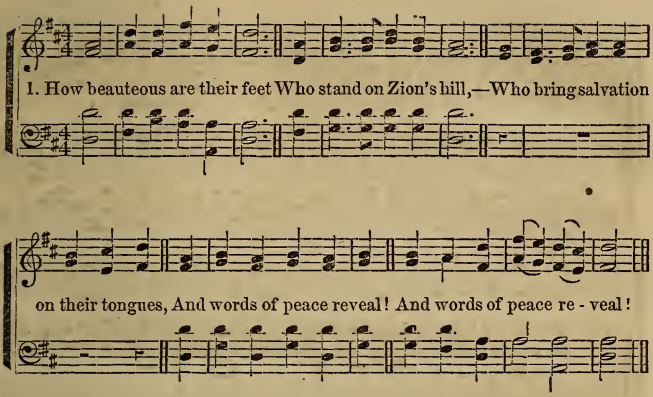
Rejoicing in the freeness of the gift.

1 All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;
To us he hath given the gift from above,—
The earnest of heaven, the Spirit of love.

2 The truth of our God we boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his Spirit is proffer'd to all.

3 His witness within, by faith we receive,
And, ransom'd from sin, in righteousness live;
Through Jesus's passion we gladly possess
A present salvation,—a kingdom of peace.

4 The peace and the power, ye sinners, embrace,
And look for the shower,—the Spirit of grace;
The gift and the Giver we all may receive,
Forever and ever within us to live.



205 S. M.

The joyful sound.

1 How beauteous are their feet
  Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues
  And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,—
  So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
  He reigns and triumphs here.

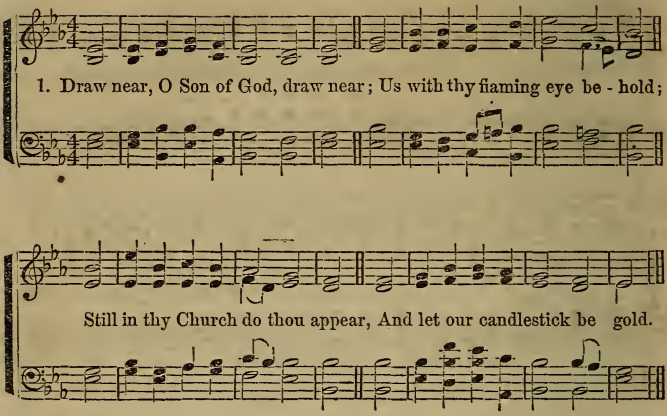
3 How happy are our ears,
  That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
  And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,
  That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
  But died without the sight.

5 The watchman join their voice,
  And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
  And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
  Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
  Their Saviour and their God.

DR. L. MASON.



213 **L. M.**

The angels of the churches.

1 Draw near, O Son of God, draw near;
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

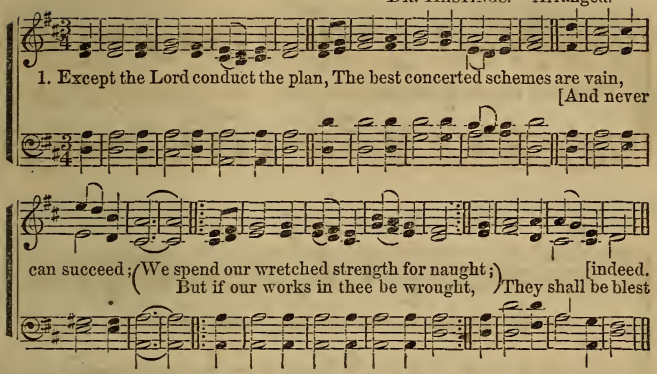
2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,—
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission let them prove;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,—
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

DR. HASTINGS. Arranged.



218 **4th P. M.**

Entire dependence on Christ.

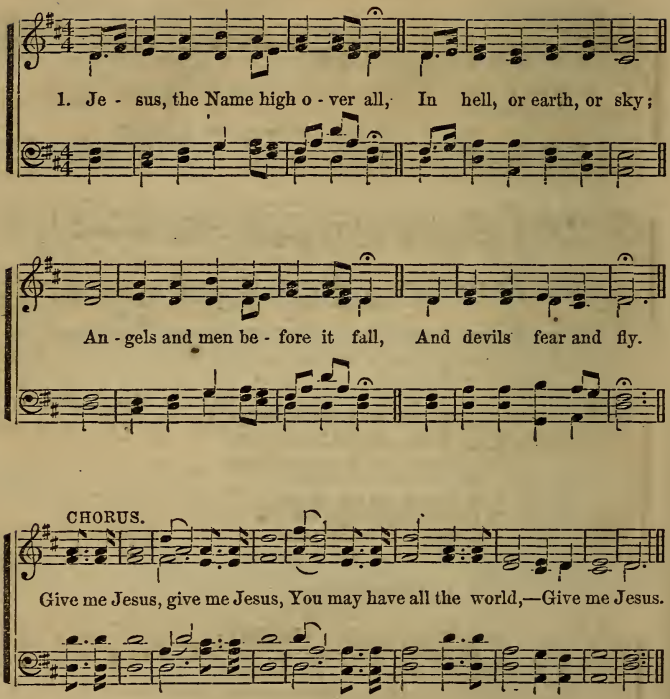
2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound;
O let our lives, to all around,
With purest lustre shine;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine.



219 C. M.

The minister's only business.

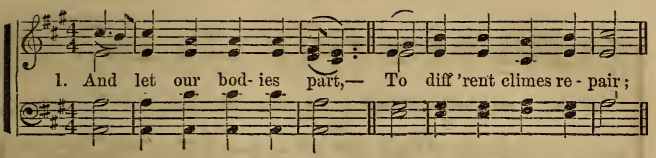
2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

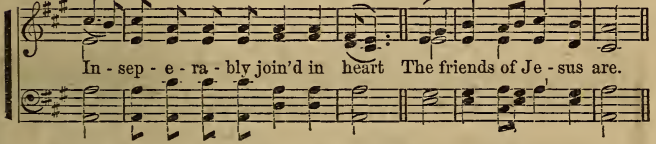
3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

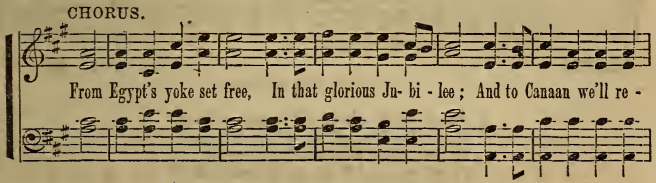
4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

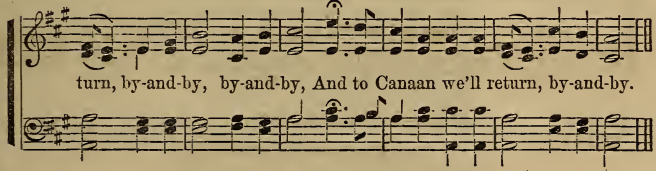
5 His only righteousness I show,—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—Behold the Lamb!

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!









221 *Labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.* **S. M.**

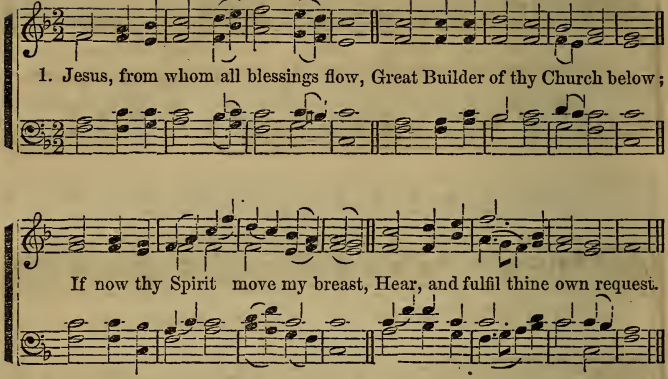
2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And, foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end;

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

J. HATTON.



225 **L. M.**

Glorious and spotless.

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below;
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

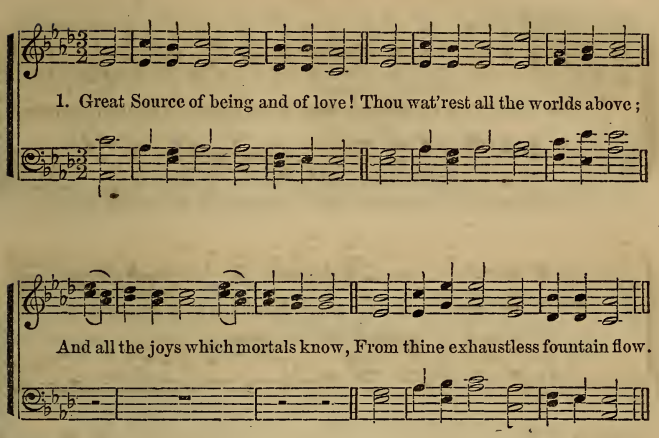
2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own;—
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
Thy power unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,—
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white:
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one!



227 L. M.

The river of life.

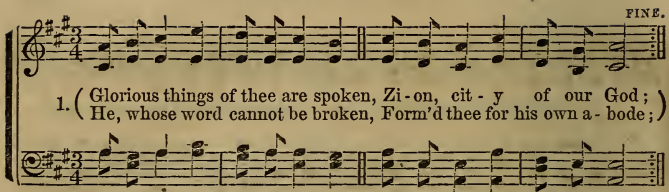
1 Great Source of being and of love!
Thou wat'rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

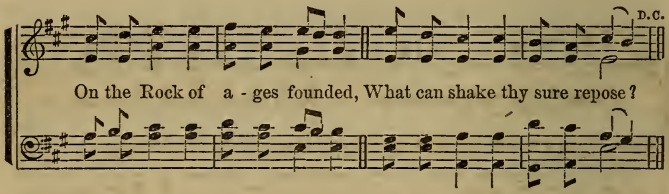
2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 The limpid stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.

4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

5 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crown'd,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To Him who all thy virtues gave.





233 **9th P. M.**

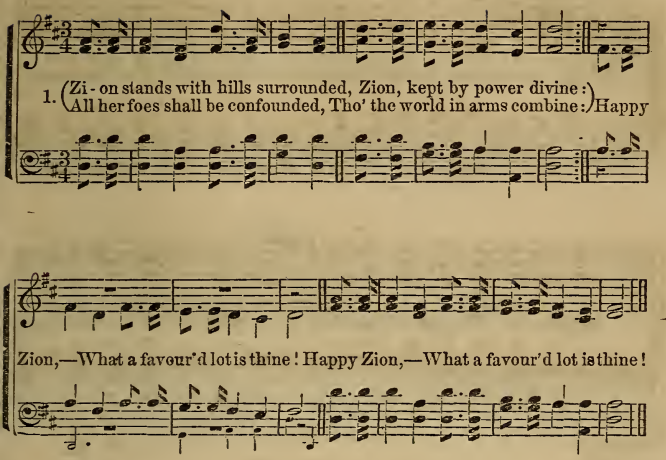
God in the midst of her.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worlding's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

DR. HASTINGS.



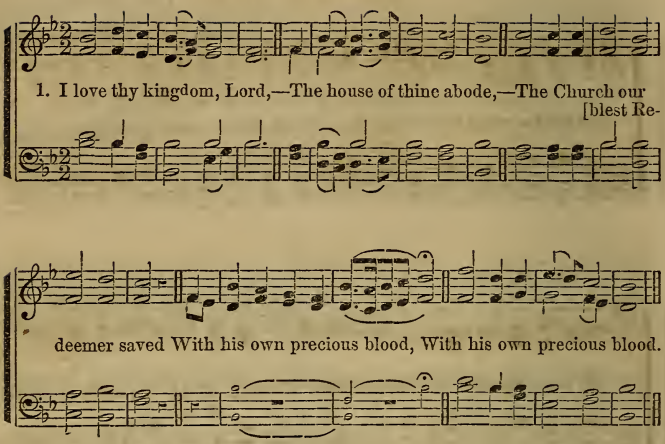
236 **8th P. M.**

Her enemies confounded.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,—
What a favour'd lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.



237 **S. M.**

Love for Zion.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

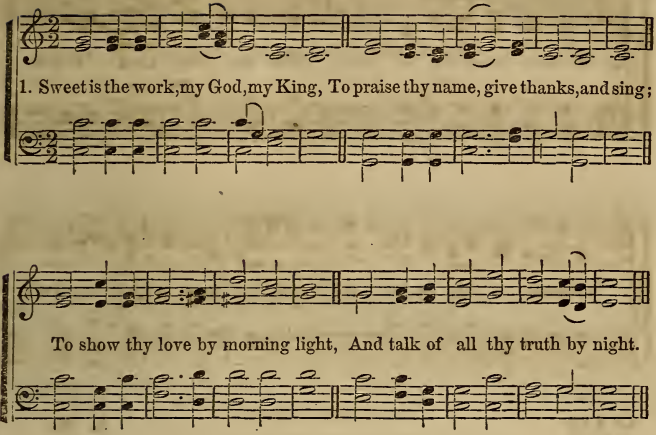
2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



241 **L. M.**

The joys of the Sabbath.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

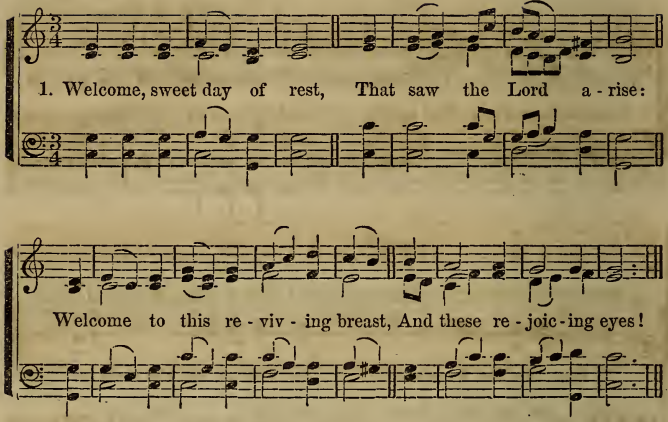
2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every hour find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

I. B. WOODBURY.



242 **S. M.**

Delight in ordinances.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

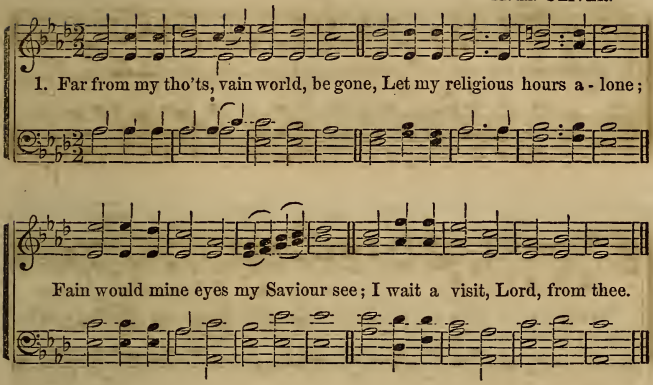
3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

1133 **S. M.**

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

H. K. OLIVER.



243 **L. M.**

In the Sanctuary.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

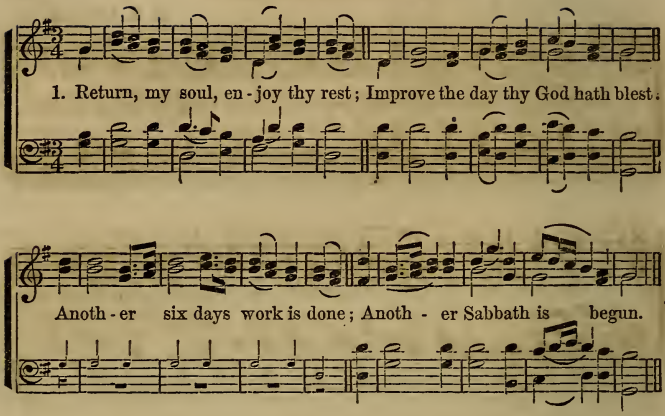
2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right-hand,
And in sweet murmurs by thy side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.



247 L. M.

Pledge of endless rest.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest:
Another six days work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun.

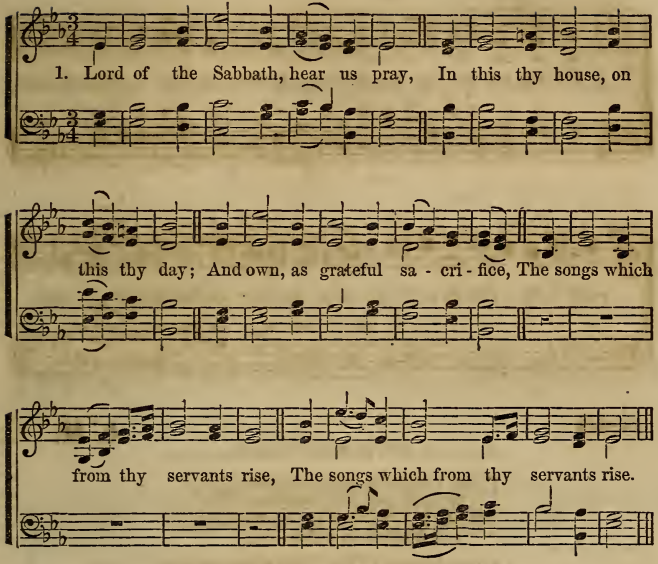
2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds,
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties, let the day
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.



251 **L. M.**

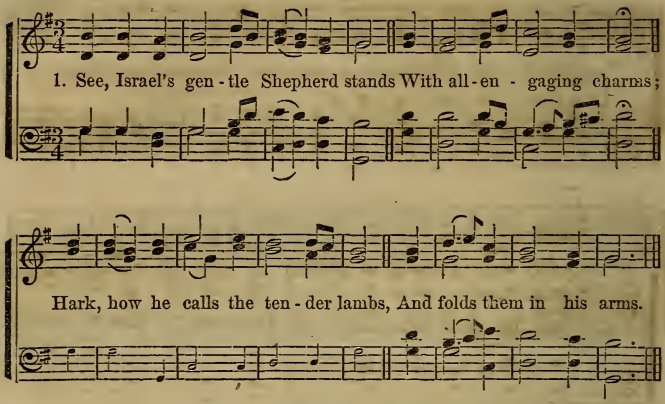
Anticipating the heavenly Sabbath.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress.
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.



256 C. M.

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

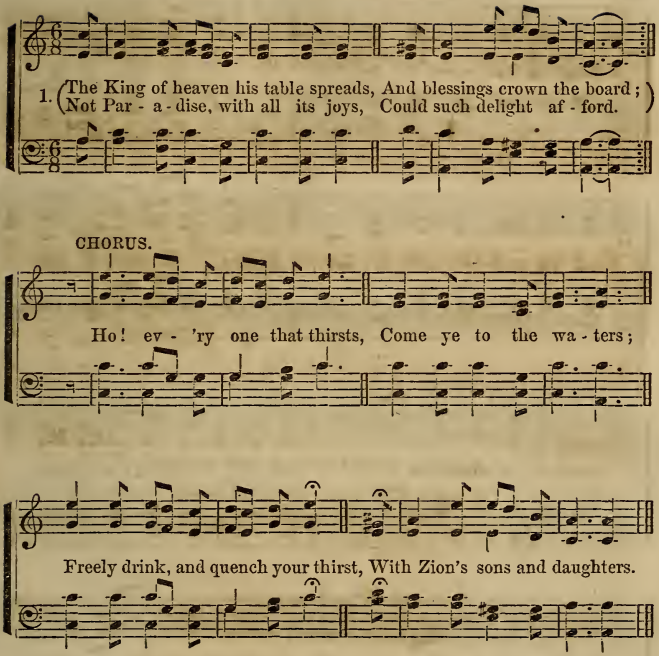
2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Kindly receive each tender branch,
And form each soul for God:
Baptize them with thy spirit, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

5 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

6 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall lead our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.



266 **C. M.**

The invitation.

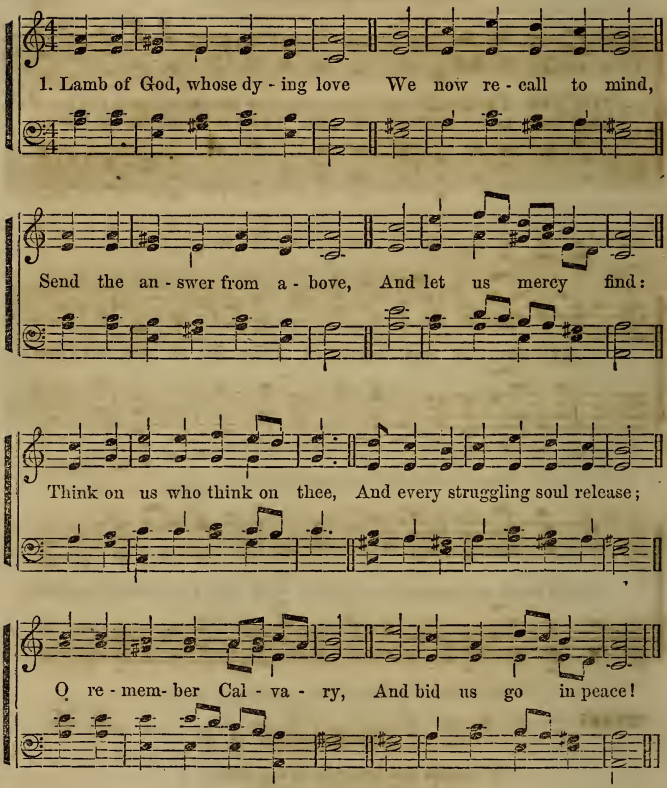
2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

MENDOM. 12th P. M.

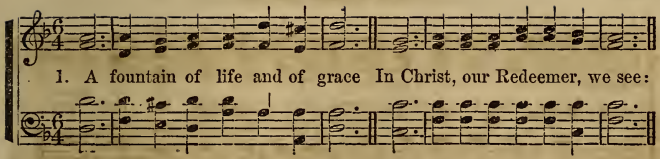
W. Billings.



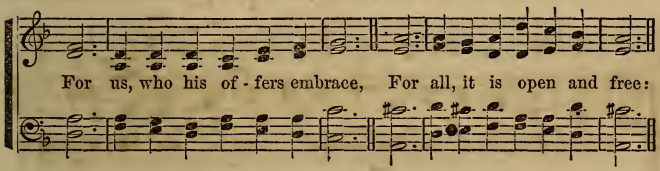
283 *For a parting blessing.* **12th P. M.**

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,—
By thy dying love to man,—
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From all iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

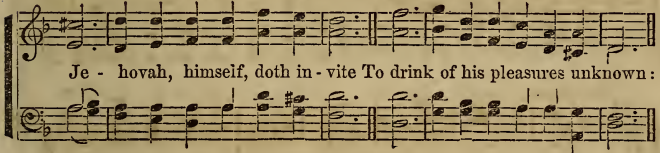
3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles
O remember Calvary, [cease;
And bid us go in peace!



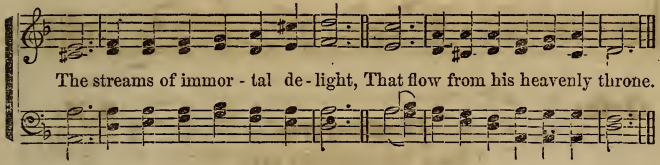
1. A fountain of life and of grace In Christ, our Redeemer, we see:



For us, who his of - fers embrace, For all, it is open and free:



Je - hovah, himself, doth in - vite To drink of his pleasures unknown:

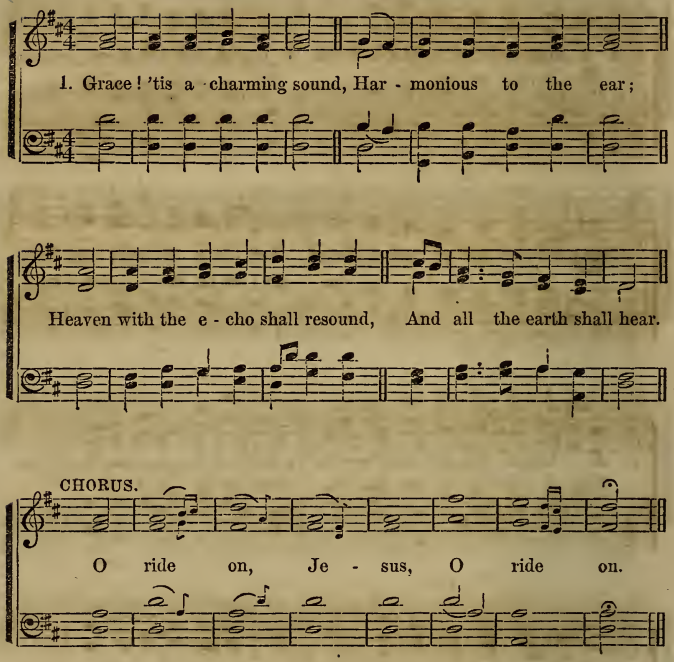


The streams of immor - tal de - light, That flow from his heavenly throne.

284 10th P. M.

The fountain of living waters.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take:
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake!
We gain a pure drop of his love;
The life of eternity know;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.



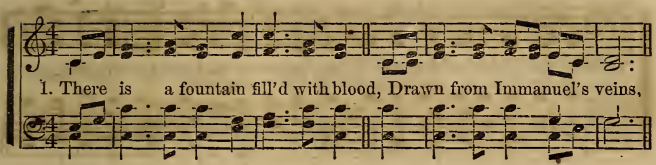
288 **S. M.**

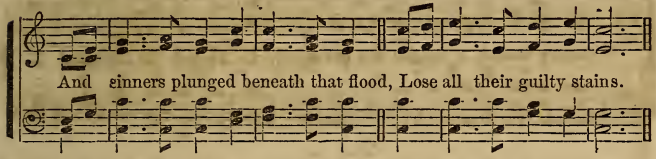
All-sufficient grace.

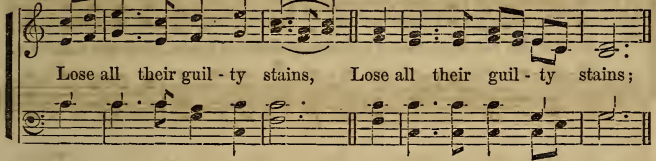
2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

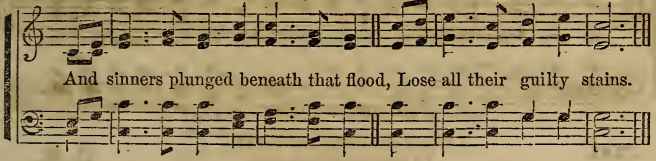
3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.









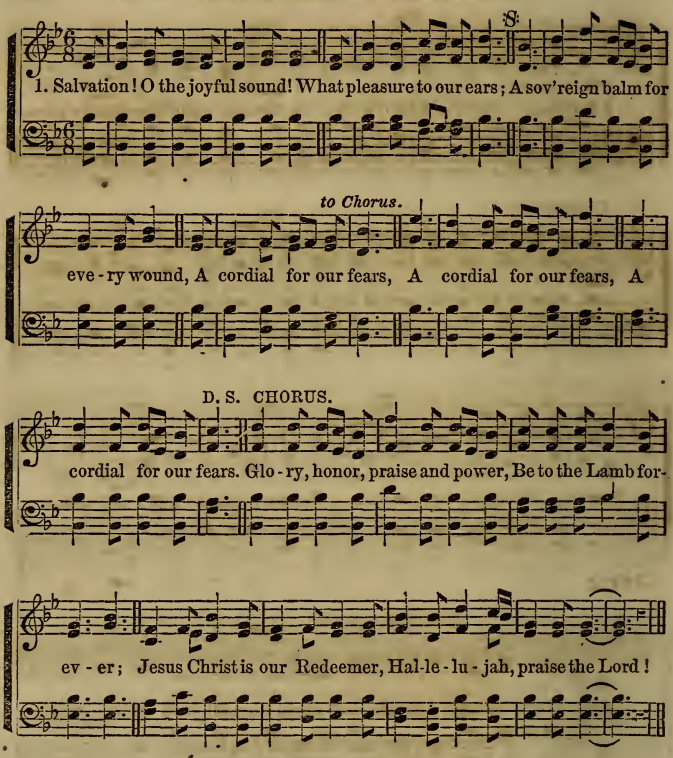
290 *Efficacy of the atoning blood.* **C. M.**

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

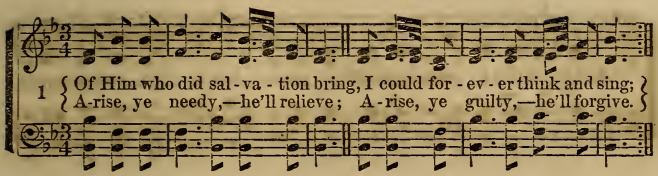


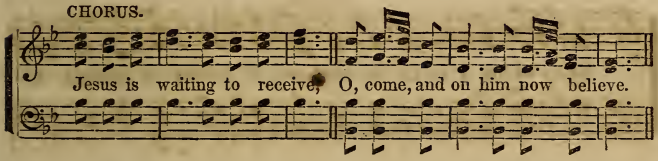
291 **C. M.**

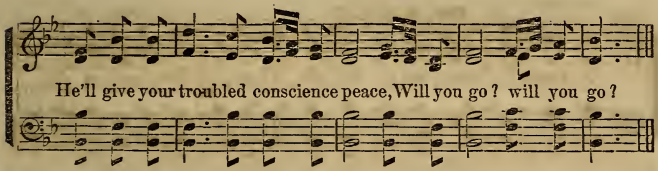
The joyful sound.

2 Salvation let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.







292 **L. M.**

Love which passeth knowledge.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

1. O what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gospel found!

Suit - ed to eve - ry sin - ner's case, Who knows the joy - ful sound.

CHORUS.

O come, O come, and go with me, Where pleasures nev - er die,

And you shall wear a star - ry crown, And reign a - bove the sky.

294 **C. M.**

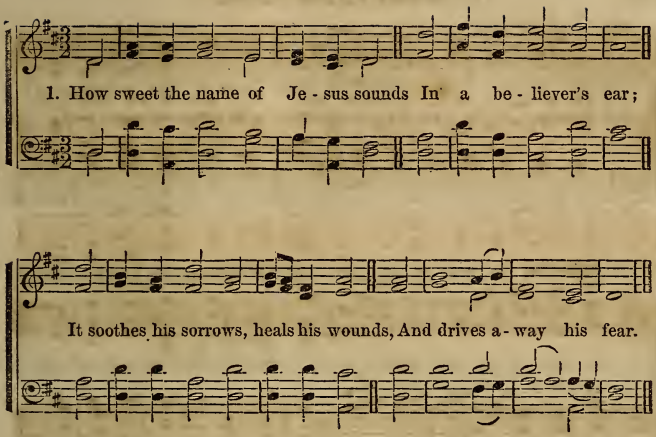
Sufficiency and freeness.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.



296 **C. M.**

The precious Name.

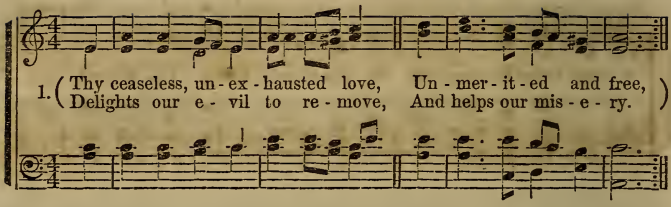
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

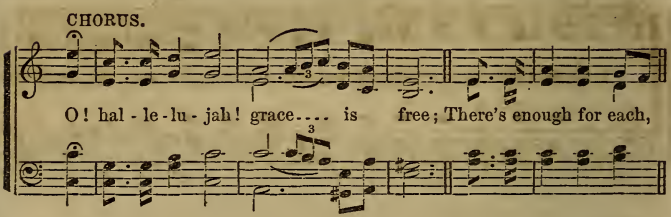
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul
And to the weary, rest.

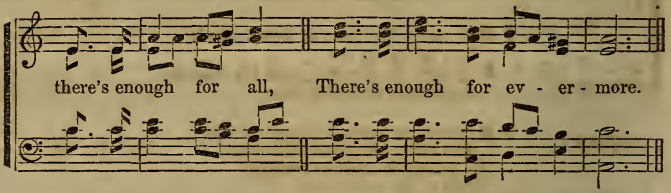
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing-treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.







298 C. M.

He waiteth to be gracious.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

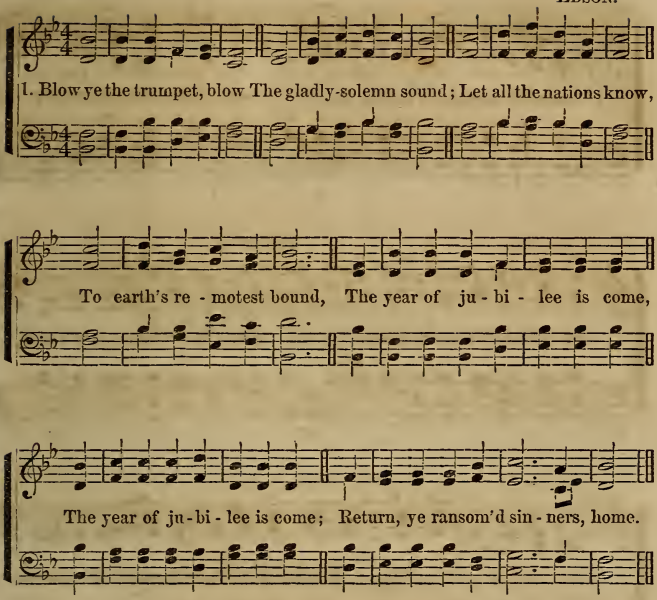
3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forever more.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,—
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

EDSON.



300 **3rd P. M.**

The jubilee trumpet.

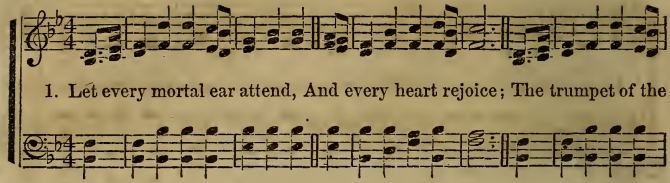
2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

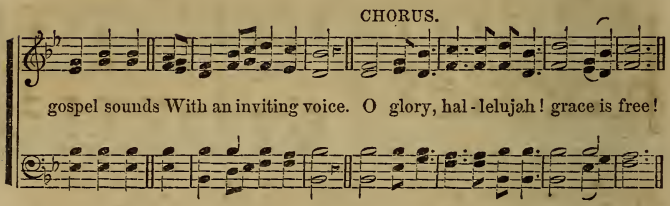
3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

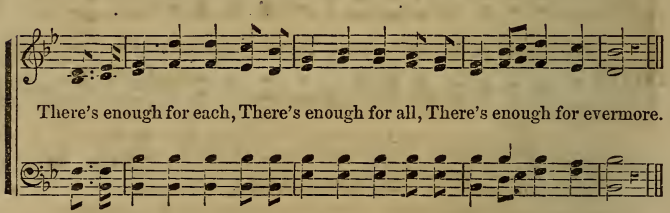
4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,—
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.







301 **C. M.**

The gospel feast.

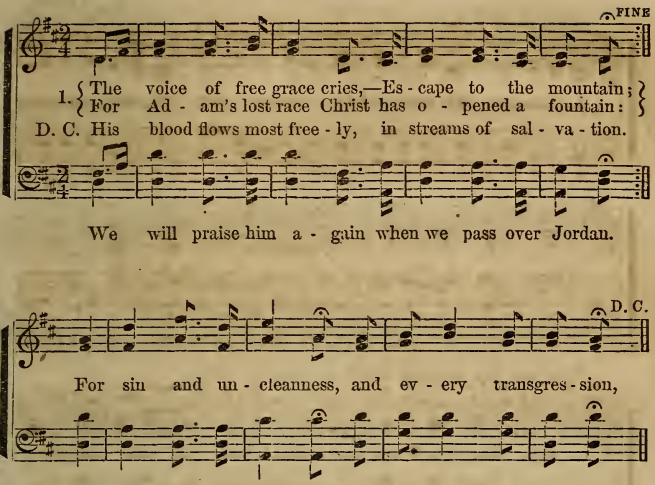
2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.



303 **29th P. M.**

The voice of free grace.

1 The voice of free grace cries,—Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.

S. WEBBE.

Solo, Duett or Trio.

1. Come, ye dis- con - so-late, where - e'er ye lan - guish;—

Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

First time Sop. and Alto Duett, second time Chorus.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;—

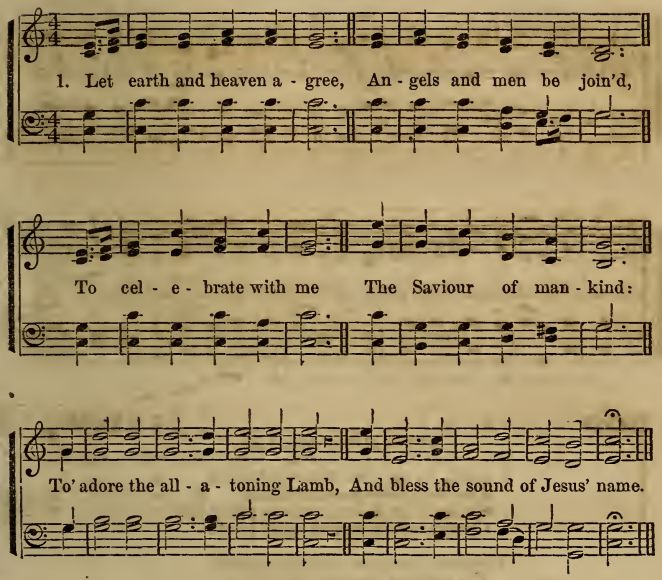
Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.

304 **30th P. M.**

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.



306 **3rd P. M.**

Proclaiming the universal Saviour.

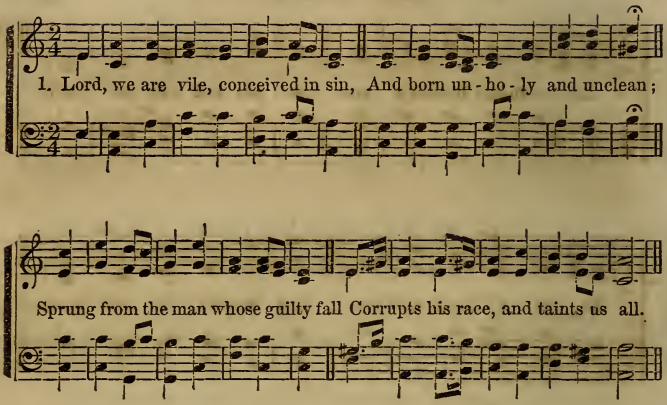
2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at, his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,—
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all:
For all, my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.



309 **L. M.**

Original and actual sin.

1 Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

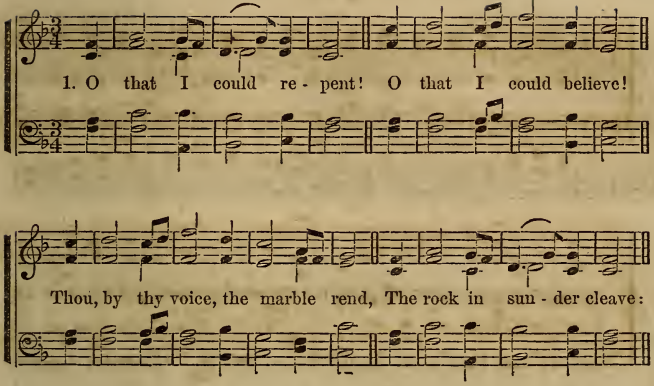
2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we 're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
No flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.



318 **S. M.**

Hardness of heart lamented.

1 O that I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:

2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike, with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

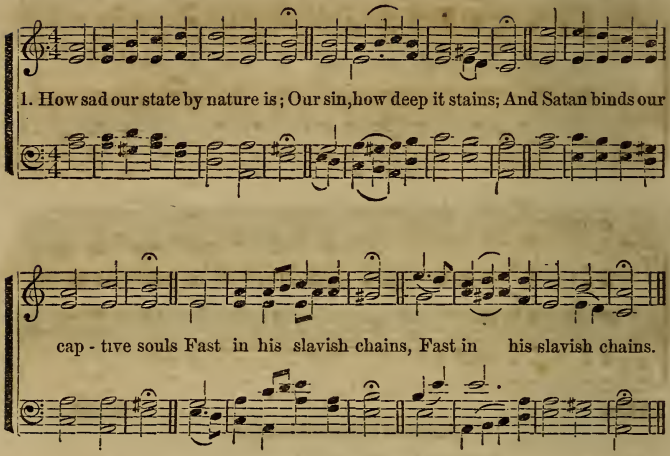
3 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:

4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love,

5 For thine own mercy's sake
The hindrance now remove;
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love.

6 In ev'ry trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's pow'r,
Till thou hast made me whole.

J. Husband.



323 C. M.

Lord, help my unbelief.

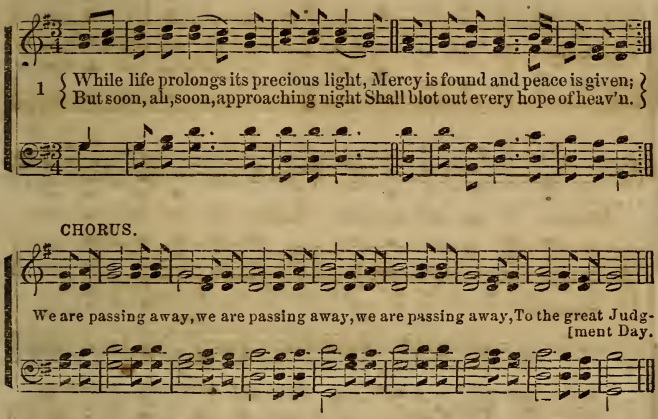
1 How sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,—
My Jesus, and my all.



329 **L. M.**

The accepted time.

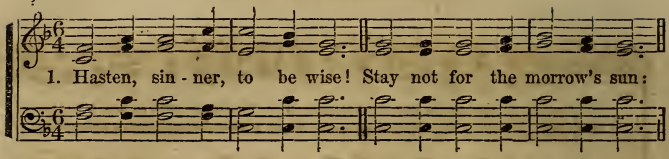
1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

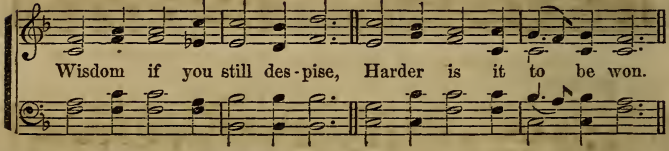
2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, born on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

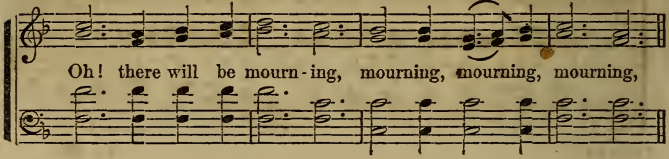
4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies

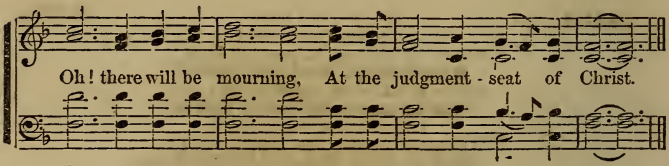
5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.





CHORUS.



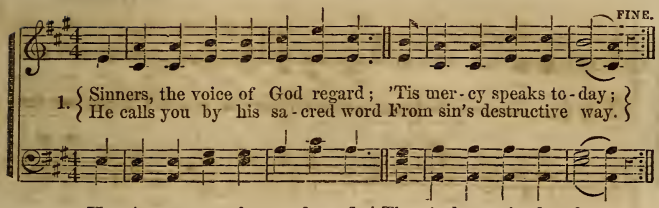


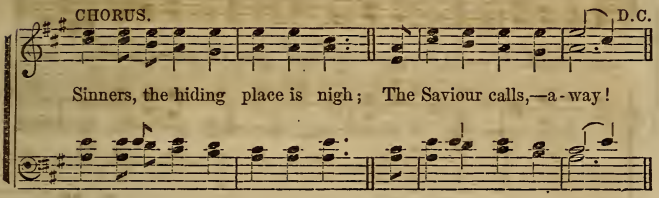
333 *The danger of delay.* **5th P. M.**

2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.





334 **C. M.**

No peace to the wicked.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

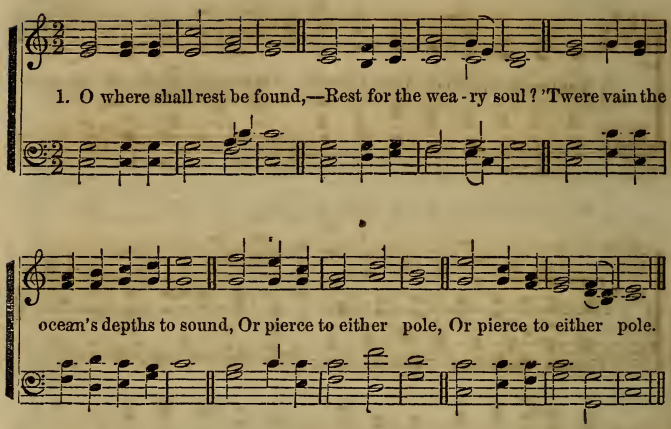
3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in dark despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

C. DINGLEY.



335 **S. M.**

The horrors of the second death.

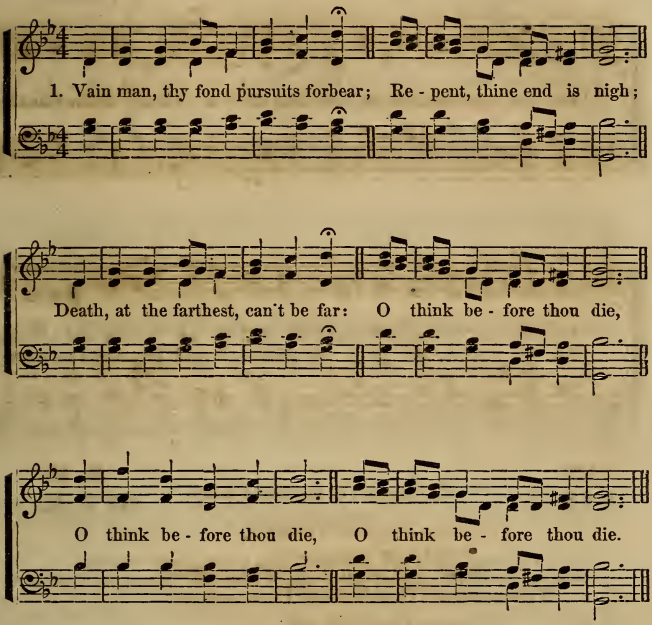
1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

6 Thou God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
Forever more undone.



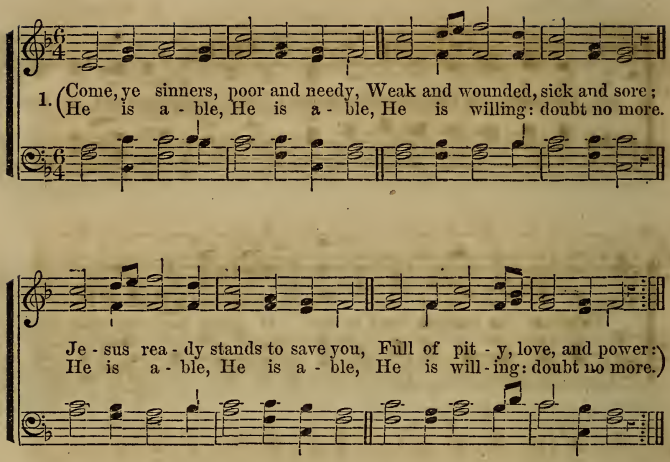
338 **C. M.**

Sin kills beyond the tomb.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defence;
His time there 's none can tell;
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb.



341 **8th P. M.**

The invitation.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome; God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—Every grace that brings you nigh,—
Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger; Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

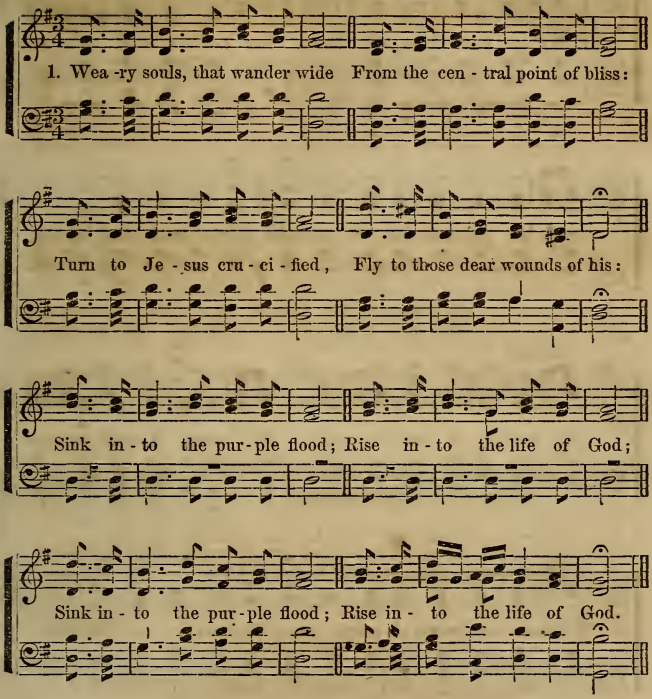
4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden, Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him! Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!—Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the' incarnate God, ascending, Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him,—venture freely; Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert, Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah! Sinners here may do the same.

L. Mason.



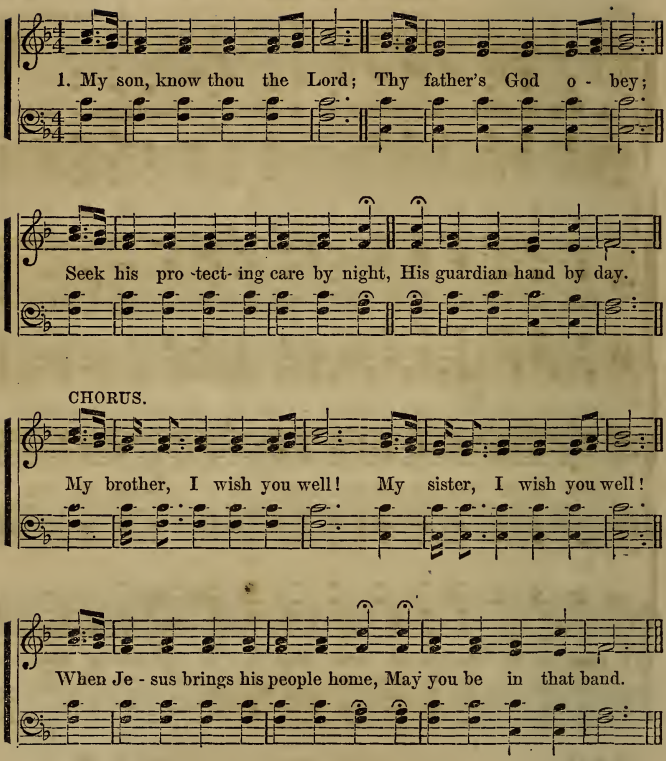
343 *Fly to Jesus.* **6th P. M.**

1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss:
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.



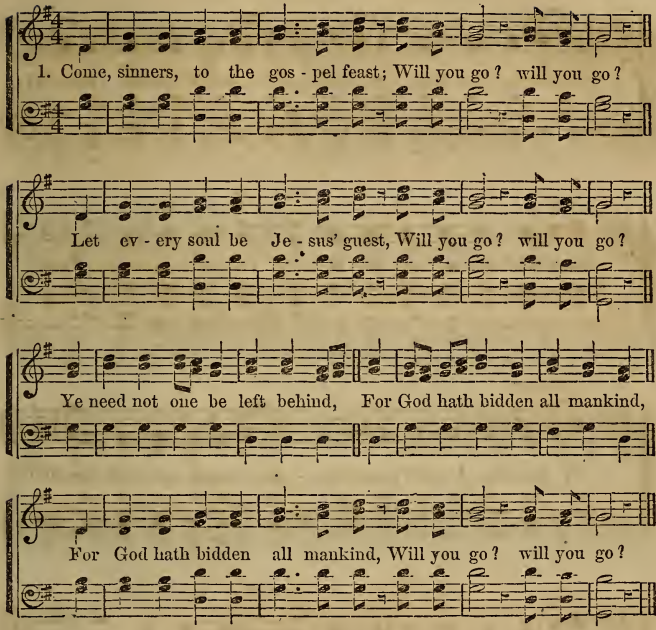
346 *Seek Him while he may be found.* **S. M.**

1 My son, know thou the Lord;
Thy father's God obey;
Seek his protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while he may be found;
Seek him while he is near;
Serve him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek his face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find his mercy sure,
His grace forever nigh.

4 But if thou leave thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.



348 **L. M.**

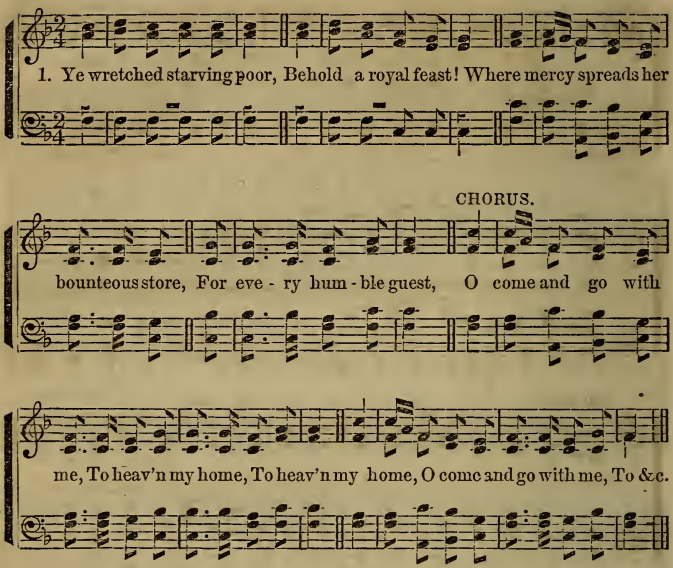
The gospel feast.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:—
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou?
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.



349 **S. M.**

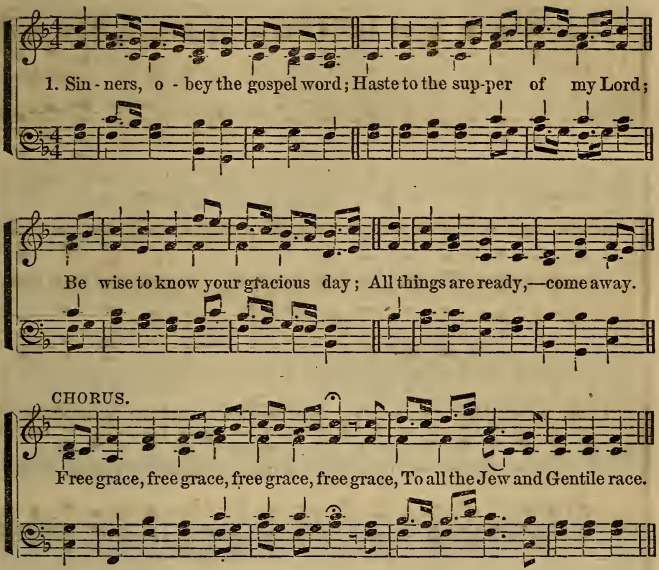
And yet there is room.

2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Then thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ectacies unknown.

5 Ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach,—there yet is room.



350 **L. M.**

All things are now ready.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,—
The dead's alive! the lost is found!

1. From the cross uplift - ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What me -
lodious sounds we hear Bursting on the ravish'd ear:—Love's redeeming work [is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come! Come and welcome, sin - ner, come!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry be to Je - sus; Come with us,
come with us, Come with us in love, And we'll all march together to heav'n above.

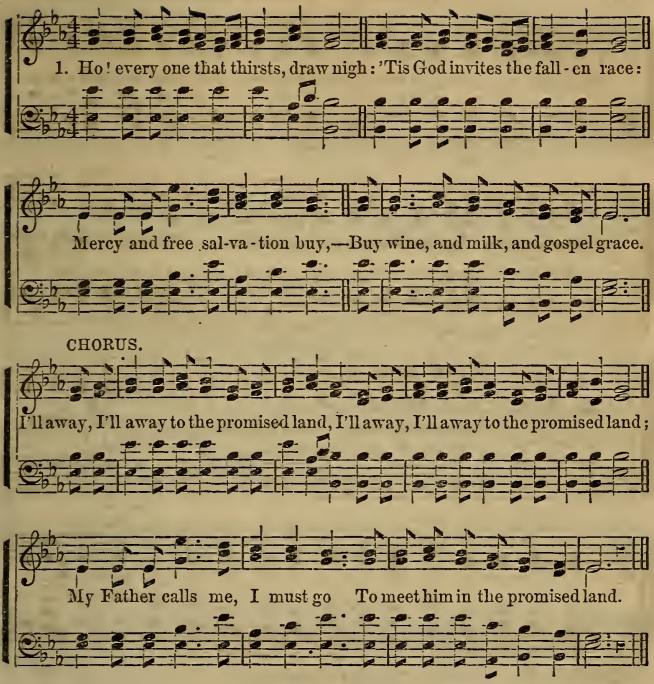
351 *Come and welcome.* **6th P. M.**

2

Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On his pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee,—embrace the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3

Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom press'd,
Thou shalt be a child confess'd,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!



352 *All-sufficiency of His grace.* **L. M.**

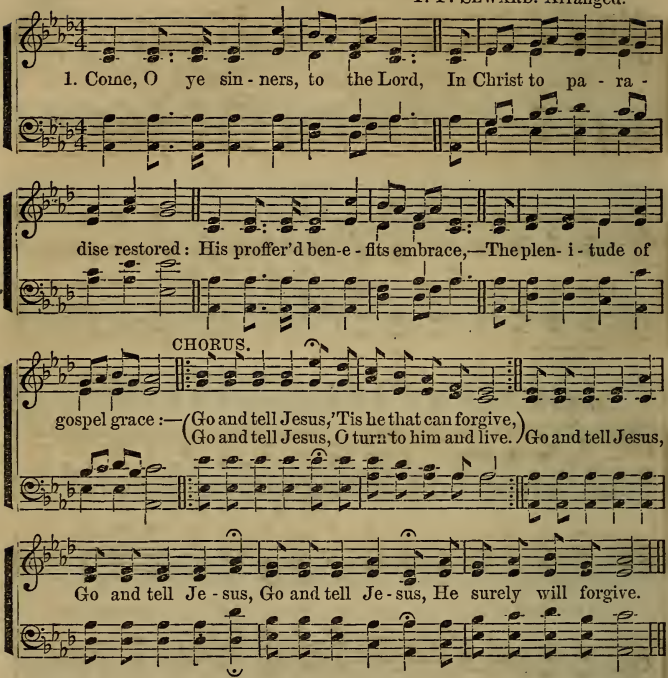
2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls,
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

TELL JESUS. L. M.

T. F. Seward. Arranged.



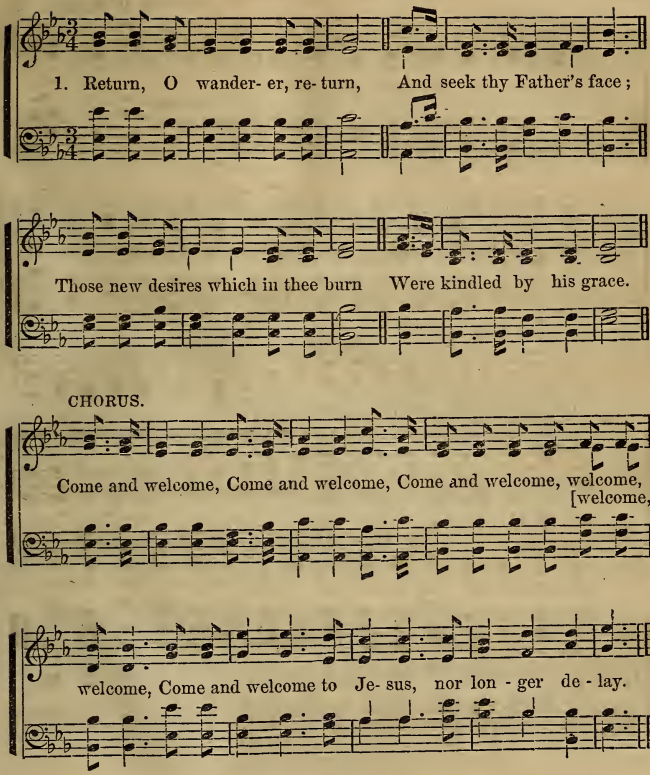
353 *The joys of penitence.* **L. M.**

2 A pardon written with his blood;
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence:—

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n:—

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, why such love to me:—

5 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.



354 *The wanderer recalled.* **C. M.**

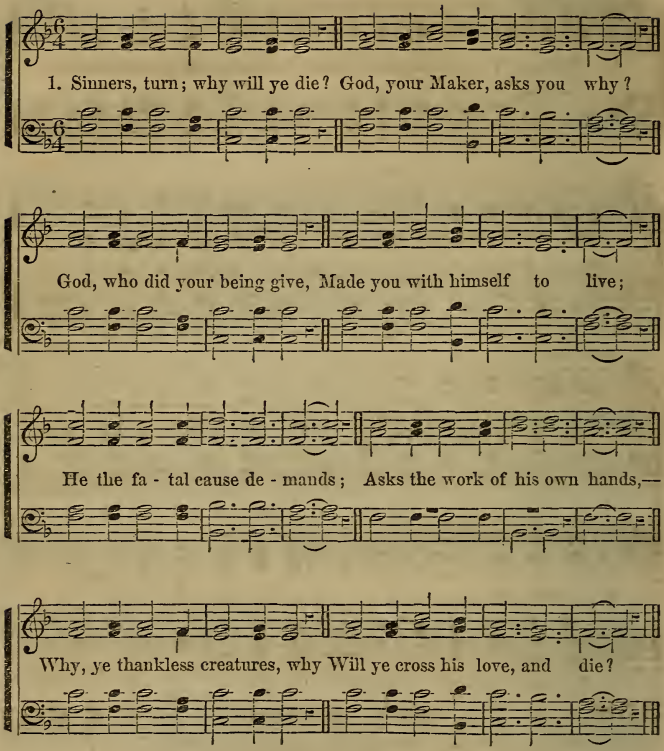
2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Regain thy long-sought rest:
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

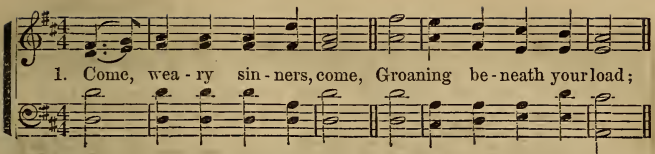
S. B. MARSH.

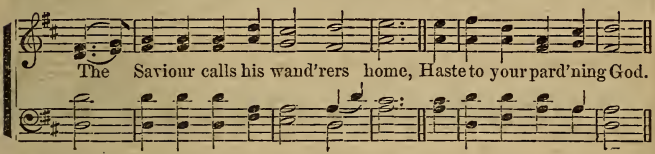


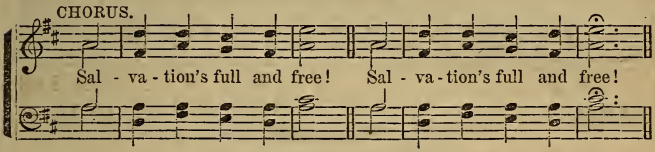
355 *Why will ye die?* **7th P. M.**

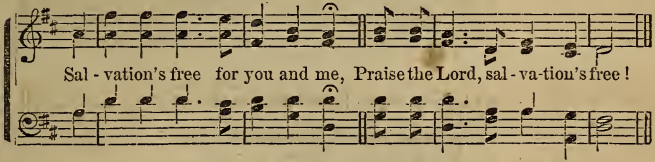
2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live,
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?









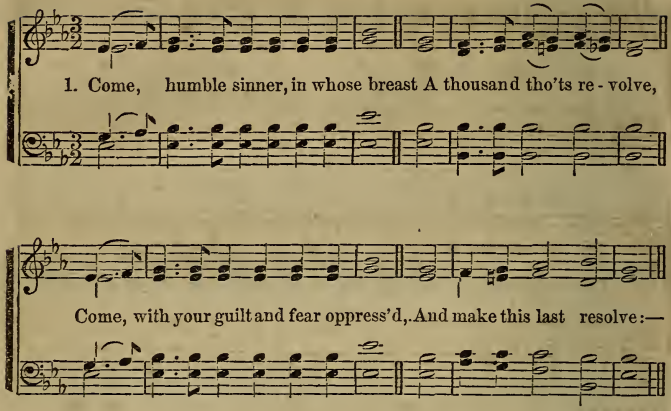
358 *Accepting the Invitation.* **S. M.**

2 Come, all by guilt oppress'd,
Answer the Saviour's call—
O come, and I will give you rest,
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,
We would thy word obey,
And all thy faithful mercies prove:
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely;
On thee would cast our care;
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,
And find salvation there.

I. B. Woodbury.



359 C. M.

The resolution.

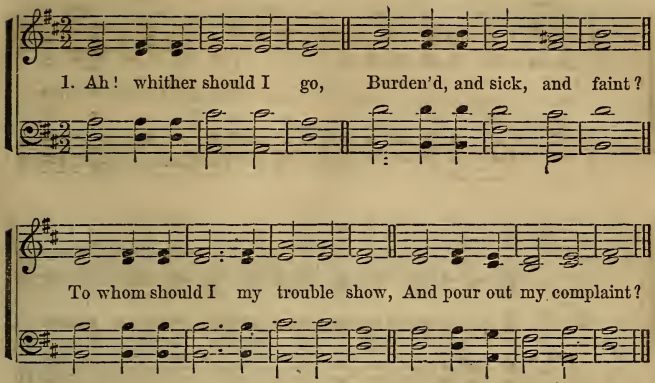
1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.



360 **S. M.**

To whom should we go?

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

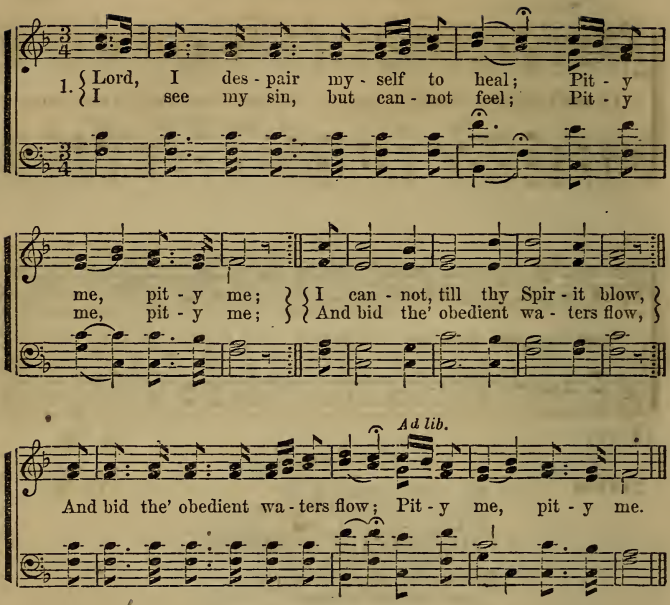
2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,—
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

5 I now believe, in thee,
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!

6 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.



364 **L. M.**

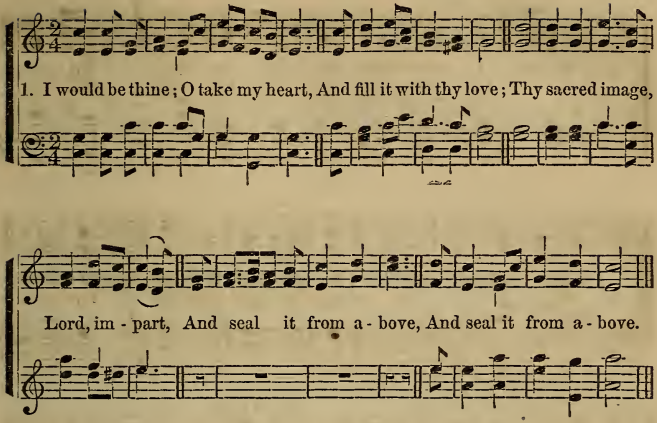
Only by faith.

1 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal,—are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,—
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord,—my sickness cure,—
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!



368 **C. M.**

I would be thine.

1 I would be thine; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

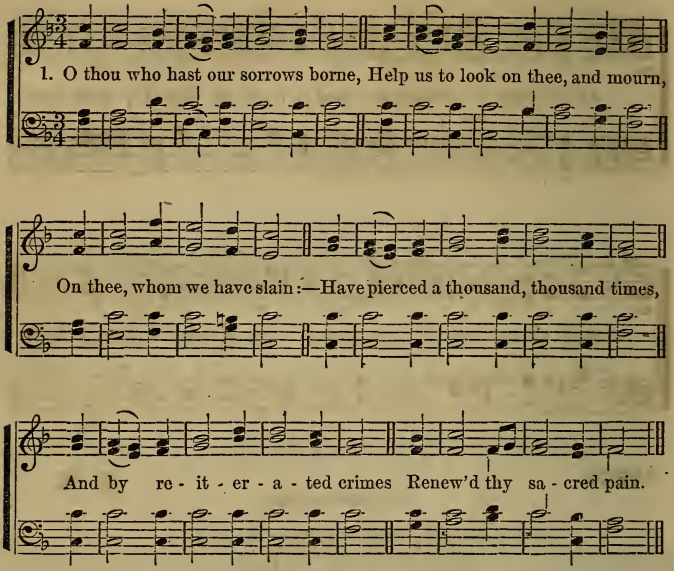
2 I would be thine; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.

3 I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within:—
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



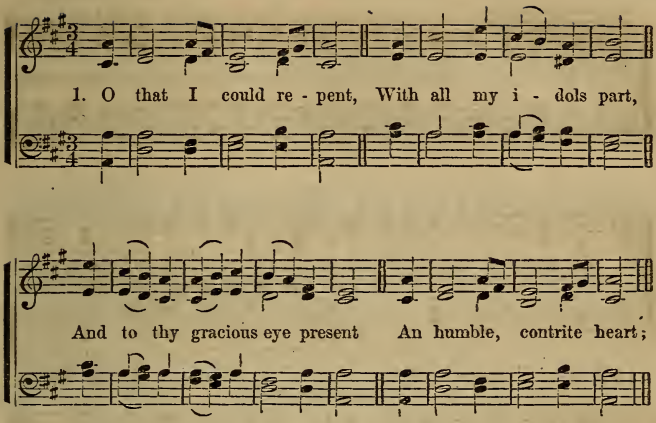
370 **4th P. M.**

The Man on Calvary.

2 O give us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,—
To know thee who thou art;
The One Eternal God and True;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls,—to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffer'd in my stead:—
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench d in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by thy manifested love,
And by thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.



373 **S. M.**

The heart of stone.

1 O that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

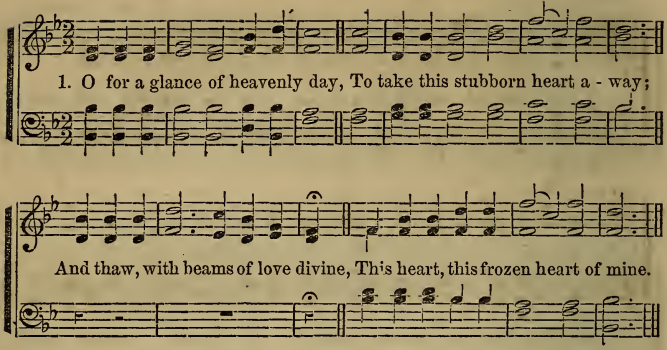
3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down:
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

1133 **S. M.**

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



374 **L. M.**

The stubborn heart.

O for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake; The seas can roar; the mountain shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments too, which devils fear—Amazing thought!—unmoved I hear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed; And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy spirit can from dross refine, And melt and change this heart of mine.

Consecration. L. M.

1 O thou exalted Son of God, High seated on the Father's throne,
The gifts,—the purchase of thy blood, To us, thy waiting saints, make known.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, all sacred fire! Come, fill thy earthly temples, now—
Emptied of every base desire, Reign thou within, and only Thou.

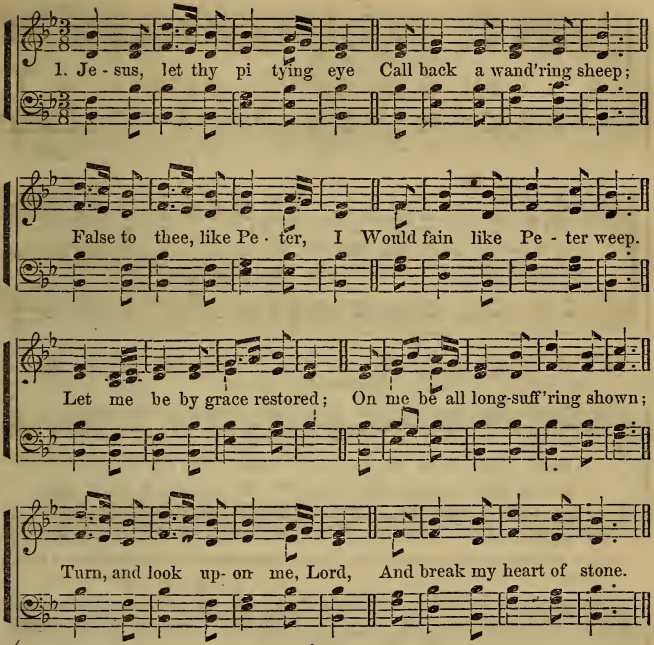
3 Fill every chamber of the soul—Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill;
Till under thy supreme control Submissive rests our cheerful will.

4 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment come, My longing soul is all thine own;
My heart is thy abiding home; Henceforth I live for thee alone!

5 The altar sanctifies the gift, The blood insures the boon divine;
My outstretched hands to heaven I lift, And claim the Father's promise mine!

6 Now rise, exulting, rise my soul! Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise!
His name through earth and skies extol, With all my powers, through all my days.

W. H. OAKLEY.

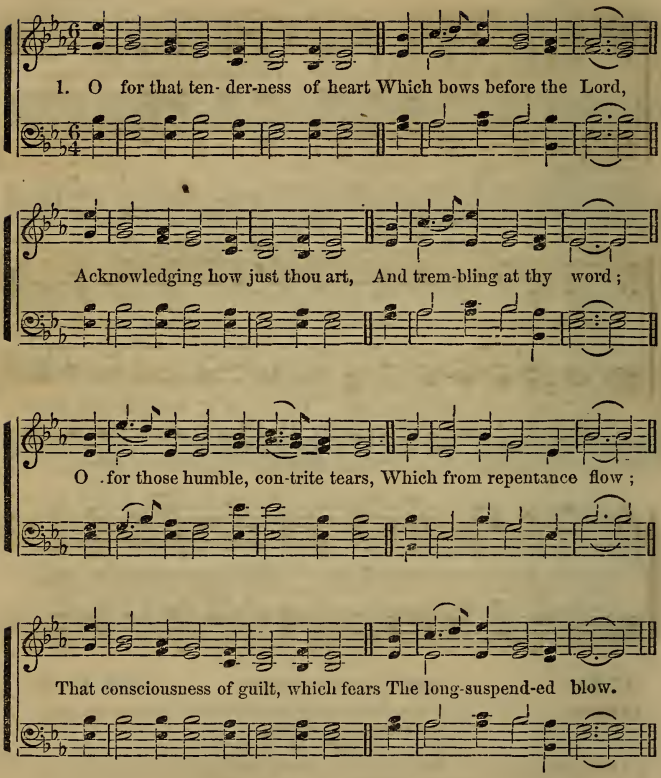


379 *Humility and contrition.* **12th P. M.**

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

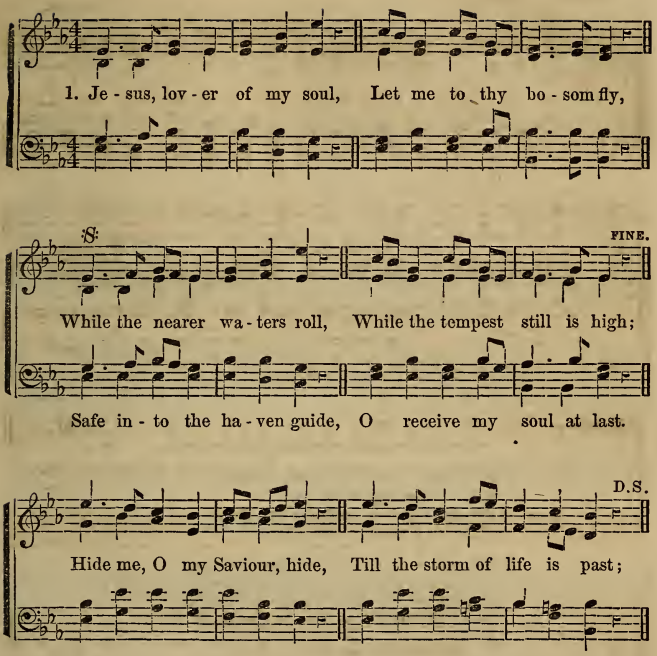
GIARDINI



384 *Godly sorrow.* **C. M.**

1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word;
O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which
The long-suspended blow. [fears

2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace:
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,—
My body, in the tomb.



388 **7th P. M.**

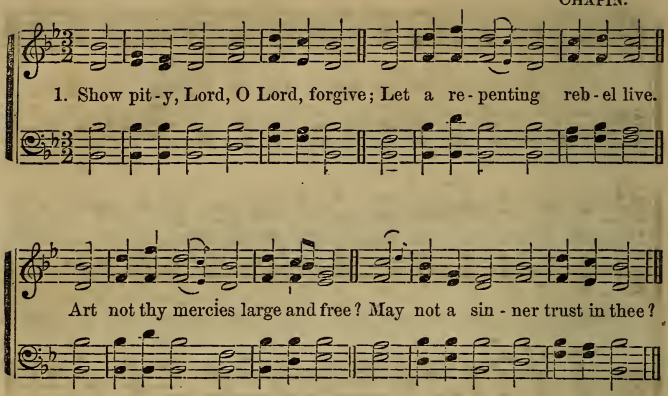
The only Refuge.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

CHAPIN.



398 L. M.

Condemned, but pleading the promises.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Art not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am comdemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Prostrate at Je - sus' feet, A guil - ty re - bel lies;

And upward to the mer - cy seat, Presumes to lift his eyes.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, ... All the debt I owe;

Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

400 **S. M.**

The only expiation.

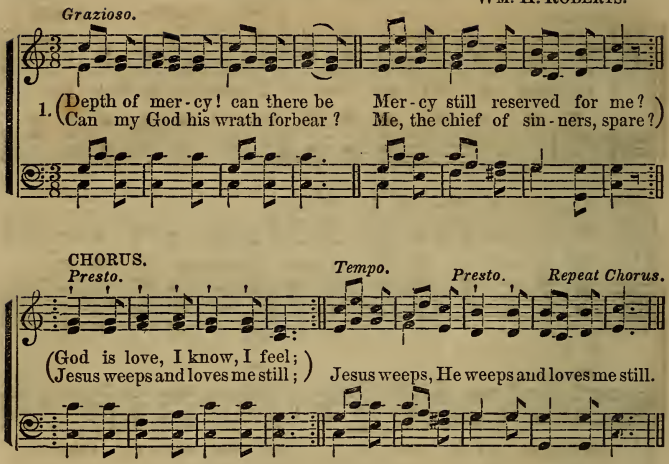
2 Will justice frown me hence?
Stay, Lord, the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should, from both my weeping eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But tears I will not plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Then justice will approve the word,
That bids the sinner live.

WM. H. ROBERTS.



403 **5th P. M.**

Mercy for the chief of sinners.

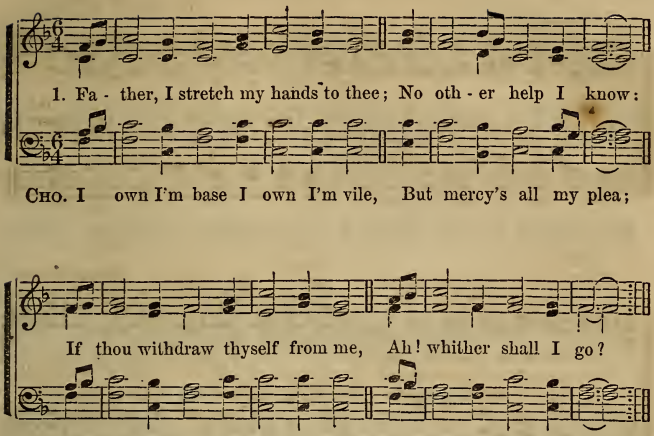
1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



404 **C. M.**

Unwearied earnestness.

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

DR. L. MASON.

FINE.

1. (Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,)

CHO. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

D.C.

Be of sin the double cure,—Save from wrath and make me pure.

409 **6th P. M.**

Clinging to the cross.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

C. C. Converse.

1. Wretched, helpless, and distress'd, Ah! whither shall I fly;

Ev - er gasp-ing af - ter rest,— I can - not find it nigh:

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,—Fast bound in sin and mise - ry,—

pp Rit.

Friend of sin-ners, let me find, My help, my all in thee.

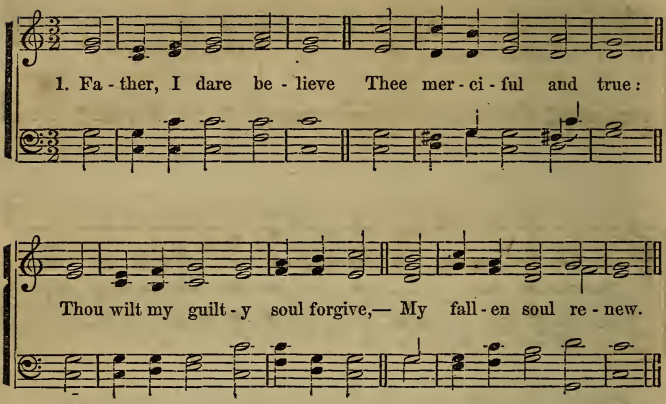
415 **12th P. M.**

Wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wand'rer's resting-place,—
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind.

3 Clothe me, Lord, with holiness,
With meek humility;
Put on me that glorious dress,—
Endue my soul with thee:
Let thine image be restored;
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



418 **S. M.**

Waiting at the cross.

1 Father, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,—
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean;
An end of all my troubles make,—
An end of all my sin.

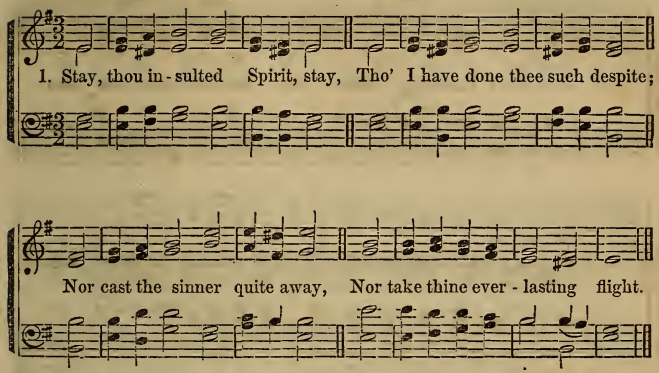
3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

1133 **S. M.**

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

DANIEL READ.



420 **L. M.**

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off y guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:

To tear my soul from earth away For Je - sus to re - ceive?
I sink, by dy - ing love compell'd, And own thee con-quer - or.

CHORUS.

I yield, I yield, I yield; I can hold out no more:

I sink, by dy - ing love compell'd, And own thee—con-quer -or.

428 **S. M.**

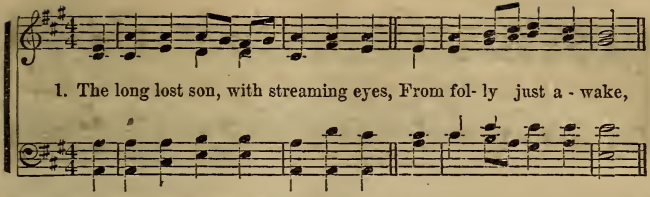
Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

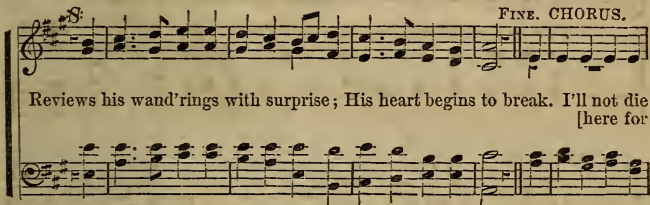
3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

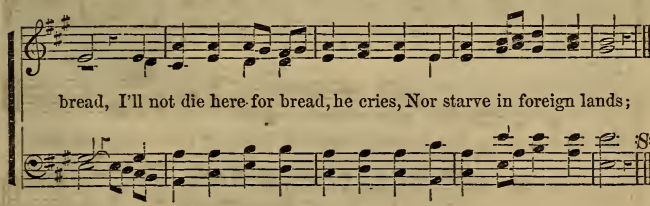
4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.







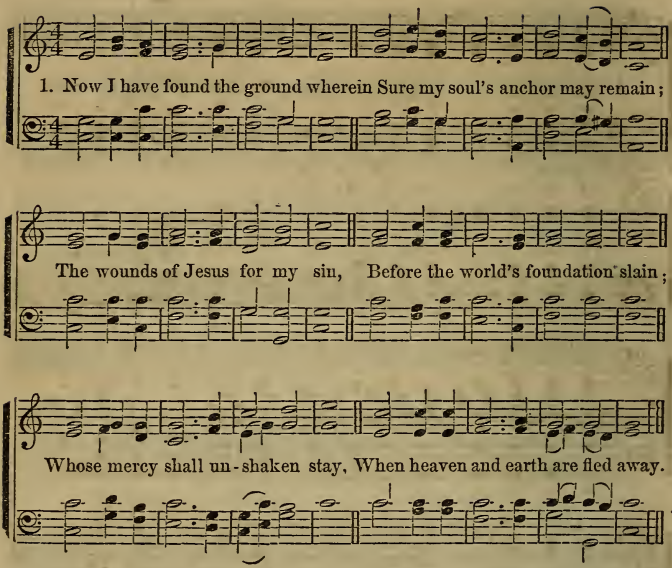
430 *The returning prodigal.* **C. M.**

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,—
In pensive silence mourn,—
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!



437 **1st P. M.**

The soul's anchor.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In hope, against all hu-man hope, Self-desp'rate, I be-lieve,—
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up; Thou wilt thy Spir-it give.

CHORUS.

This promise, on that sacred mount, Was giv - en by our Lord;
"Rejoice, and be ex-ceeding glad, For great is your reward."

439 *Victorious faith.* C. M.

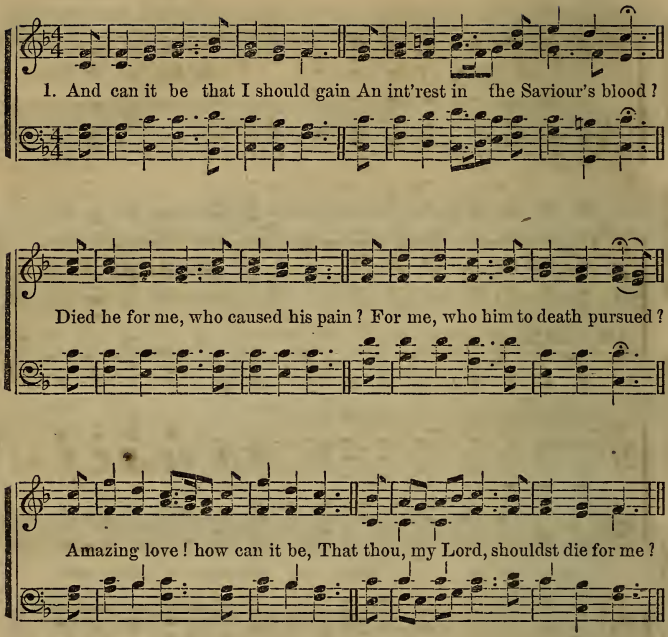
2 The thing surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

WYVIL.



445 **1st P. M.**

No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

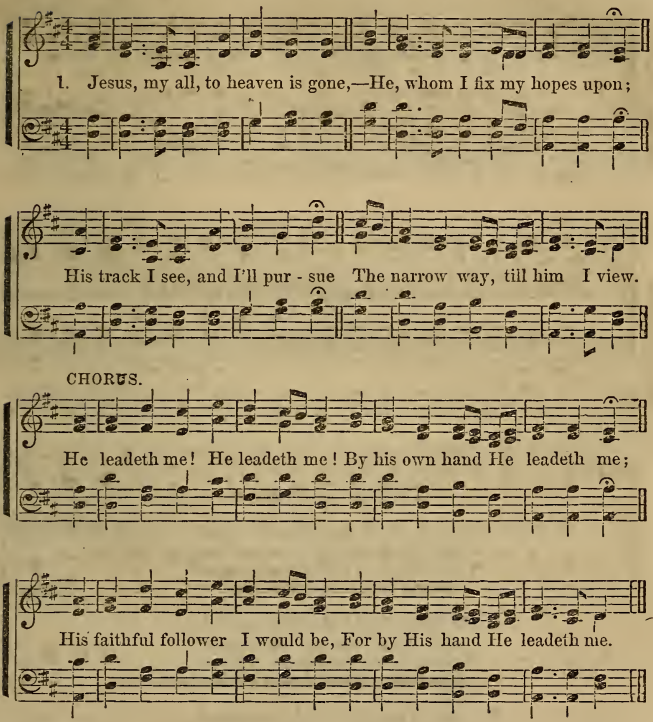
2 'Tis myst'ry all,—the' Immortal dies:
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,—
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



448 *The highway of holiness.* **L. M.**

2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

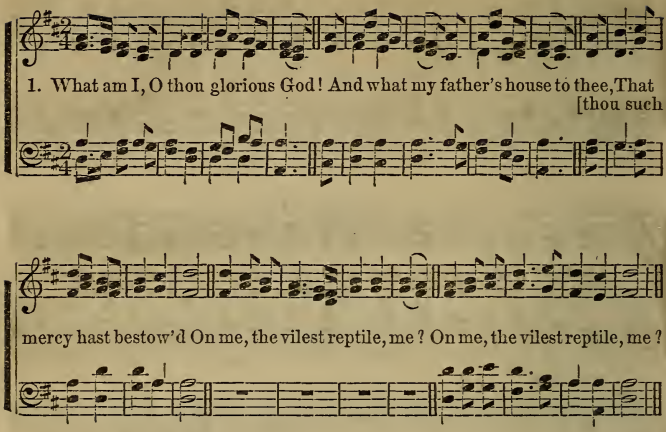
3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

WM. HORSLEY.



449 L. M.

The riches of His grace.

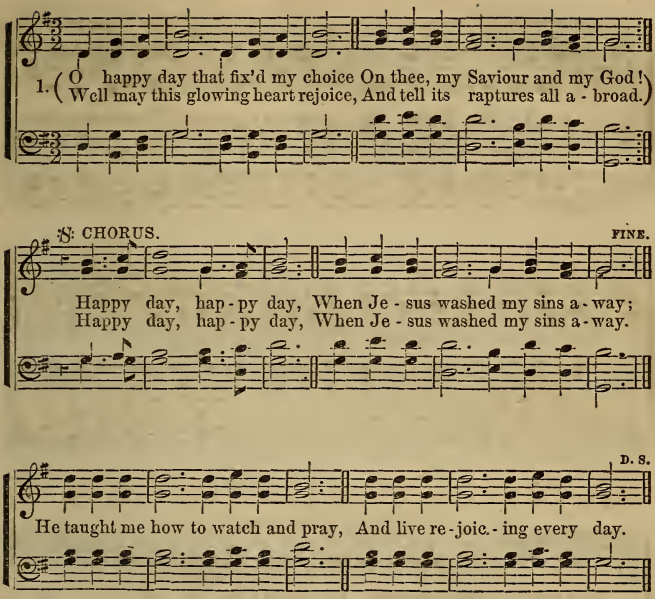
1 What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercy hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest reptile, me?

2 Me, in my blood, thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded,—Live!

3 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
Received the blessing from above,
And pardon in thy mercy found,
Astonish'd at thy boundless love.

4 Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad.

5 I magnify thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy Name:
Thy Name let every soul adore;
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.



451 **L. M.**

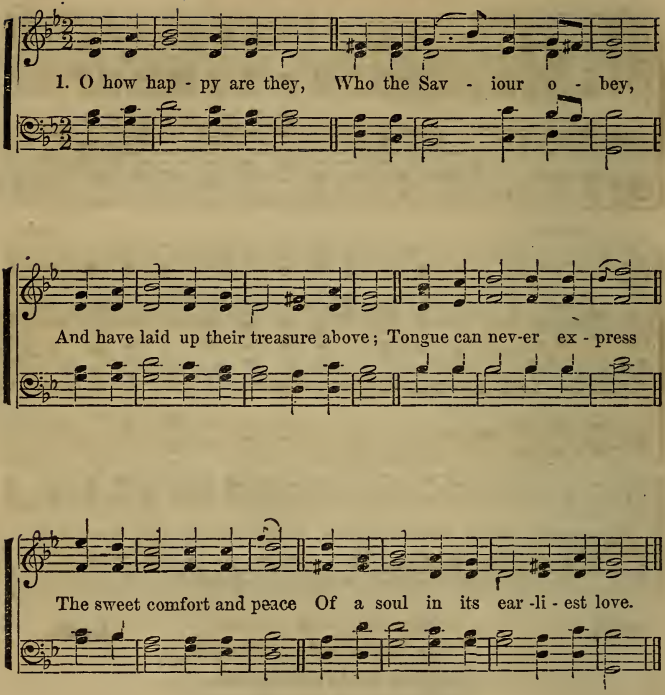
Vows remembered and renewed.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possess'd.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear



452 *Joy of the young convert.* **15th P. M.**

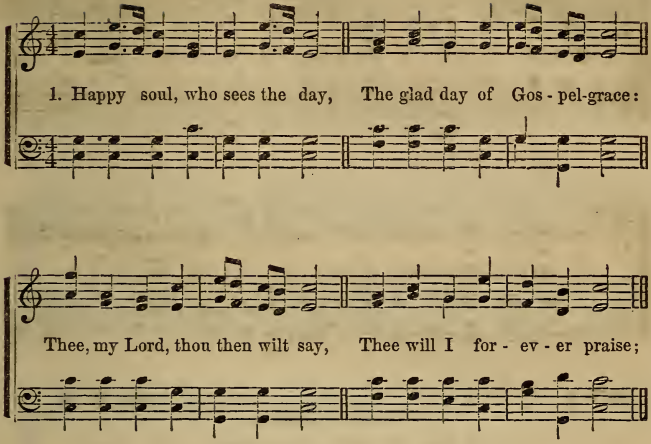
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

WEBER.



453 **5th P. M.**

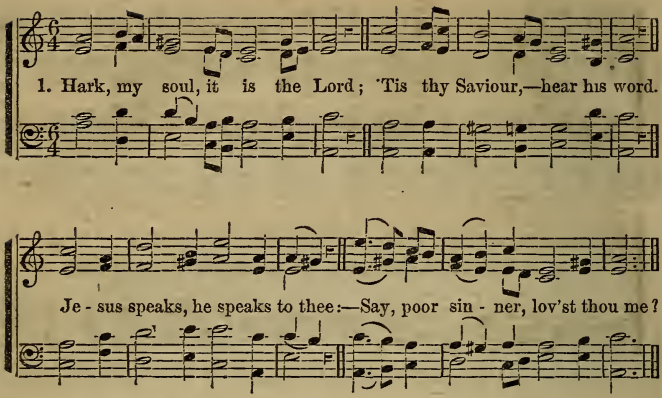
Comfort arising from a sense of pardon.

1 Happy soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of Gospel-grace:
Thee, my Lord, thou then wilt say,
Thee will I forever praise;

2 Though thy wrath against me burn'd,
Thou dost comfort me again;
All thy wrath aside is turn'd,—
Thou hast blotted out my sin.

3 Me, behold; thy mercy spares;
Jesus my salvation is;
Hence, my doubts; away, my fears;
Jesus is become my peace:

4 Jah, Jehovah, is my Lord,
Ever merciful and just;
I will lean upon his word;
I will on his promise trust.



454 **5th P. M.**

Love to the Saviour.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour,—hear his word.
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

824 **5th P. M.**

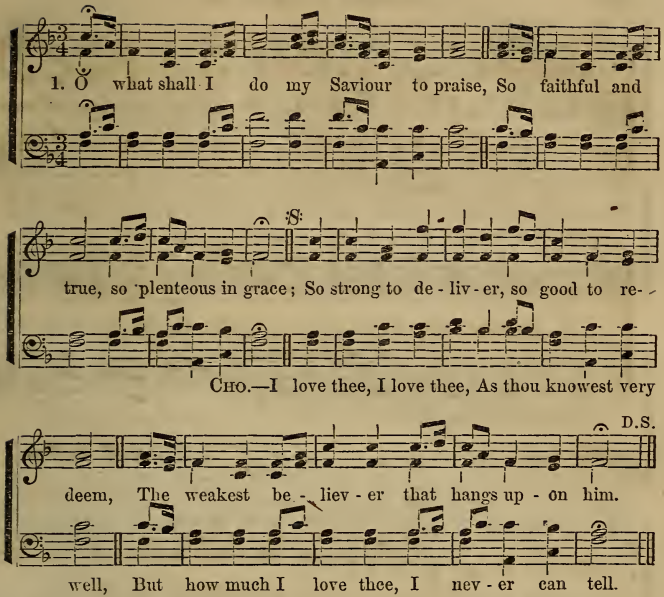
Christ liveth in me.

1 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise;
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

1138 **5th P. M.**

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



457 **13th P. M.**

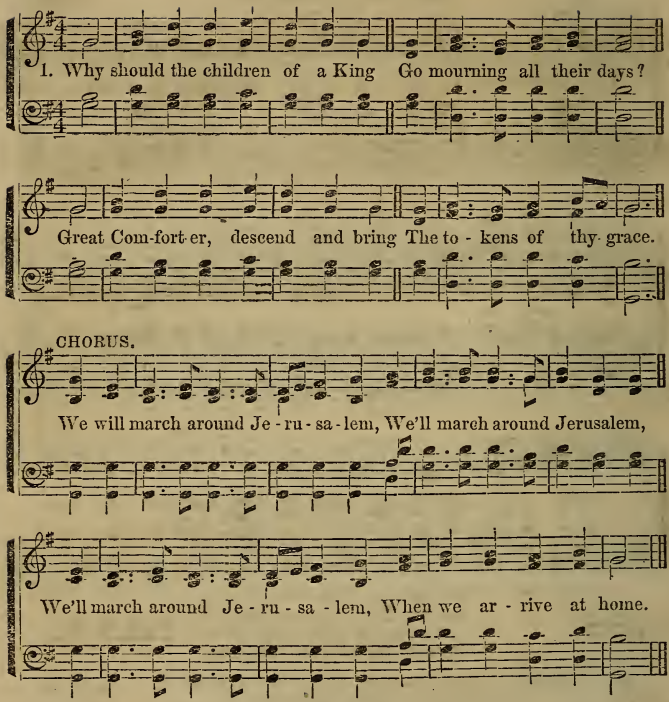
The plenteousness of His grace.

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

4 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favor, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own:
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

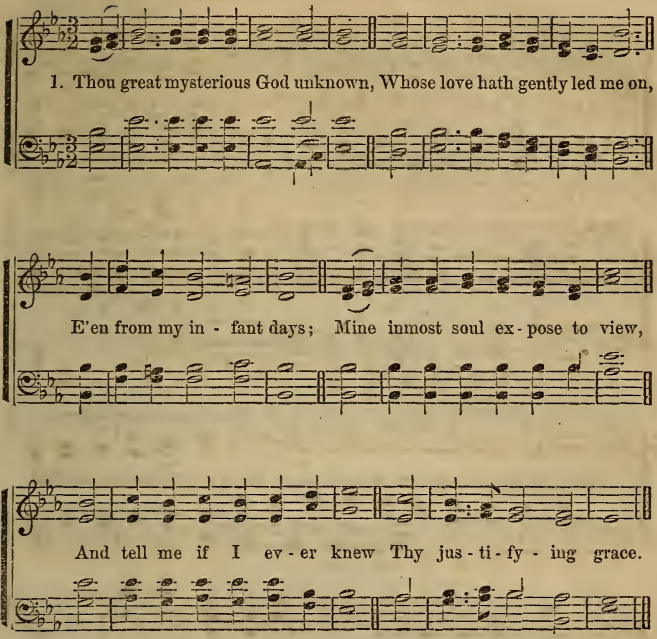


462 *The earnest and pledge of joys to come.* **C. M.**

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,—
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.



471 **4th P. M.**

The inward witness.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

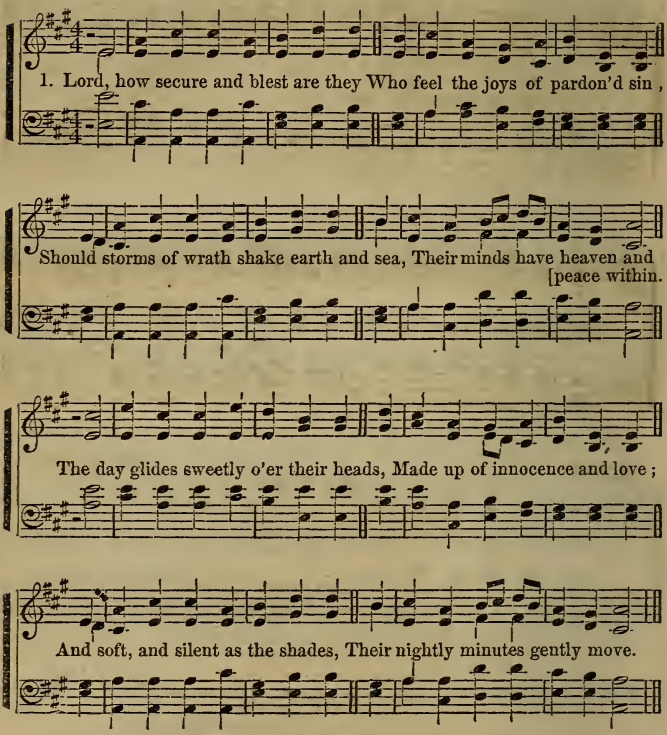
3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the Gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven;
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That ante-past of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art;
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hall'wing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart.

DUANE. L. M. Double.

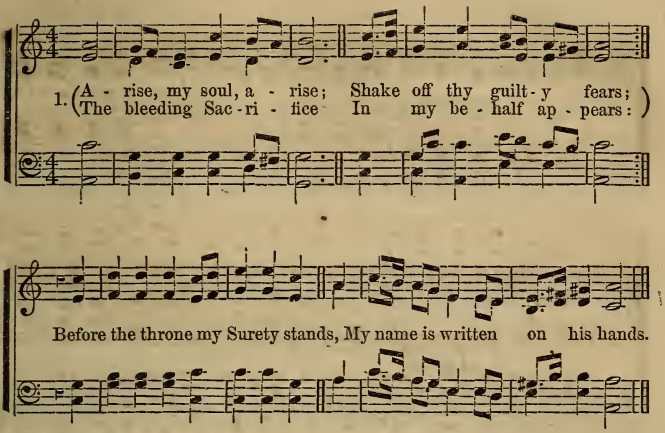
REV. G. COLES.



473 *The bliss of assurance.* **L. M.**

2 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

3 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.
While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'lling in the dust below:
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.



474 3rd P. M.

"Abba, Father."

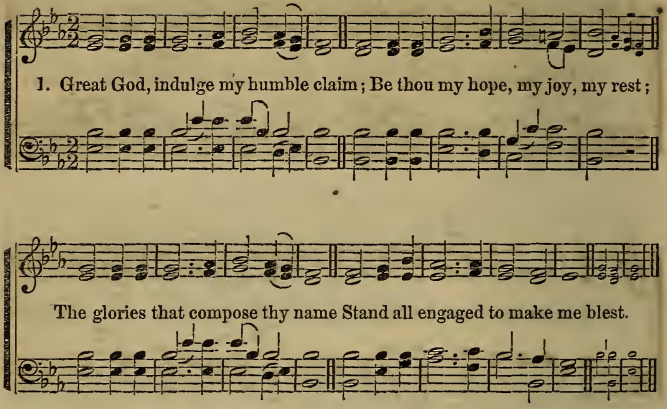
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

M. Ruger.



475 **L.M.**

Filial confidence and joy.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

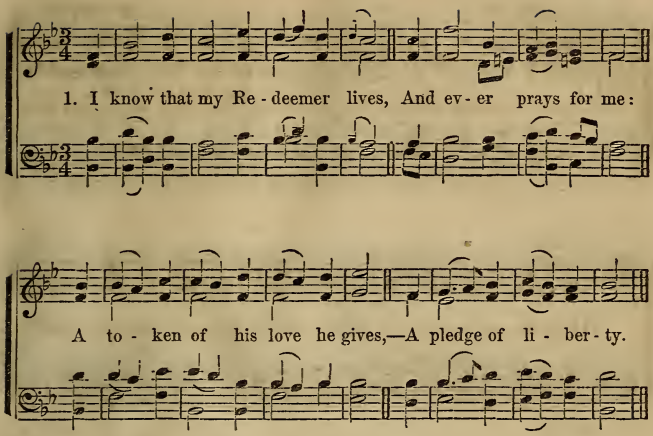
2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,—
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



483 **C. M.**

The good pleasure of his will.

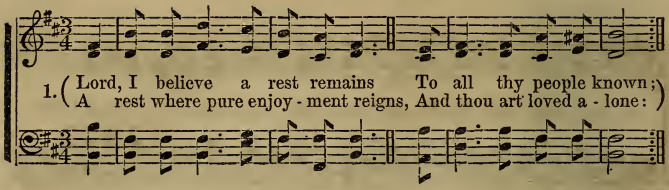
1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,—
A pledge of liberty.

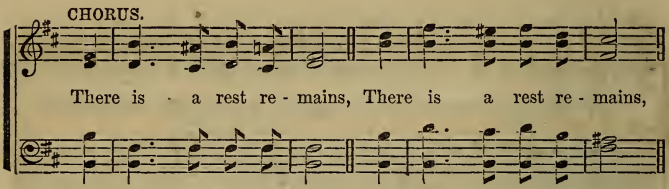
2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

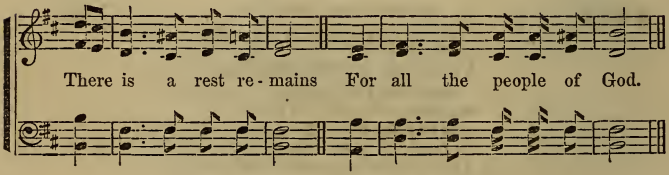
3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.







484 **C. M.**

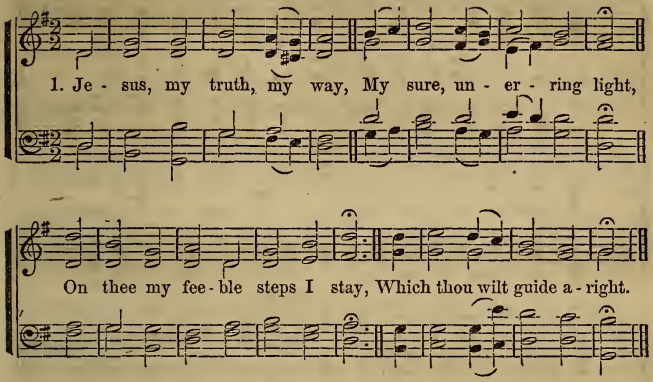
The believer's rest.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

HANDEL.



488 **S. M.**

Christ, the guide and counsellor.

1 Jesus, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

6 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

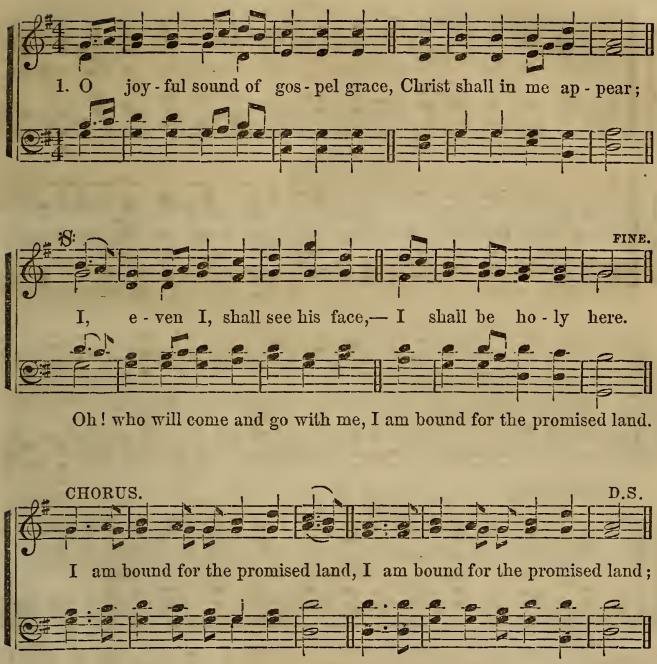
1. O glorious hope of perfect love, It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on ea - gles' wings;.... It bears on ea - gles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast
With Je - sus' priests and kings,.... With Je - sus' priests and kings.

491 *The glorious hope.* 4th P. M.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.



492 C. M.

A hope full of immortality.

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.

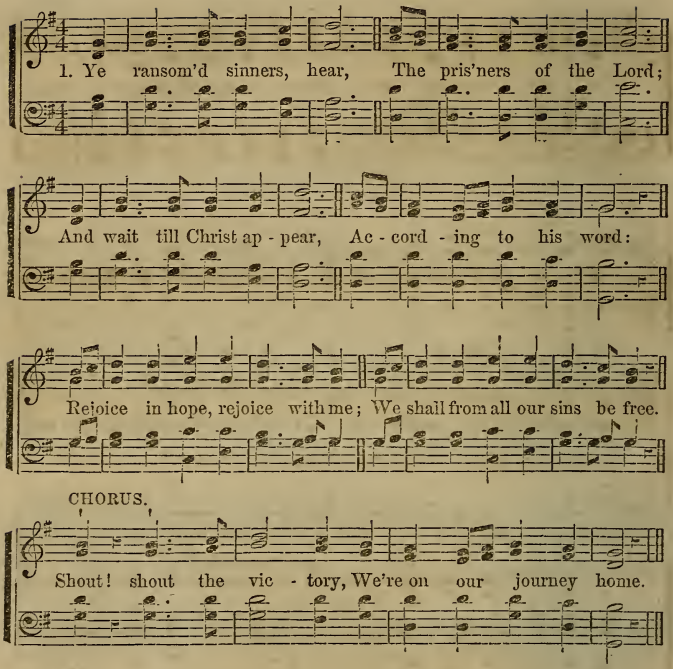
2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqu'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

5 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

6 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.



495 3rd P. M.

Rejoicing in prospect of the blessing.

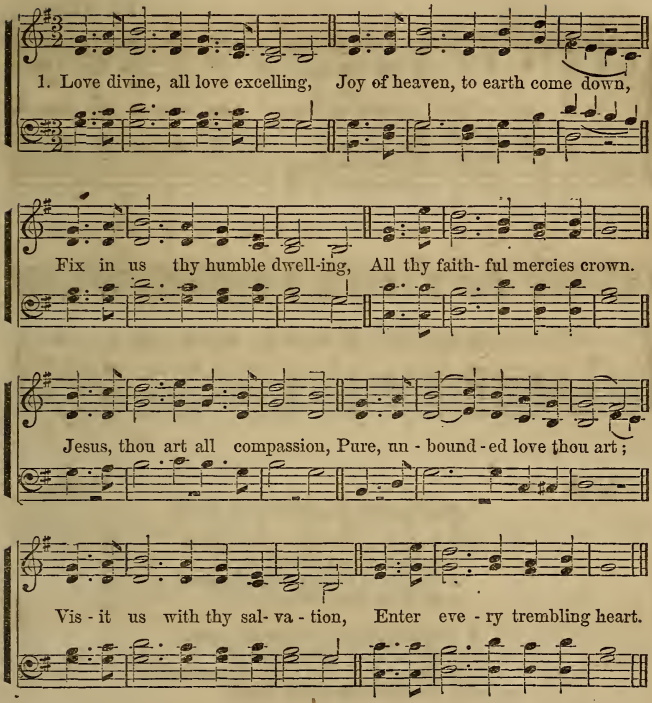
2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' suff'rings share,
My fellow pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.



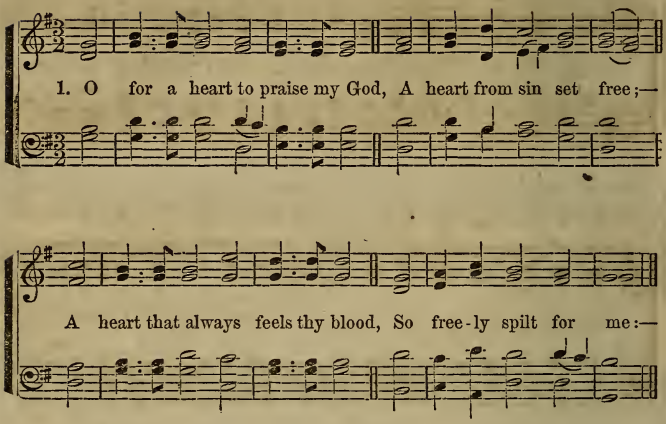
498 *The new creation.* **9th P. M.**

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

DR. ARNE.



500 **C. M.**

A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

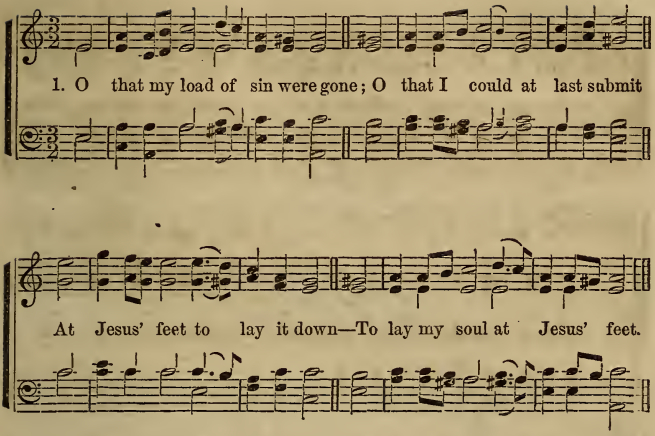
1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.



510 **L. M.**

The light yoke and easy burden.

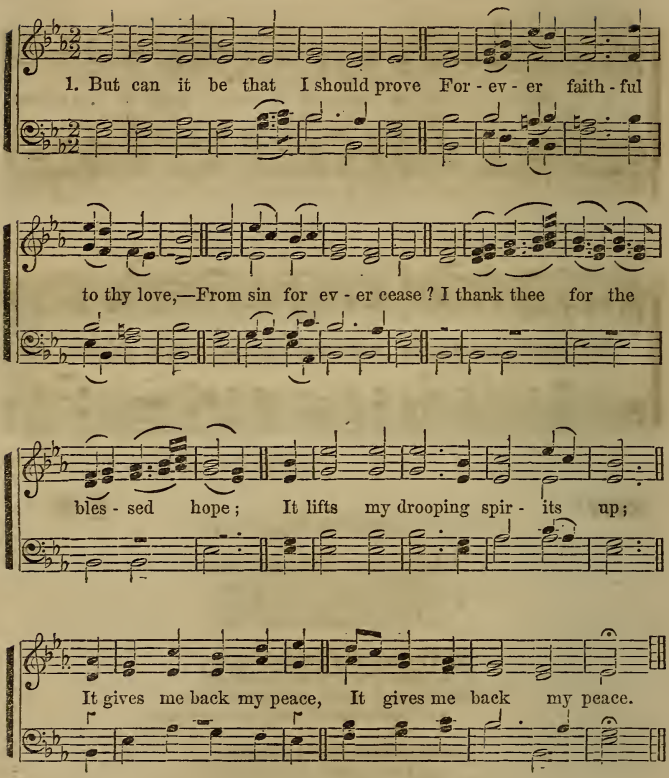
1 O that my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.



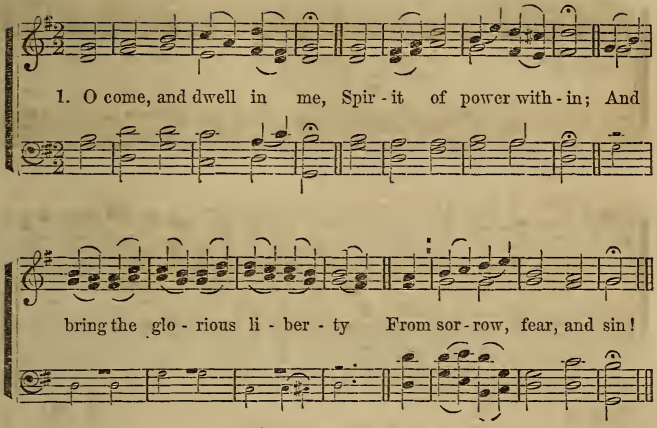
511 *The blessed hope* **4th P. M.**

2 In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
Mighty, and merciful, and just,
Thy sacred word is past;
And I, who dare thy word believe,
Without committing sin shall live,—
Shall live to God at last.

3 I rest in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is my tower
That hides my life above;
Thou canst, thou wilt, my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.

4 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou thro' life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

STANLEY.



520 **S. M.**

Glorious liberty.

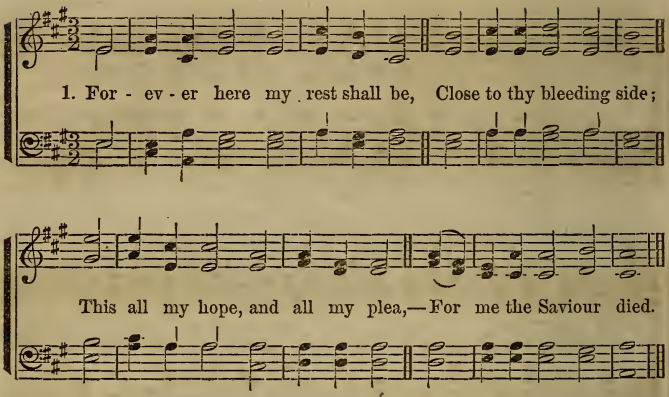
1 O come, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.



524 **C. M.**

Entire purification.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

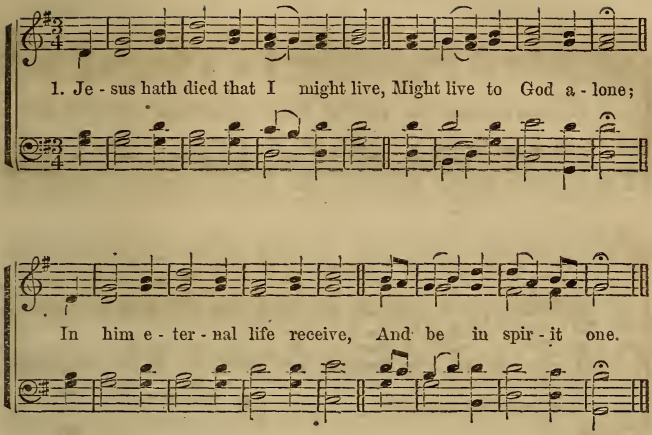
2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



526 **C. M.**

Longing to be dissolved in love.

1 Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

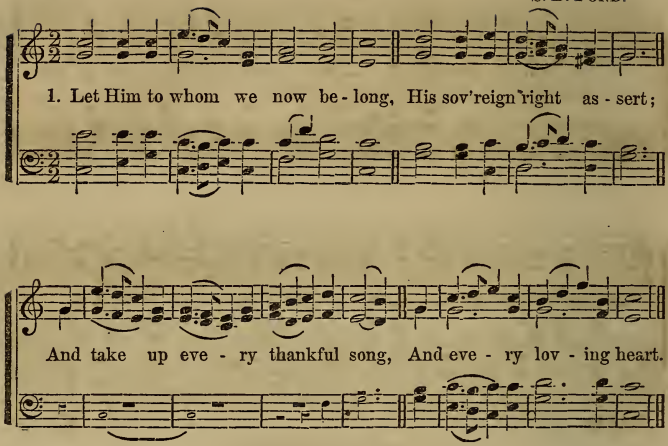
2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith to' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

S. B. Pond.



527 **C. M.**

Soul and body dedicated to the Lord.

1 Let Him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone;
To Christ alone he dies.

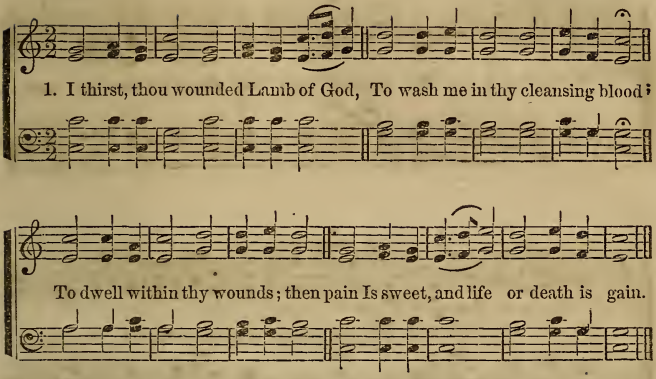
3 Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all,—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

L. O. Emerson, Arranged.



529 **L. M.**

Thirsting for the fulness of love.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

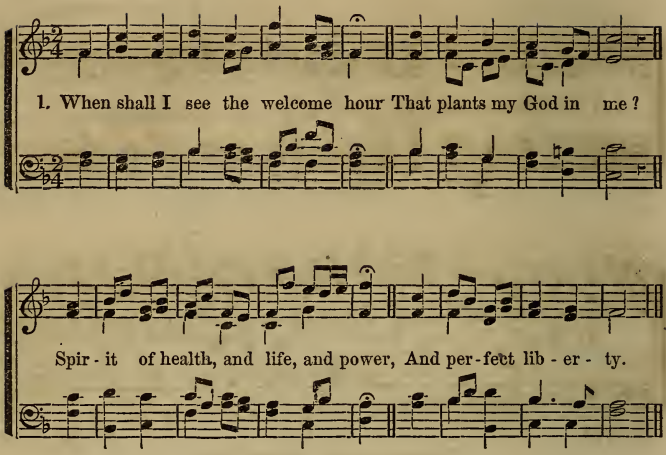
2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.



531 **C. M.**

Love alone victorious.

1 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me?
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty.

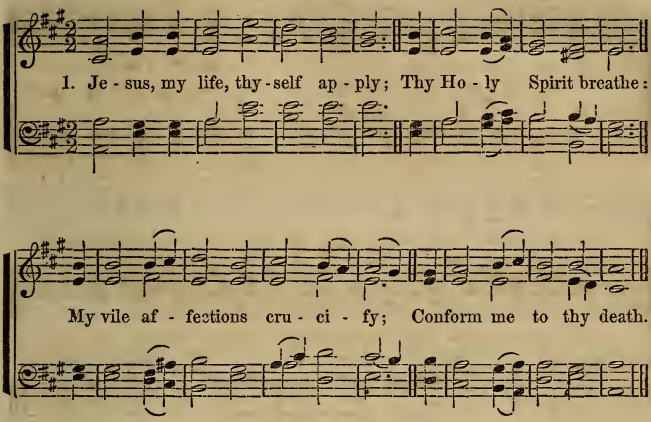
2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue:
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin,
And form my soul anew.

3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, sanctified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

4 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

5 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

GARDNER.



532 **C. M.**

The affections crucified.

1 Jesus, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify;
Comform me to thy death.

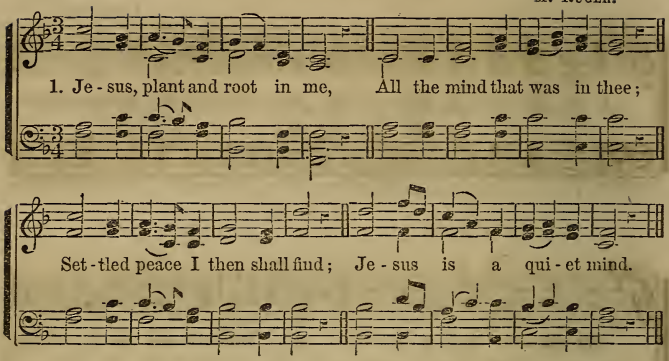
2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,—
A temple built by God!

M. Rugger.



535 **5th P. M.**

The mind that was in Christ.

2 Anger I no more shall feel,—
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

3 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resign'd;
Jesus' is a patient mind.

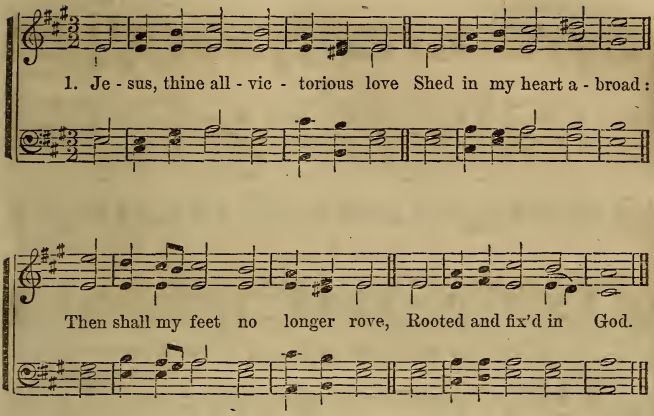
4 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

5 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified:
Perfectly to him be join'd;
Jesus' is a loving mind.

6 I shall triumph evermore;
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind:
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

7 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus' is a constant mind.

8 I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord;
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.



536 **C. M.**

The refining fire of the Holy Spirit.

1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

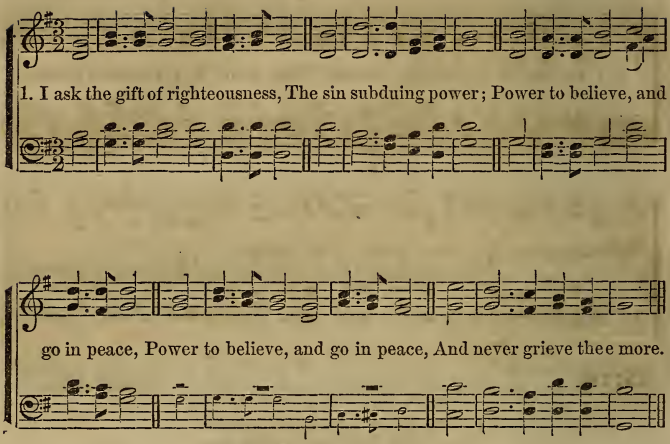
2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

N. D. Gould.



537 C. M.

Ardent desires for the fulness of God.

1 I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

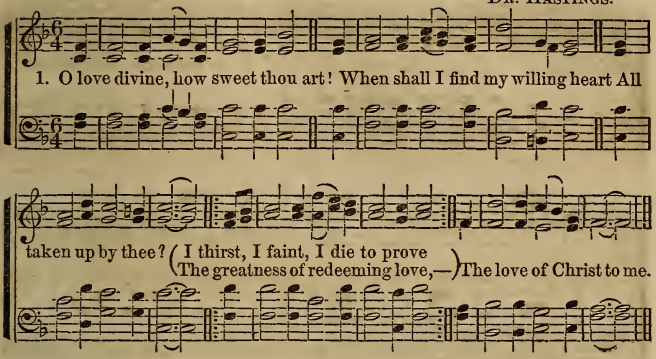
2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love reveal'd,
The kingdom fix'd within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.

4 My restless soul cries out, oppress'd,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved-indeed.

5 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,—
May never feel it more.

DR. HASTINGS.



538 **4th P. M.**

Panting after the fulness of love.

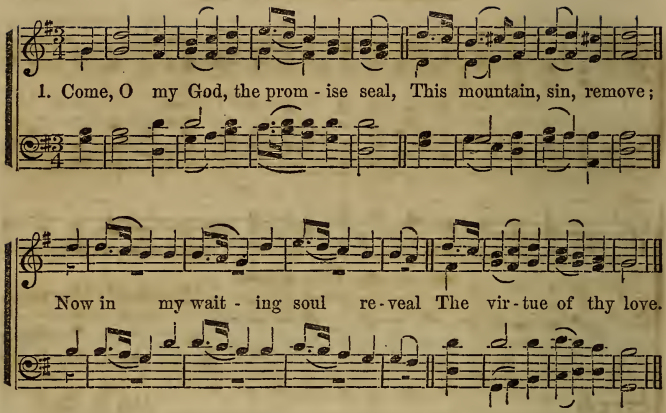
1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.



546 **C. M.**

The work accomplished.

1 Come, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeem'd from sin.

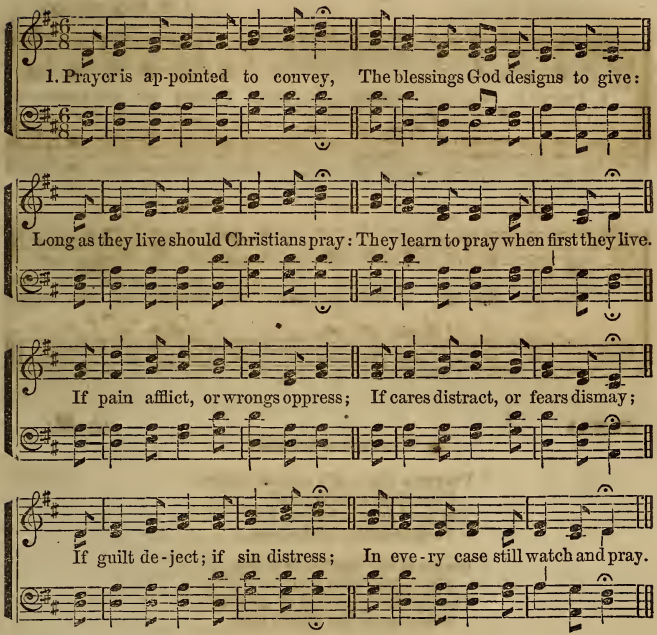
3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



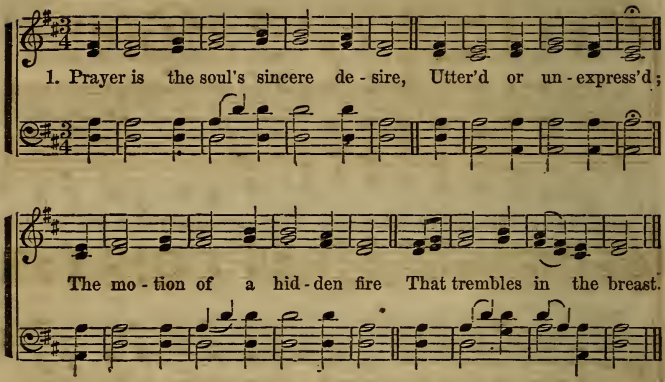
549 **L. M.**

Design of prayer.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.
If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt déject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

2 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

I. B. WOODBURY.



550 **C. M.**

What is prayer?

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

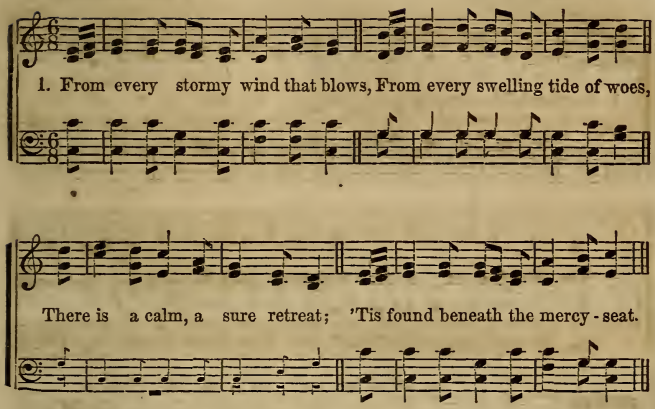
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:—
Lord, teach us how to pray!

DR. T. HASTINGS.



551 **L. M.**

The mercy-seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

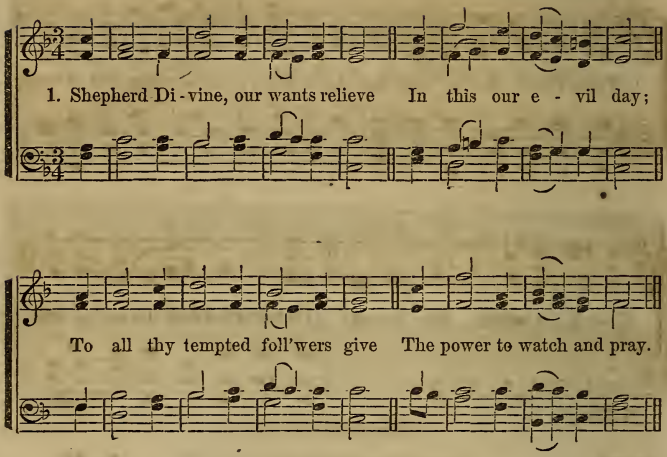
2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

WM. WHEALL.



553 **C. M.**

Pray without ceasing.

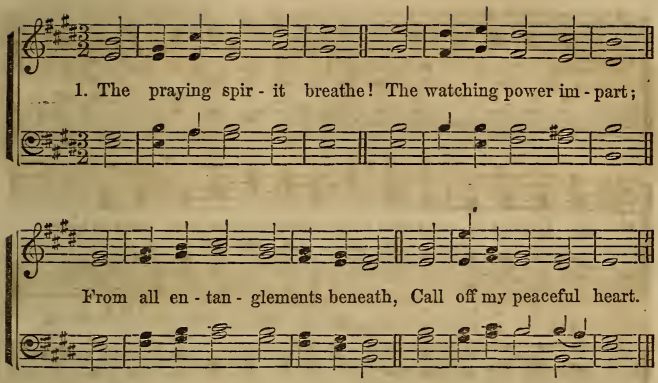
1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Till thou thy perfect love impart;
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go;—

4 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

5 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.



556 **S. M.**

The spirit of prayer.

1 The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

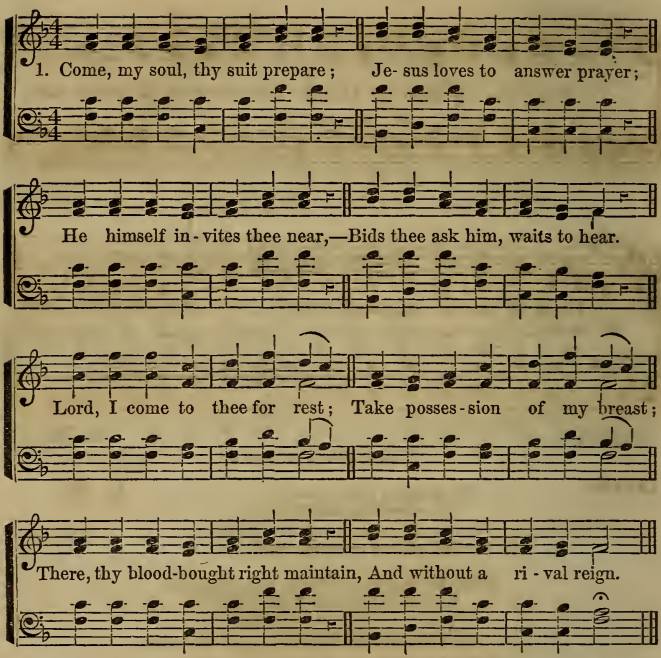
3 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

5 Here will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care;
And Father, Abba Father, cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer.

6 Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy;
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.

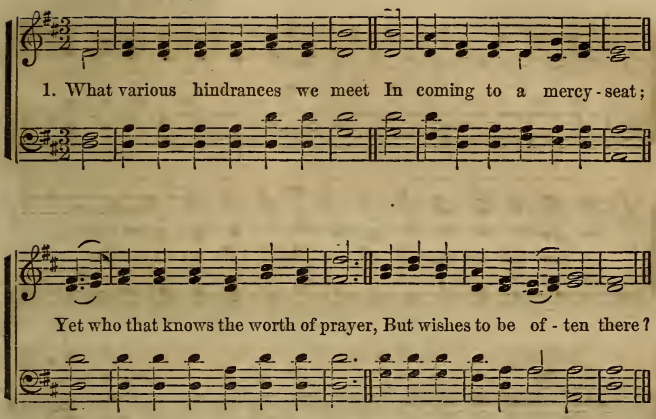
East Indian.



557 *Encouragements to pray.* **7th P. M.**

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself invites thee near,—
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

2 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die thy people's death.



558 **L. M.**

Blessings of prayer.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

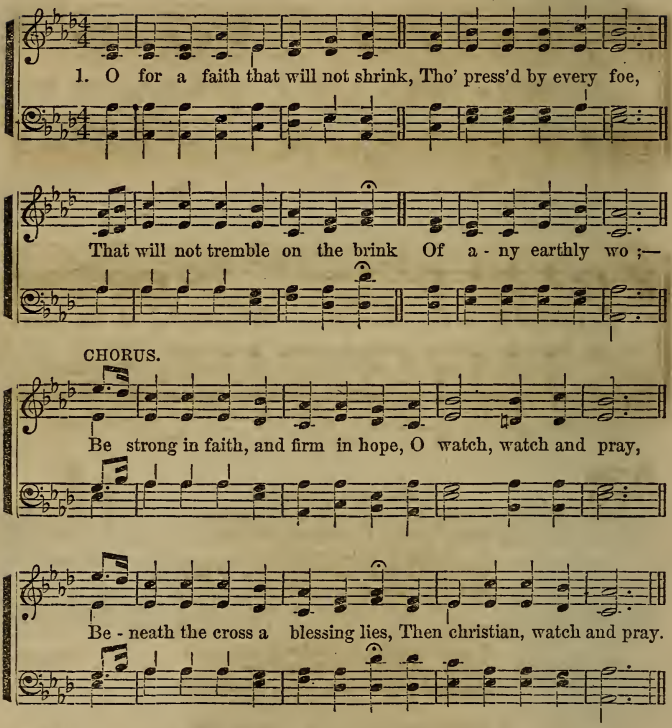
2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright·
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have yon no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,—
Hear what the Lord hath done for me

From S. S. Banner.



568 *For victorious faith.* **C. M.**

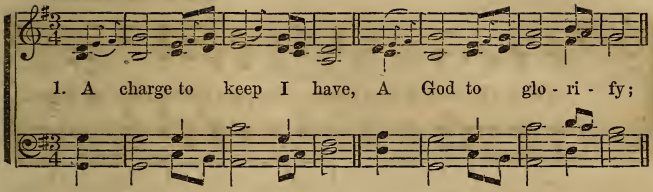
2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;—

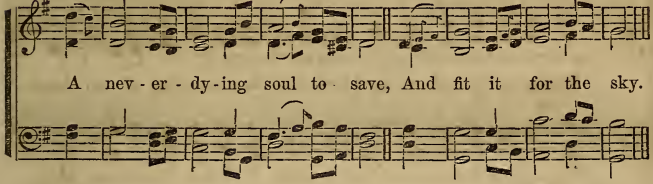
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile ;—

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.





570 **S. M.**

For diligence and watchfulness.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

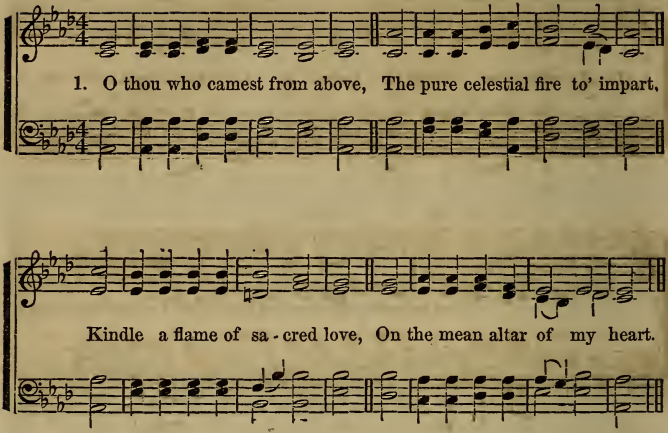
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

5 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained:—
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintained."

WM. B. BRADBURY.



572 **L. M.**

For the fire of divine love.

1 O thou who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

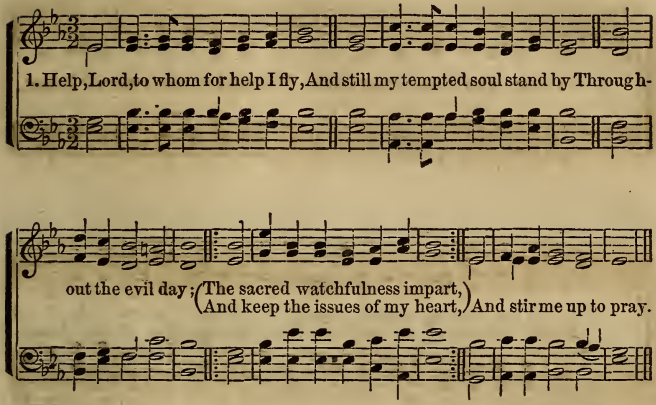
2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think for thee,
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

5 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,—
The land of perfect holiness.

DR. L. MASON.



575 **4th P. M.**

For power over temptation.

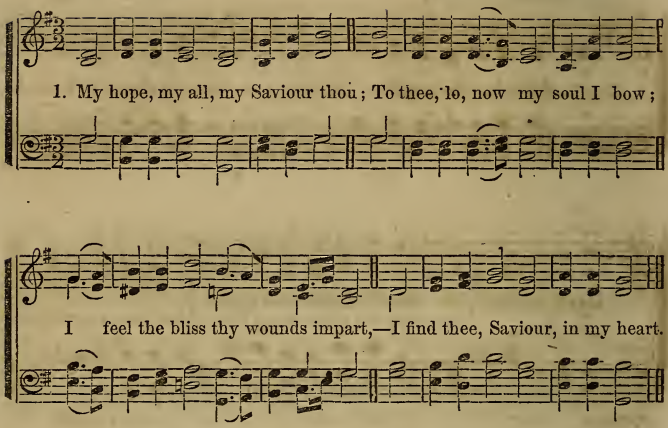
2 My soul with thy whole armour arm;
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near:
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye;
And starting, cry, from ruin's brink,—
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink;
O save me, or I die.

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away,
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,—
That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to' appear
Before thy glorious face.

Mrs. Love. Arranged.



578 **L. M.**

For sustaining grace.

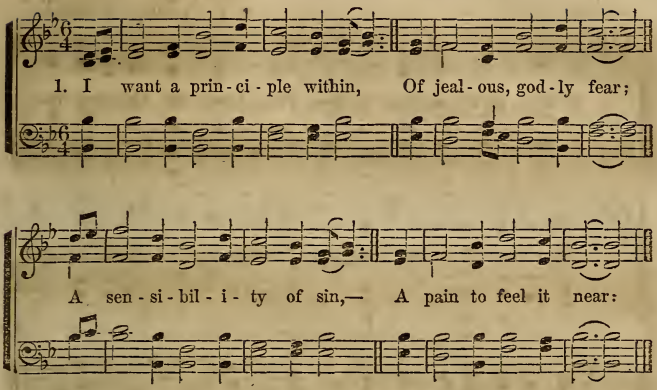
1 My hope, my all, my Saviour thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,—
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength,—be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

5 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to thee?



579 **C. M.**

For a tender conscience.

1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,—
A pain to feel it near:

2 I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

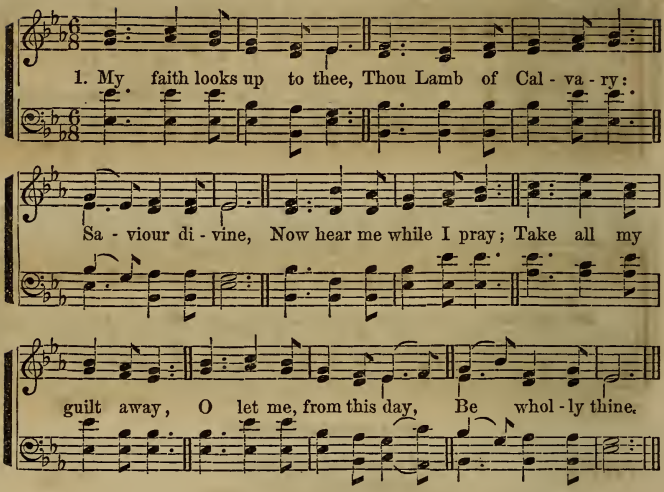
4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

JESUS IS MINE. 19th P. M.

T. E. Perkins. Arranged.



581 19th P. M.

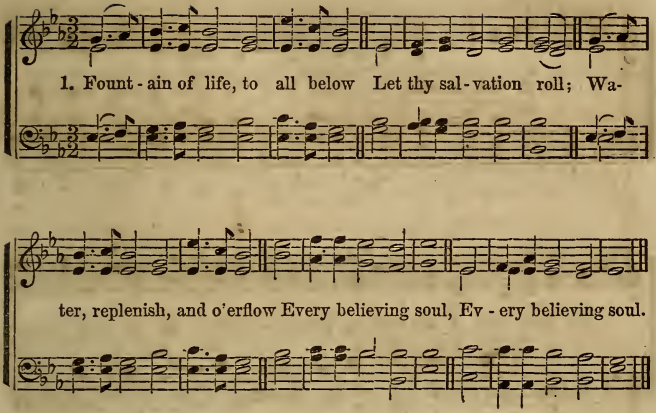
For the Saviour's guidance.

2 May the rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransom'd soul.

DR. L. MASON.



593 **C. M.**

For the waters of salvation.

1 Fountain of life, to all below
  Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
  Every believing soul.

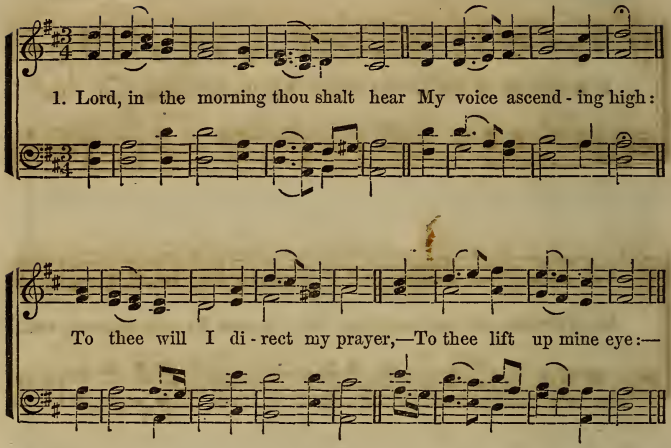
2 Into that happy number, Lord,
  Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
  For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
  And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
  To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,—
  Of joy, the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
  We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea;
  Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,—
  Our God, our All in All.

A. WILLIAMS.



595 C. M.

Sunday morning: Preparing for public worship.

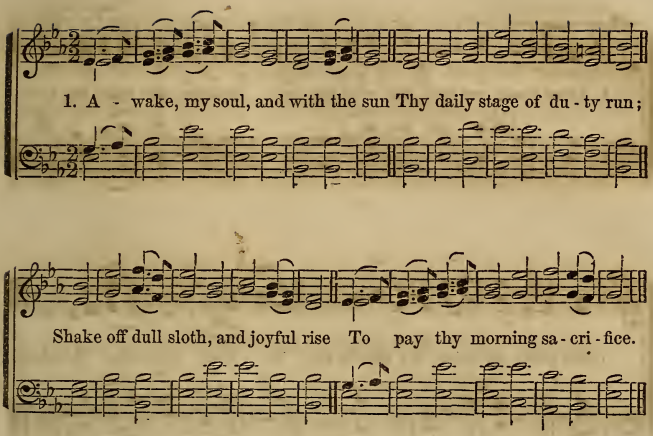
1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,—
To thee lift up mine eye:—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.



597 **L. M.**

Morning: Sacrifice of praise and prayer.

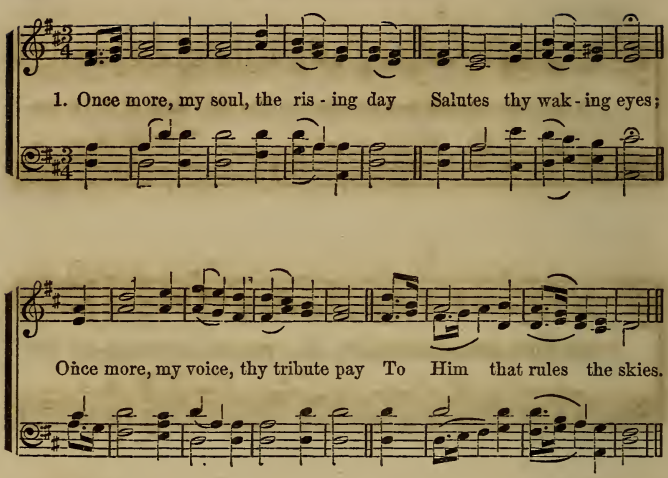
1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Hish praises to the' eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.



600 **C. M.**

Morning: Self-consecration.

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

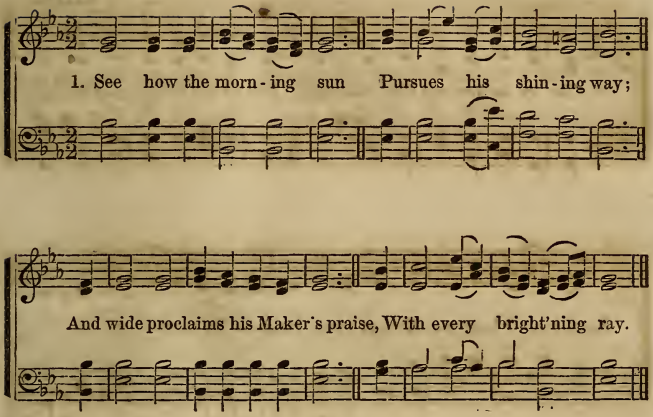
2 Night unto night his Name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

I. B. WOODBURY.



602 **S. M.**

Morning: Tribute of praise.

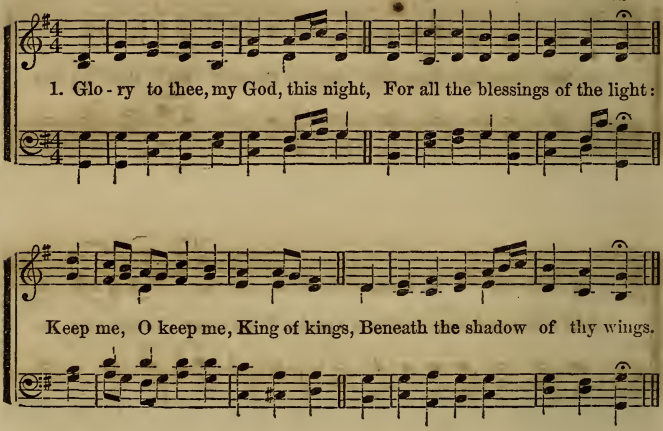
1 See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

5 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice:
Cleansed by thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance, to the skies.



607 L. M.

Evening: Trusting in God.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

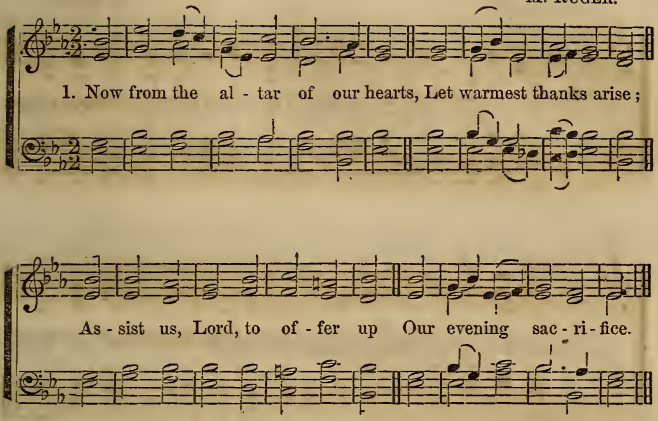
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, so that I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

M. RUGER.



611 **C. M.**

Evening: Numberless mercies.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

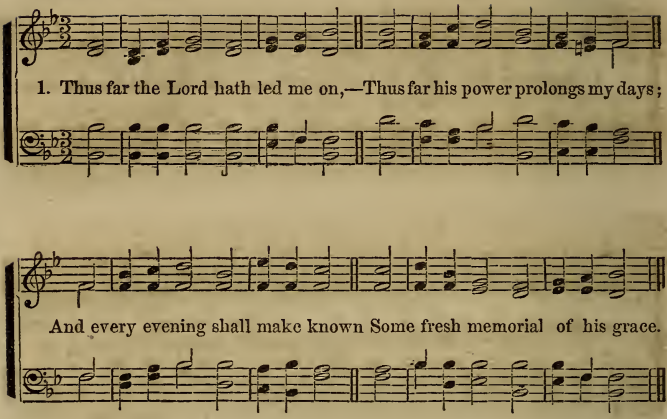
2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,—
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

5 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

L. Mason.



612 **L. M.**

Evening: Memorials of His grace.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

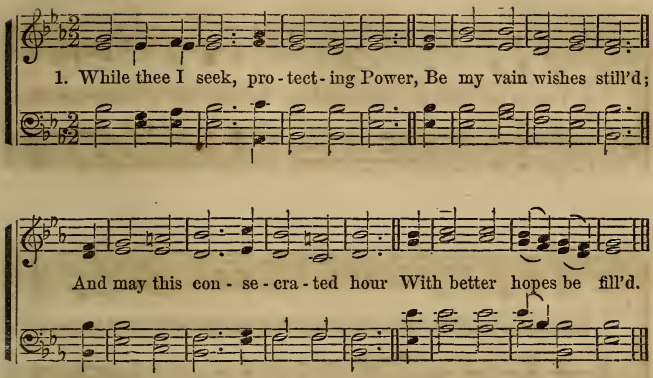
2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

M. RUGER.



624 **C. M.**

Habitual devotion.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

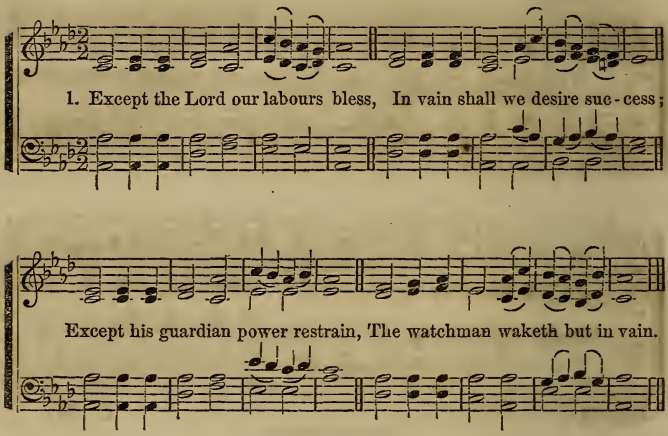
3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

T. E. Perkins.



630 **L. M.**

No success without God's blessing.

1 Except the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise, and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

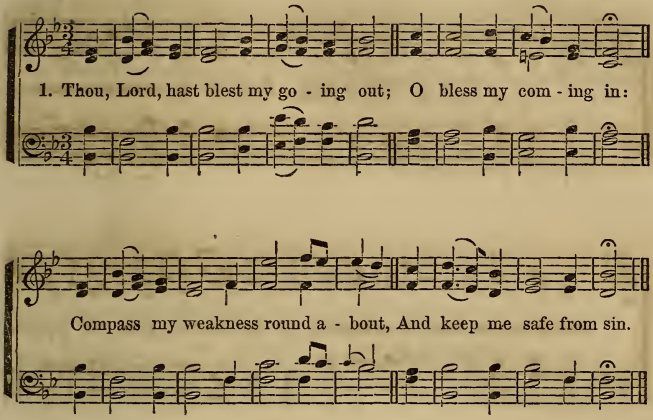
3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pursue.

---

4 Thou who hast helped us hitherto,
Wilt help us all our journey through,
And give us daily cause to raise
New trophies to thy endless praise.

5 O Lord, thy counsels and thy care,
Our safety and our comfort are;
And thou wilt guide us all our days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

M. RUGER.



631 **C. M.**

On returning from a journey.

1 Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out;
O bless my coming in:
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

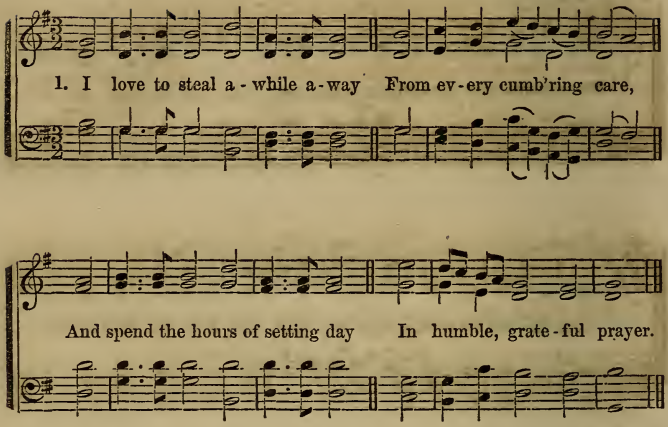
2 Still hide me in thy secret place;
Thy tabernacle spread:
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart:
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

D. Dutton. Jr.



647 **C. M.**

Evening.—Soltiude.

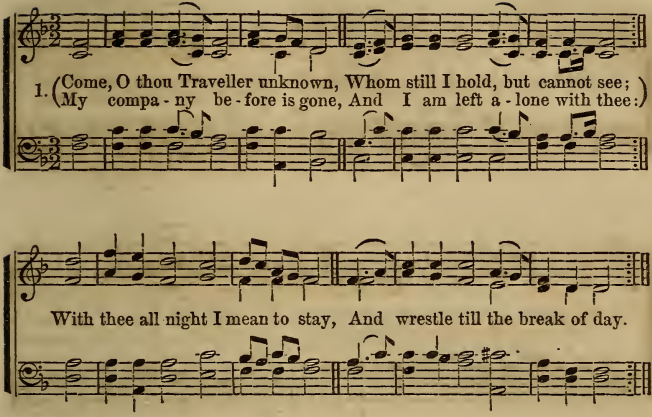
1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.



649 **1st P. M.**

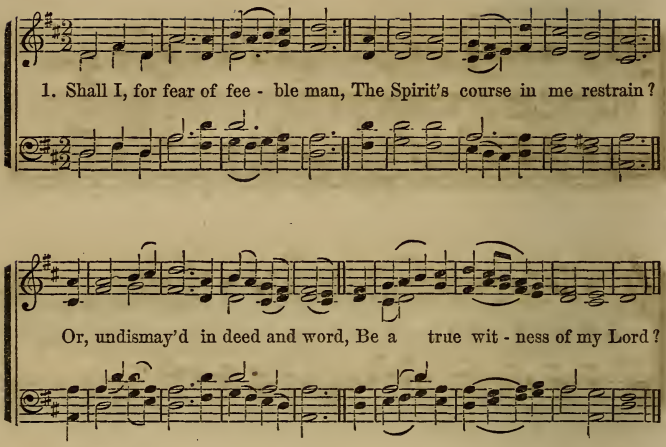
Wrestling Jacob:—I will not let thee go.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.



655 **L. M.**

The Minister's prayer: Boldness in the Gospel.

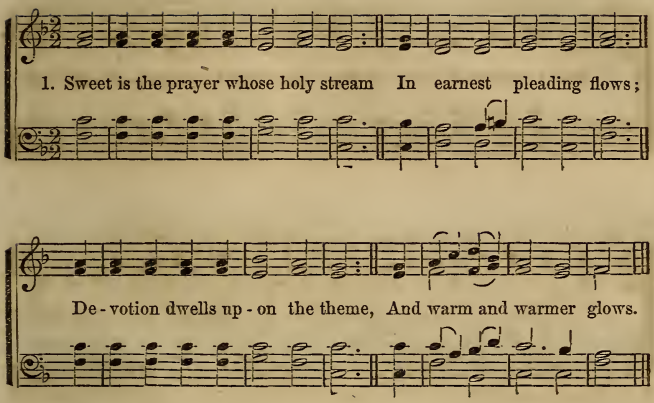
1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys,—or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.



658 **C. M.**

Secret communion with God.

1 Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

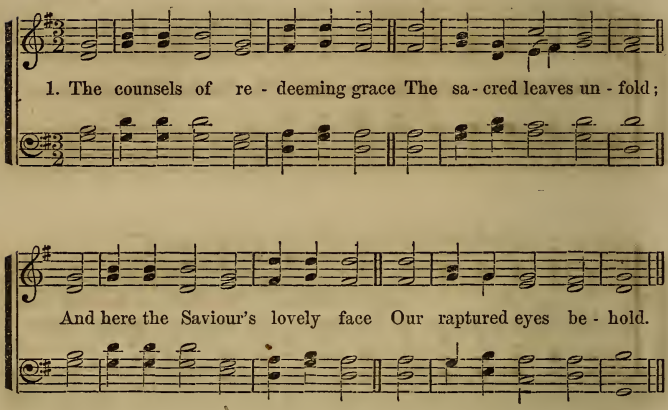
2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
Hope points the upward gaze;
And Love, celestial Love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Unheard by human ear,
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
All utt'rance faileth there;
But God himself doth comprehend,
And answer, silent prayer.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



676 C. M.

Riches of God's word. *l*

1 The counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

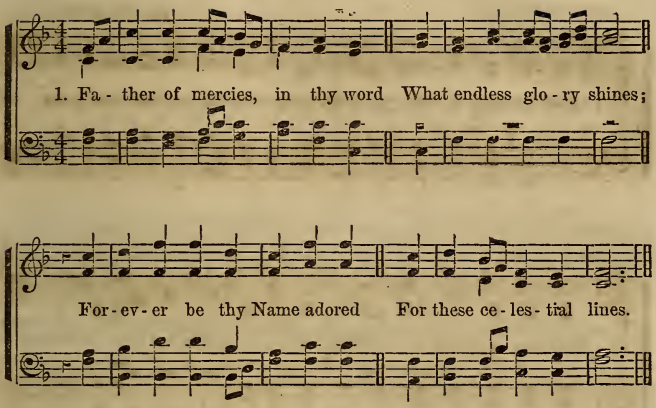
2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet,
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied:
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

1131 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



677 **C. M.**

Excellency and sufficiency.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
Forever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

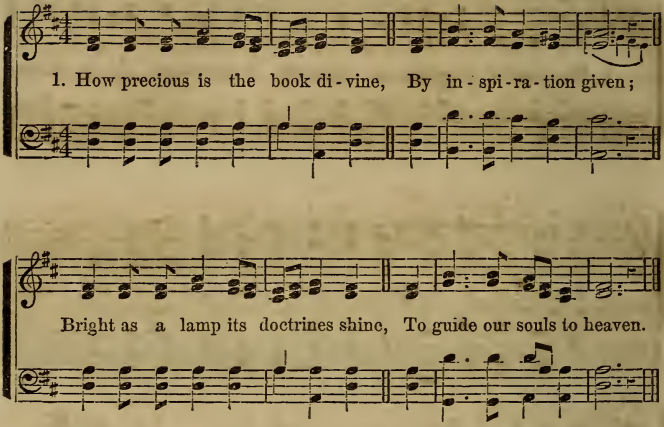
3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view the Saviour there.

DR. L. MASON.



683 **C. M.**

Preciousness of the Bible.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

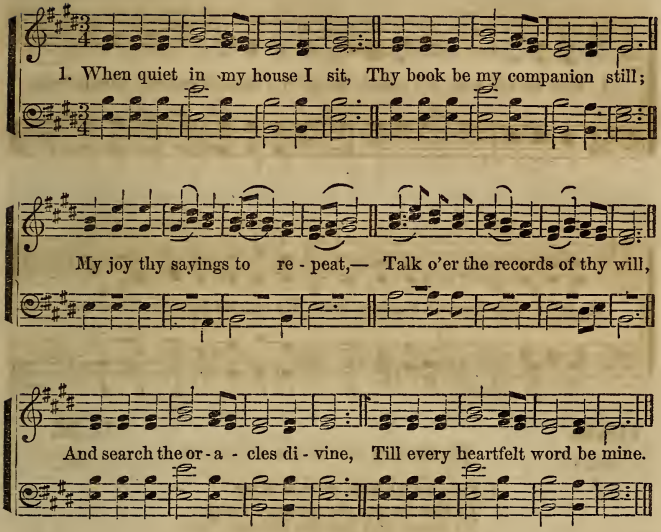
3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light,
Of an eternal day.

---

4 Lord! everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

C. S. Thompson.



687 **1st P. M.**

Delight in the word.

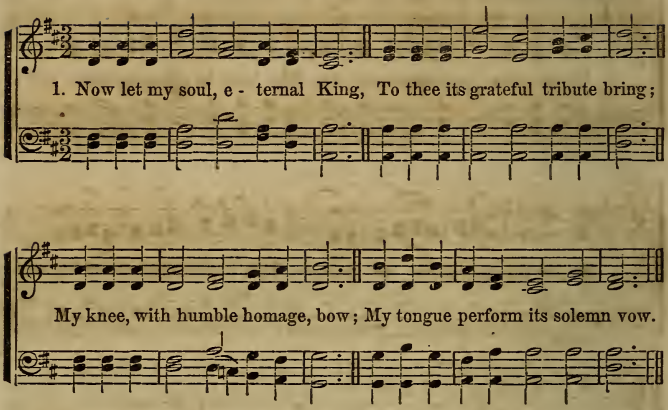
2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his foll'wer join,
And walk and talk himself with me:
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious words of grace
Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue:
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

REST. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury



688 L. M.

The Saviour seen in the Scriptures.

1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

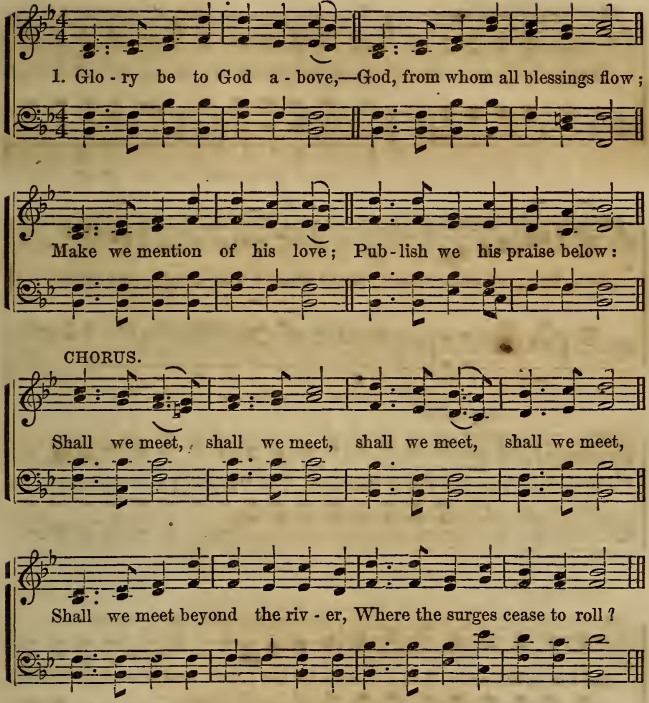
3 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, in worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

1130 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



696 *Sweet counsel.* **7th P. M.**

1 Glory be to God above,—
God, from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love;
Publish we his praise below:

2 Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesus' name,
See with joy each other's face,
Foll'wers of the bleeding Lamb.

3 Let us then sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure;
Our election how to make,
Past the reach of hell, secure:

4 Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase;
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace.

5 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possess'd:—

6 He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back, from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

1. Thou God of truth and love, We seek thy perfect way, Ready thy choice t' ap-

-prove, Thy providence t'obey; Enter into thy wise design, And sweetly lose our

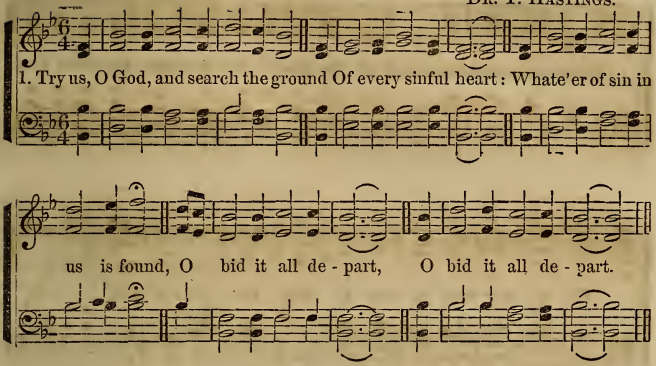
CHORUS.

will in thine. I'm glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, I am

glad I'm in this army, And I'll battle for the Lord; And when the conflict's

over, Before him we shall stand, With e- ter - nal glo - ry crowned.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



700 *And so fulfil the law of Christ.* **C. M.**

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up;
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed.
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wro't,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

---

699 *Bear ye one another's burdens.* **3d P. M.**

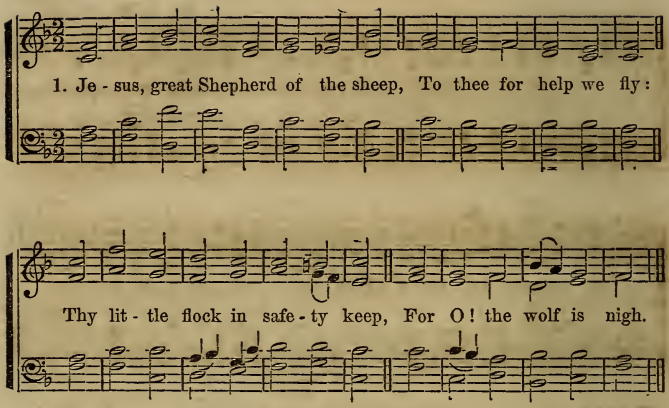
2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;—
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain;—
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain;—
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love?

4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;—
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy gracious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away,—
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast.



701 **C. M.**

Safety in union.

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.

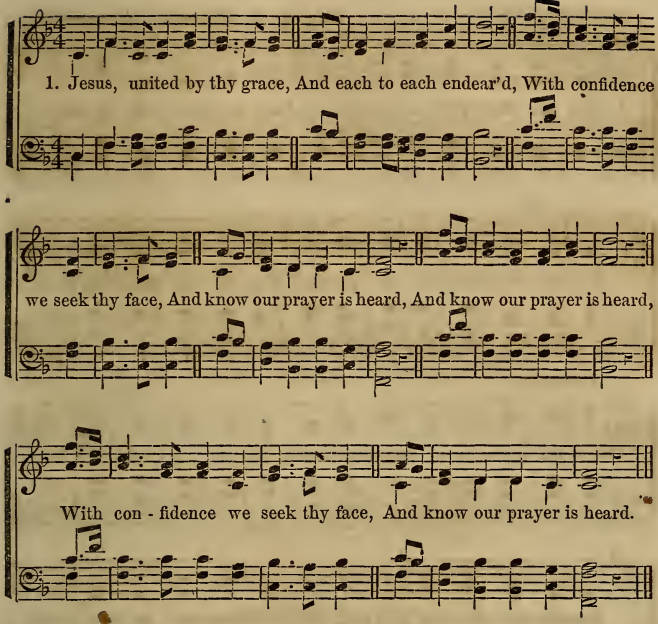
2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.



704 C. M.

The loadstone of His love.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,—
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee, inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive.

CHEER. S. M.

REV. A. D. MERRILL. Arranged.

1. And are we yet a - live, And see each oth - er's face?

Glo - ry and praise to Je - sus give, For his re - deem- ing grace.

CHORUS.

We're journeying to our heavenly home, The cit - y bright and fair;

Sickness and sor- row, pain and death, Can nev - er en - ter there.

707 *Meeting, after absence.* **S. M.**

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

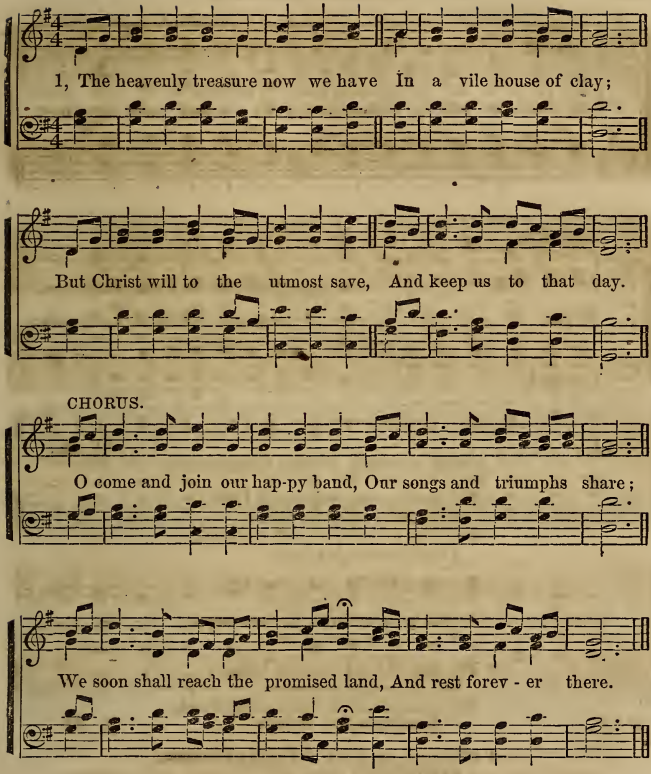
2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.



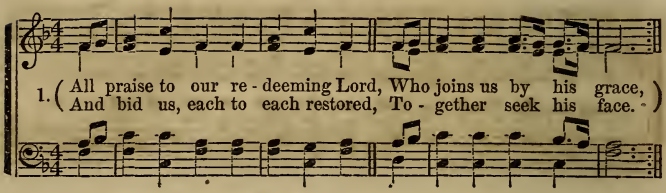
708 *We shall see Him as he is.* **C. M.**

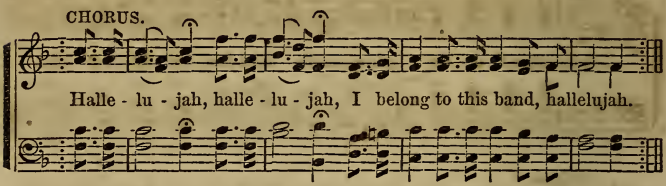
2 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

3 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine:
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

4 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

5 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.





711 **C. M.**

Perfect harmony and joy unspeakable.

1 All praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

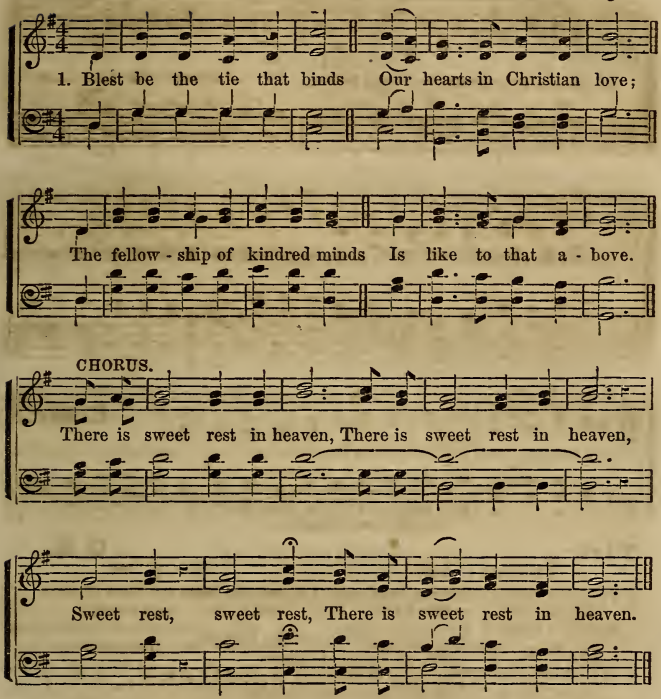
3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,—
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,—
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



712 **S. M.**

Sympathy and mutual love.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

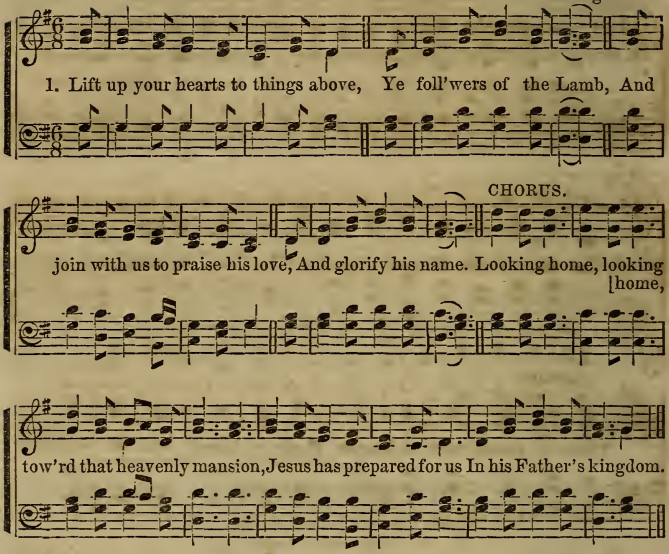
4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

LOOKING HOME. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



716 C. M.

Rejoicing in hope.

2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;
The King is now our Friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss;
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,—
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live:—

6 Live, till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share:
He now is fitting up your home;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Feast of love.

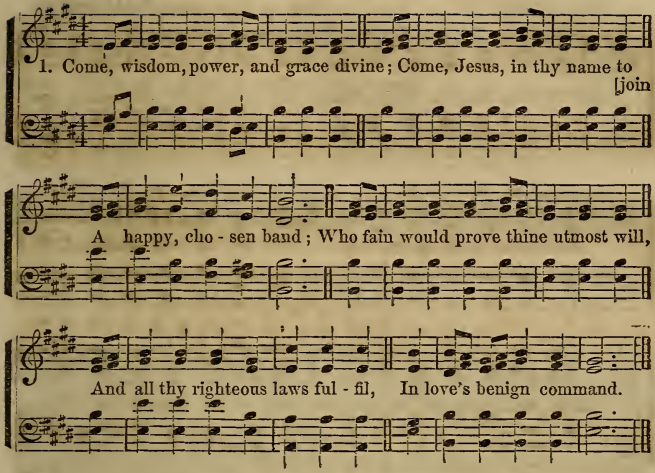
1 Come, let us to our feast of love
With hasty steps repair,
And with the ransomed hosts above
Our Saviour's grace declare.

2 One song they sang through all the way,
"Salvation to the Lamb;"
Salvation full, we sing to-day,
Salvation in His name.

3 Our fathers told His matchless grace,
They sang his mighty power
That saved them to the uttermost,
In fierce temptations hour.

4 Their tongues were mighty to declare
What they had felt and seen;
A Saviour present everywhere;
A Saviour from all sin.

5 Then let us roll the tide along
Through ages yet to be,
'Till all creation swell the song
Redemption's jubilee.



717 *Unity of spirit and purpose.* **4th P. M.**

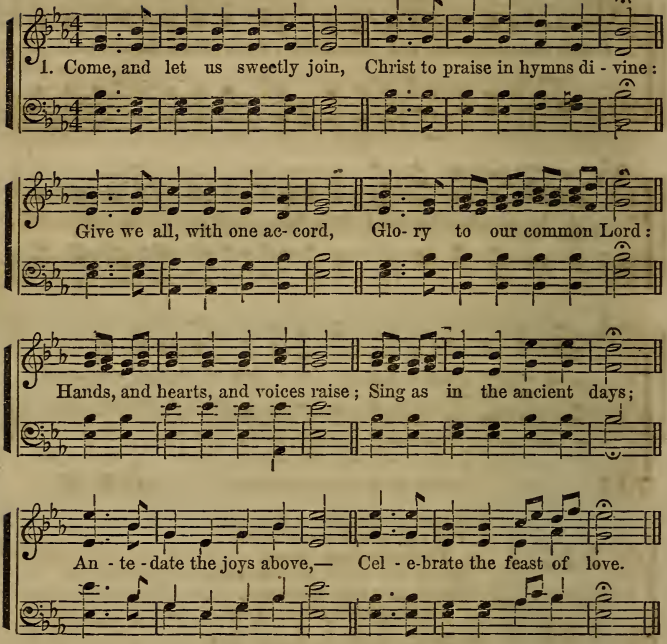
2 If pure essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire:
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our centre tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our tender'd souls prepare;
Infuse the softest social care,—
The warmest charity;
The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Supply what every member wants;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

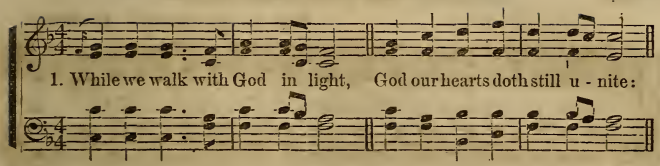
N. D. GOULD.

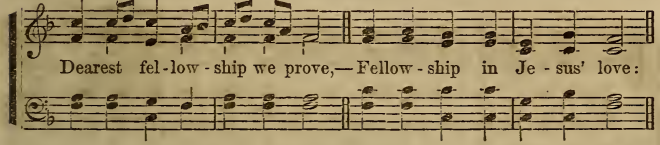


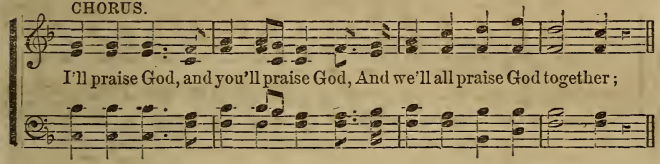
718 *Witnesses for Jesus.* **7th P. M.**

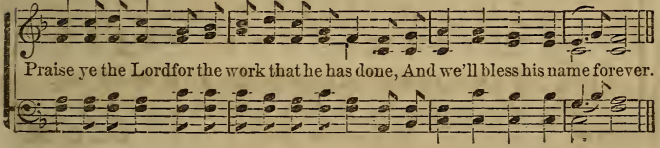
2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.









720 *Mutual love the bond of union.* **5th P. M.**

1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love:

2 Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

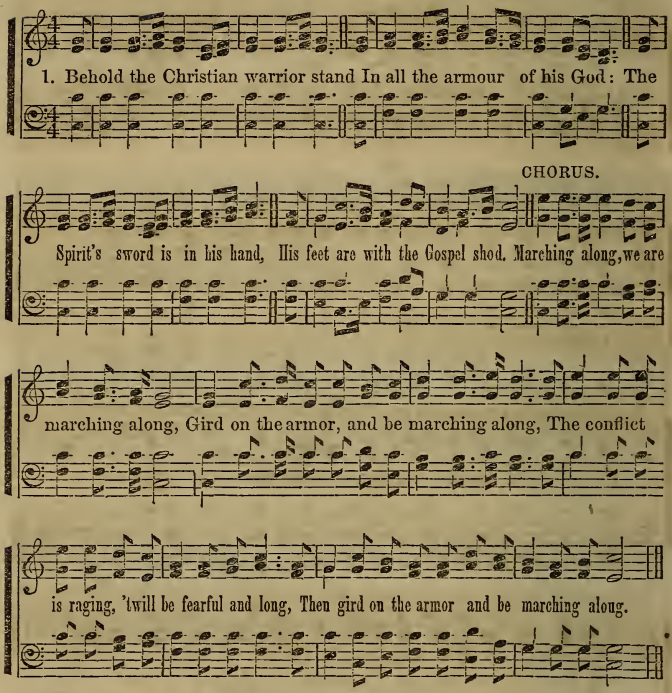
3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness:
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee:

4 Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write thy law of love within.

5 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:

6 Love, thine image, love impart·
Stamp it now on every heart:
Only love to us be given:
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



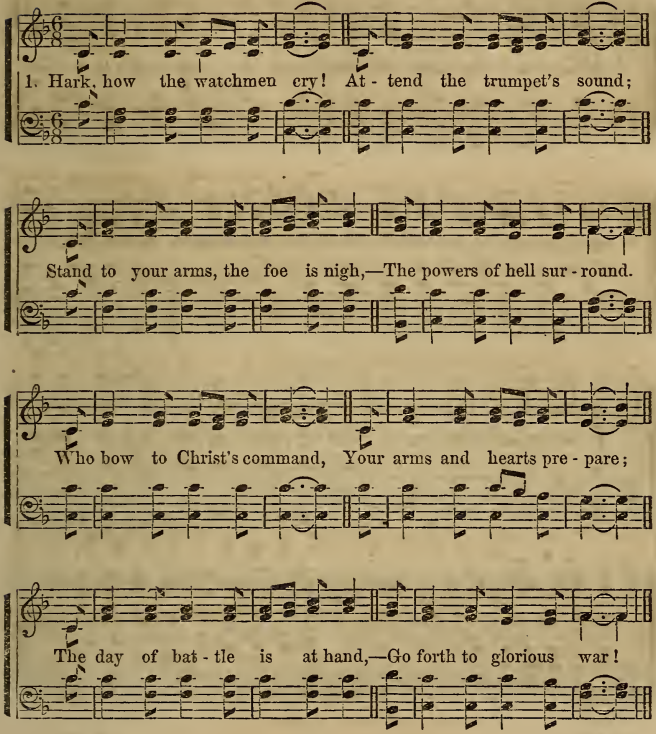
721 *The panoply of truth.* **L. M.**

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head;
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;—

3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valour there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell, he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

J. ZUNDEL.



723 S. M.

The standard of the cross.

2

See on the mountain top
  The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
  All stain'd with hallow d blood.
His standard-bearers, now
  To all the nations call:
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow;
  He bore the cross for all.

3

Go up with Christ your Head;
  Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
  To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
  He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
  Are all in Jesus' name.

1. { Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on,
Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in his migh - ty power,

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son;
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, *(Omit.* . . . . . }

Is more than conquer - or. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glory, glory, halle - lujah! glory, glory, halle - lujah! We are marching on.

725. **S. M.**

The whole armour of God.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Soldiers of Christ, lay hold On faith's vic - torious shield;

Arm'd with that ad - a-mant and gold, Be sure to win the field.

CHORUS.

There's a mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee;

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

726 *The shield of faith.* **S. M.**

1 Soldiers of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:

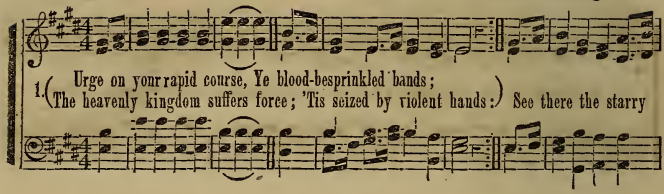
2 If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesus' blood.

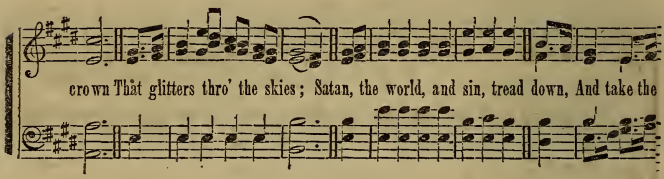
3 Jesus hath died for you;
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

4 Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

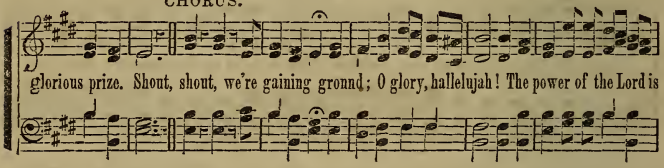
COURAGE. S. M. Double.

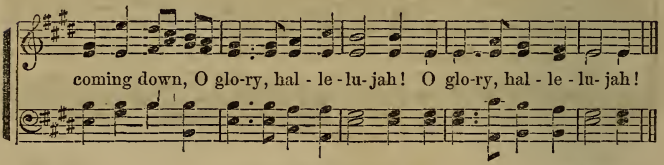
G. J. Webb. Arranged.





CHORUS.



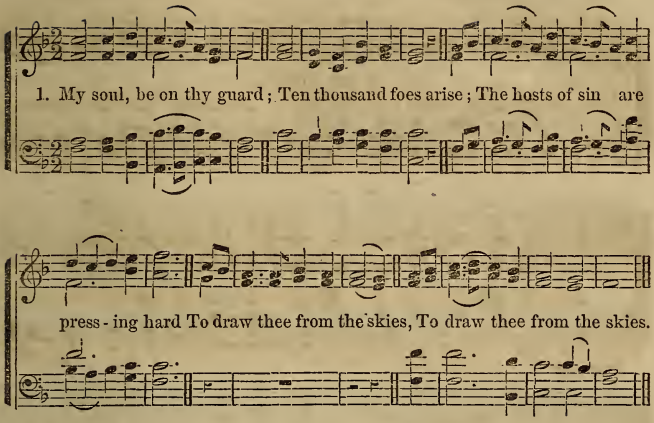


727 *Courage ensures victory.* **S. M.**

2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Thro' blood, ye must the entrance [gain,
Yet, O disdain to fear:
Courage,—your Captain cries,
(Who all your toil foreknew,—)
Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you.

3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the
Which arms us for the war: [Hand
This is the victory,—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

DR. HASTINGS.



731 S. M.

Perseverance.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies

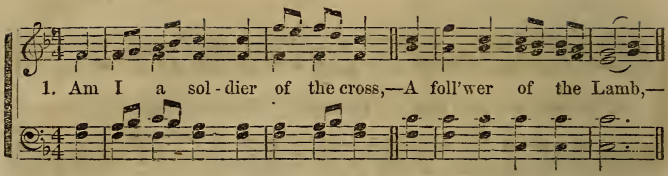
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

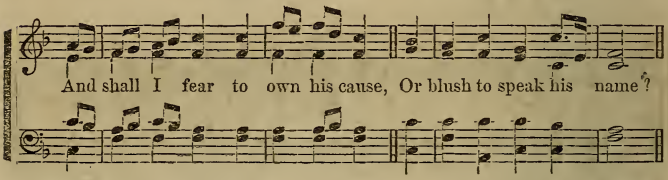
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

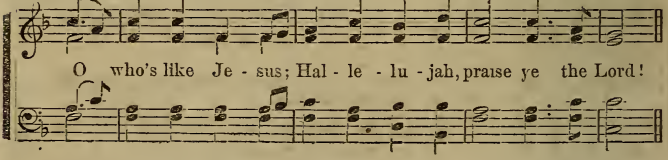
11:3:3 S. M.

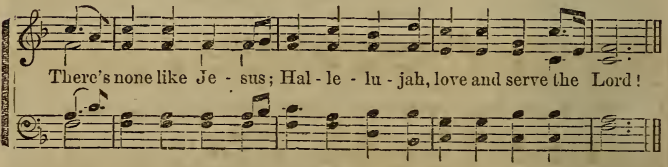
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.





CHORUS.





734 *Faith sees the final triumph.* **C. M.**

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH. Arranged.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid farewell to eve- ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

CHORUS.

Let me go, 'tis Je- sus calls me, Calls me from dark earth away;

Bear me, an- gels, to those regions, Where there is e - ter - nal day.

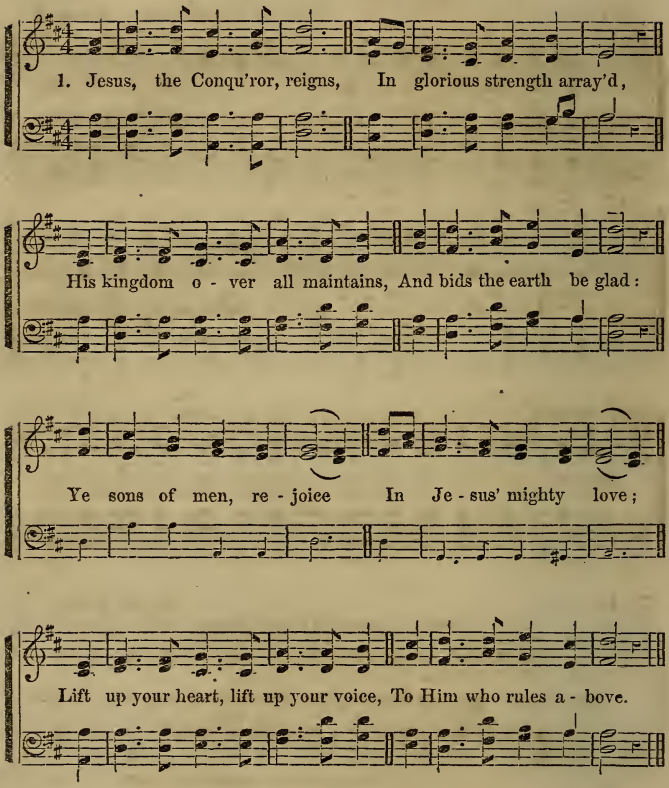
736 *Heavenly rest in anticipation.* **C. M.**

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

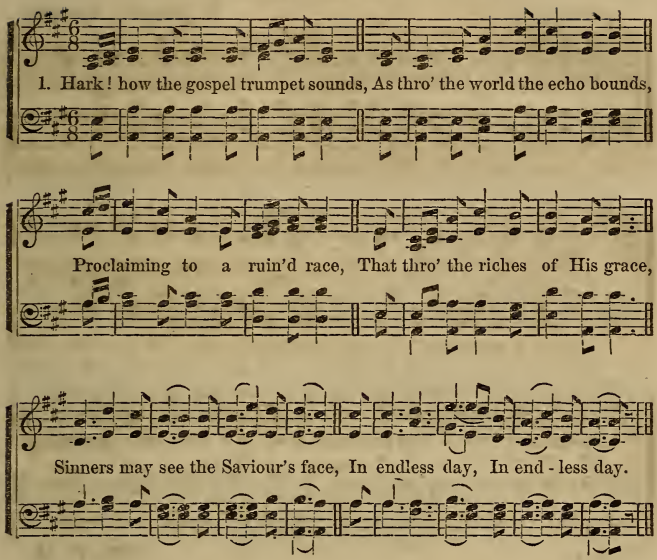
4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.



739 *The universal victory of the cross.* **S. M.**

1 Jesus, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad:
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne:
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.



741 **22nd P. M.**

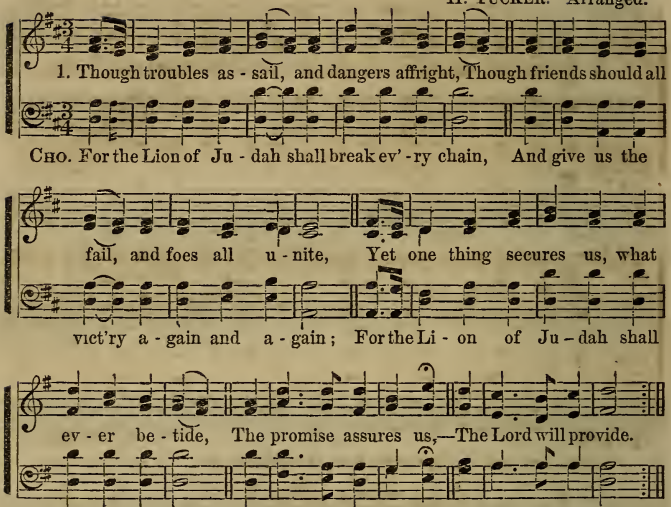
Crowns cast at the feet o Jesus.

2 Hail, Jesus! all-victorious Lord!
Be thou by all mankind adored!
For us didst thou the fight maintain,
And o'er our foes the vict'ry gain,
That we, with thee, might ever reign,
In endless day.

3 And when, through grace, our course is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Then crowns unfading we shall wear,
The glory of thy kingdom share,
With thee, our glorious leader, there,
In endless day.

4 Then, in thy presence, heavenly King,
In loftier strains thy praise we'll sing,
When with the blood-bought hosts we meet,
Triumphant there, in bliss complete,
And cast our crowns before thy feet,
In endless day.

H. TUCKER. Arranged.



744 **13th P. M.**

The Lord will provide.

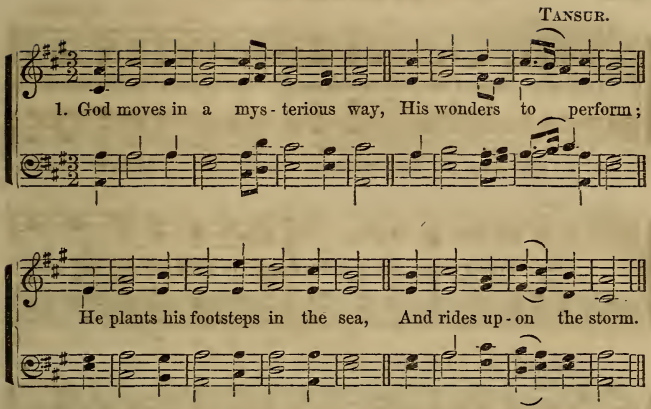
2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed,—
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,—The Lord will provide.



745 **C. M.**

Light shining out of darkness.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

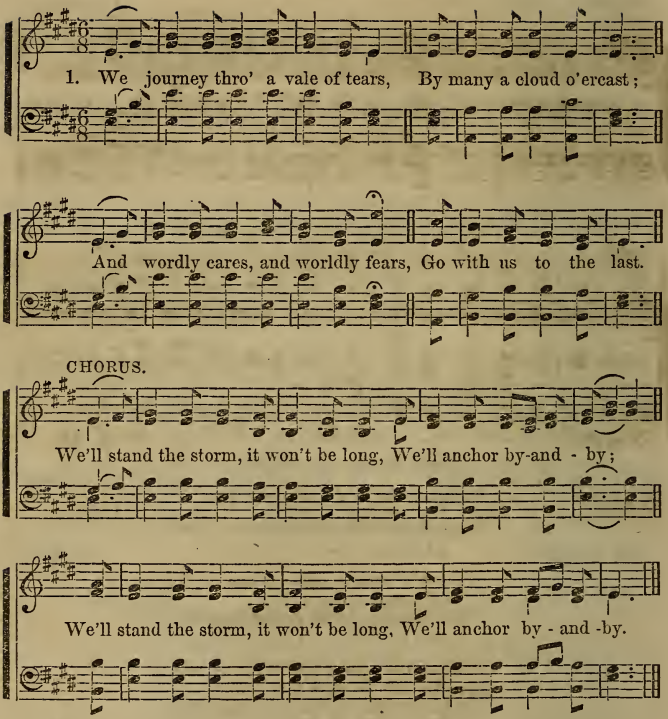
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.



747 *At evening time it shall be light.* **C. M.**

2 Not to the last! Thy word hath said,
Could we but read aright,—
Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head;
At eve it shall be light!

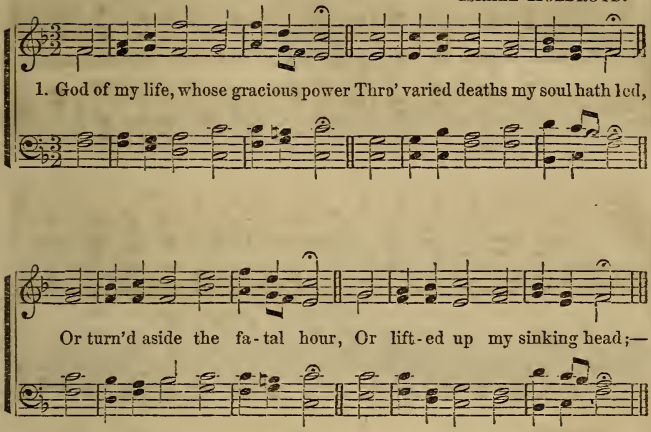
3 Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

4 Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

5 When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,—
A pledge that storms shall cease.

6 Hold on thy way, with hope unchill'd,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfill'd,—
At eve it shall be light.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



762 L. M.

Safety and security in the arms of Jesus.

1 God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;—

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast!
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.

1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,—
To His sure trust and ten - der care Who earth and heaven commands.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on, followers of Immanuel; Sing on, pray on, soldiers of the cross.

779 S. M.

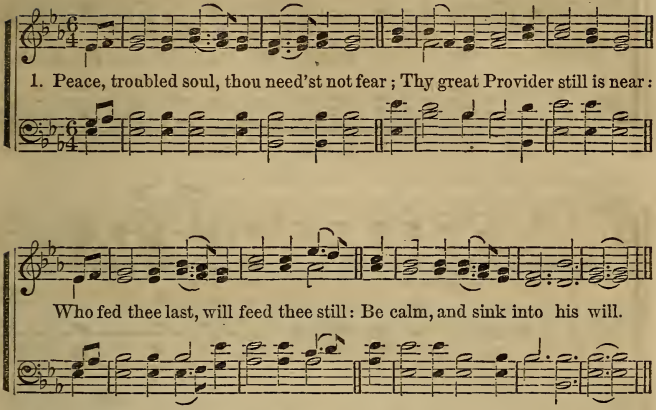
Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey:
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,—
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



781 **L. M.**

He careth for you.

1 Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1. My span of life will soon be done, The passing moments say;

As length'ning shadows o'er the mead, Proclaim the close of day.

D. S.

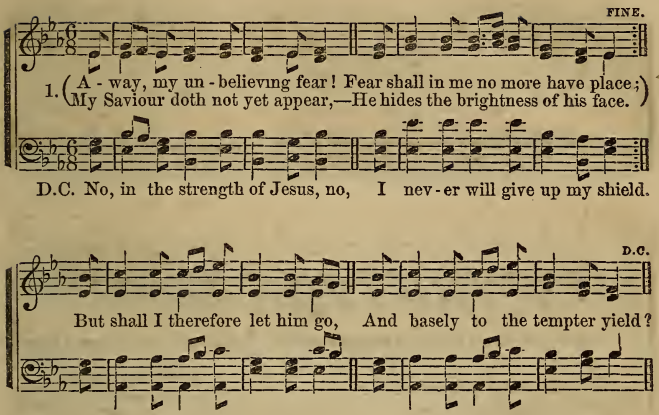
O that my heart might dwell aloof From all cre - a - ted things;

And learn that wisdom from above, Whence true contentment springs.

782 *Deliverance is at hand.* **C. M.**

2 Courage, my soul: thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believer's home.



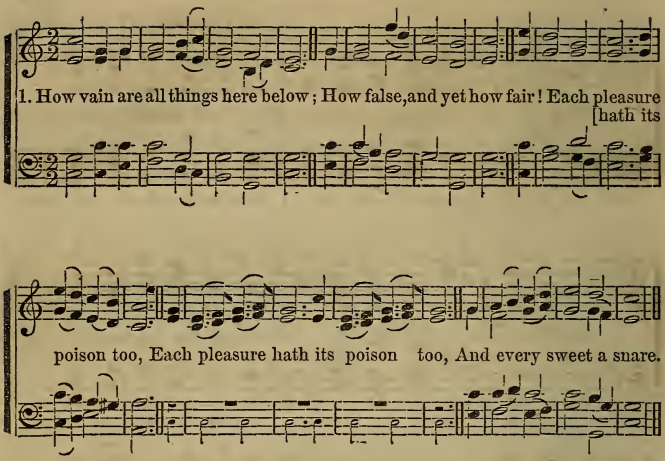
784 **L. M.**

In hope, believing against hope.

1 Away, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,—
He hides the brightness of his face.
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,—
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,—
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.



797 **C. M.**

Vanity of earthly enjoyments.

1 How vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

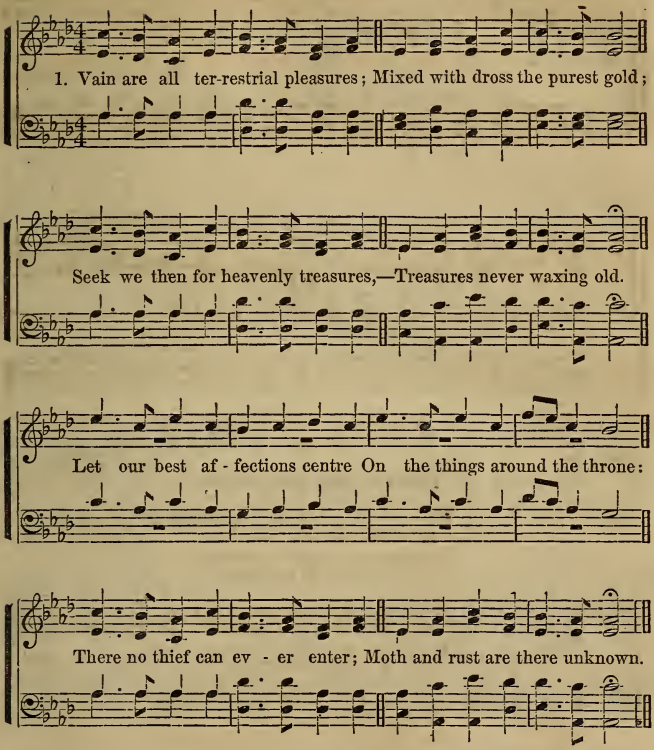
2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense;
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

LEANDER THOMPSON.

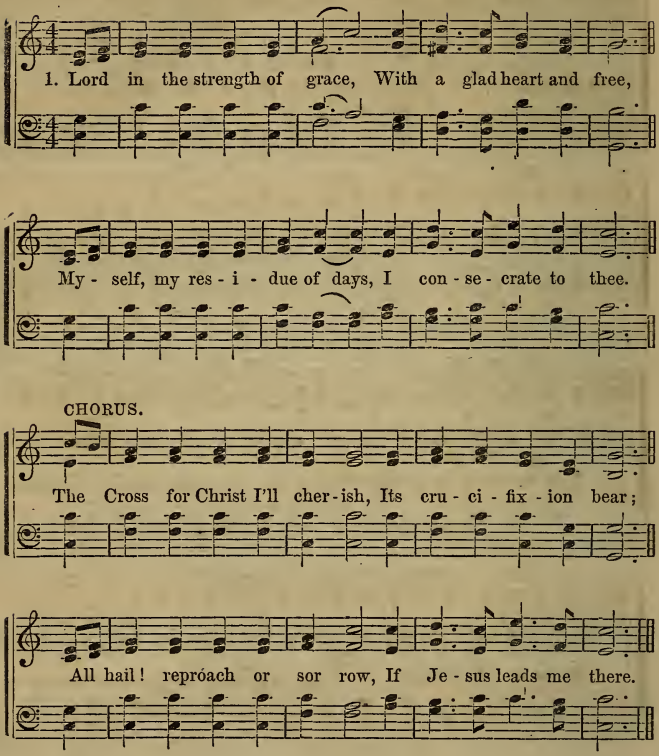


798 *Worldly pleasures renounced.* **9th P. M.**

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



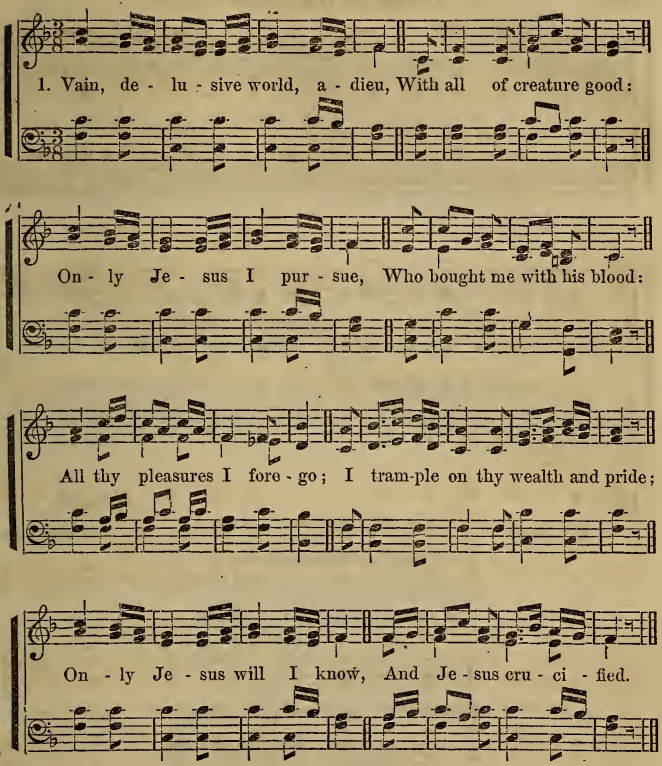
799 *Self-consecration.* **S. M.**

1 Lord in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

1 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice.

2 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient Friend!
O bear me in Thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

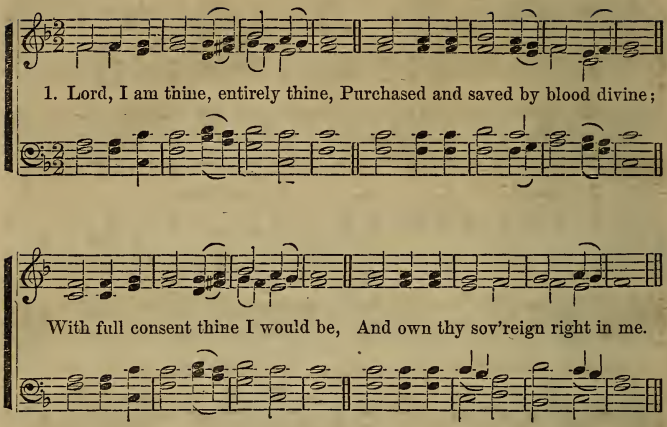


800 **12th P. M.**

Determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.



804 **L. M.**

The vow sealed at the cross.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

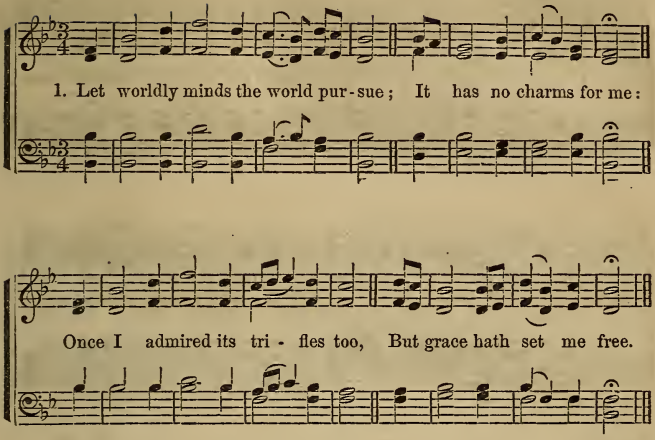
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



805 C. M.

The world has lost its charms.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

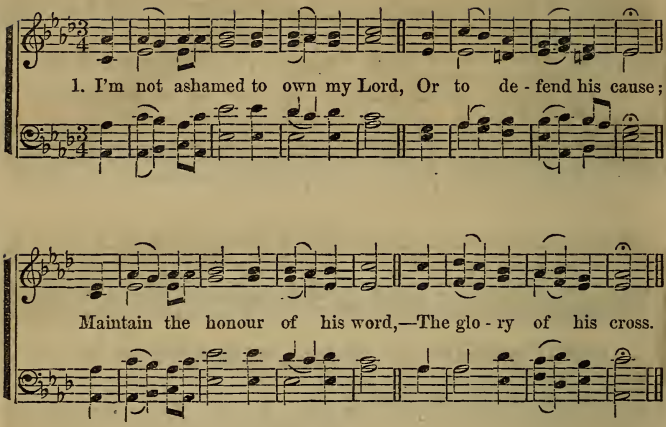
2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

S. B. Pond.



812 **C. M.**

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
  Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,—
  The glory of his cross.

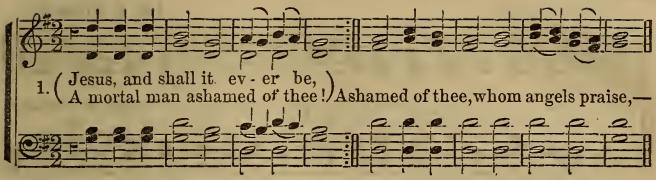
2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
  His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
  Nor let my hope be lost.

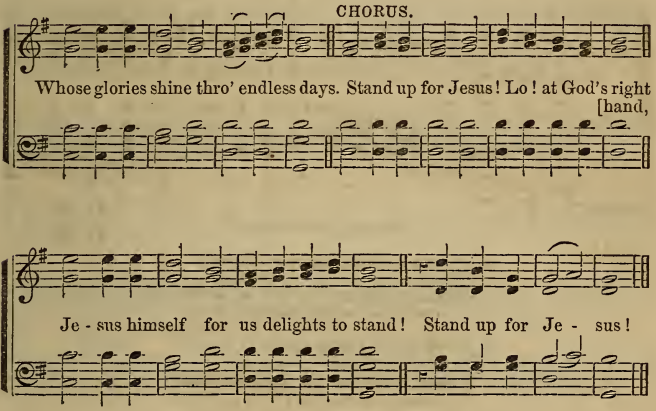
3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
  And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
  Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
  Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
  Appoint my soul a place.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
  Eternal glory be.





813 **L. M.**

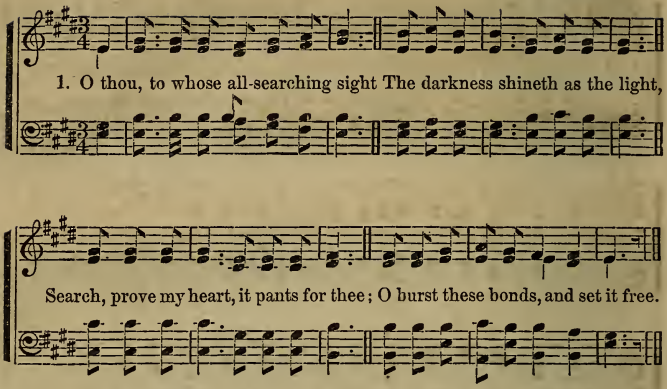
Not ashamed of Jesus.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

DR. L. MASON.



825 **L. M.**

Following the Saviour.

1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

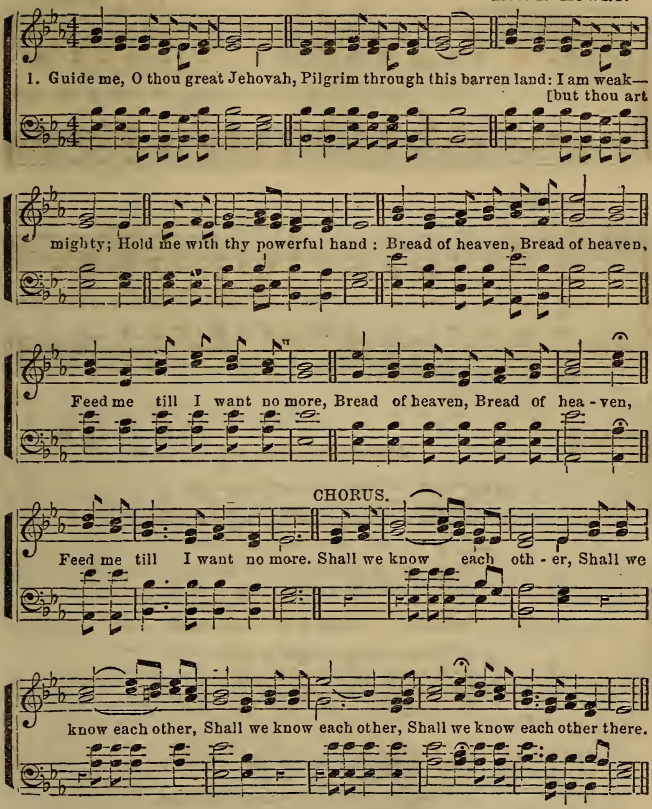
3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,—
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,—
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

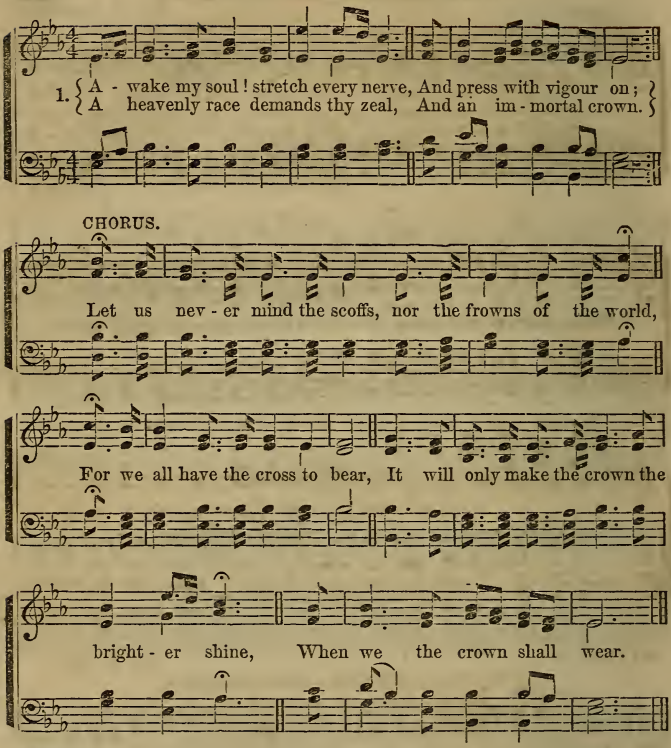
Rev. R. Lowry.



832 *The pilgrim's guide and guardian.* **8th P. M.**

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



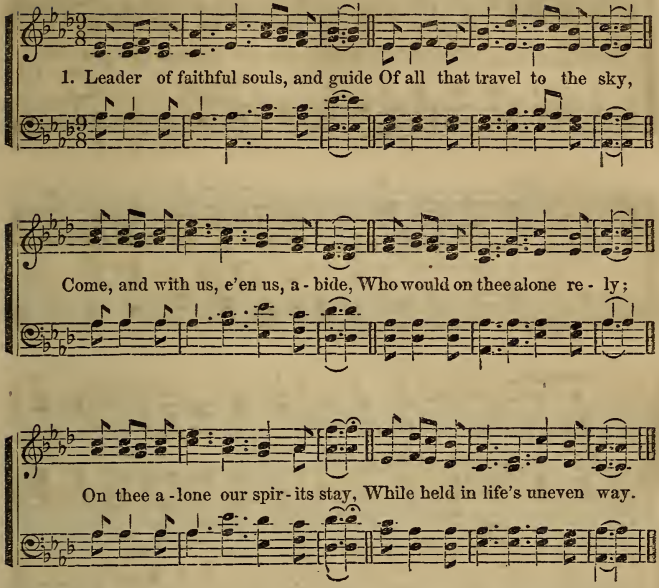
834 *The race for glory.* **C. M.**

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



837 **1st P. M.**

Pilgrims and strangers; homeward bound.

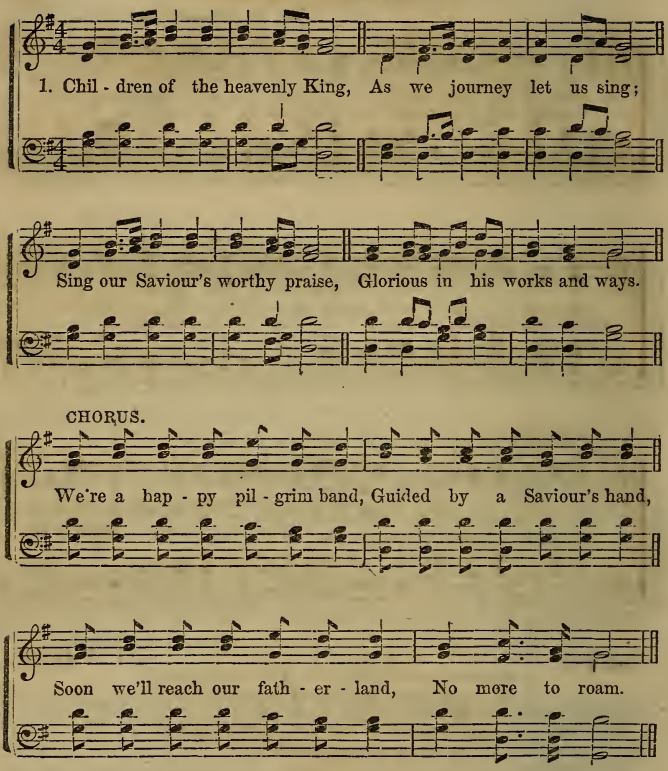
2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of wo,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,—
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way, with strength renew'd;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God:
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.



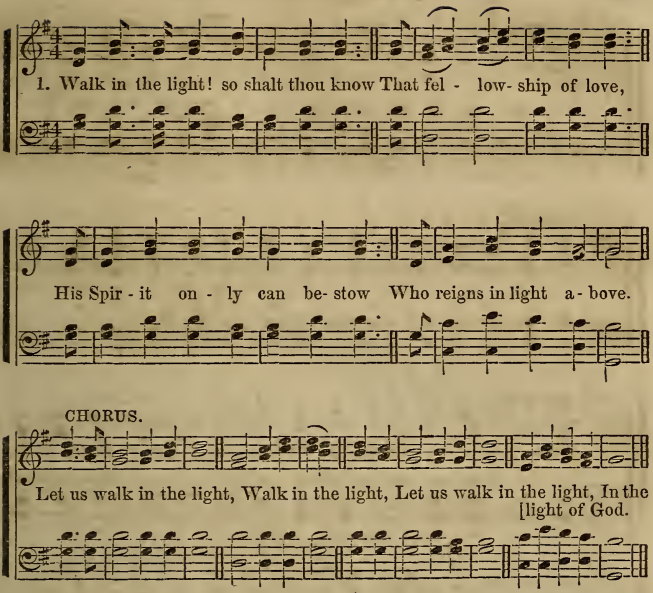
838 *The pilgrim's song.* **5th P. M.**

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.



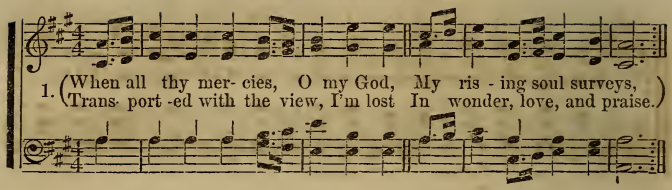
342 *Walk in the light.* **C. M.**

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

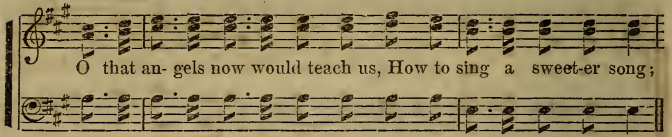
3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

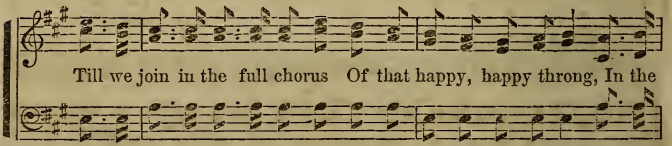
4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

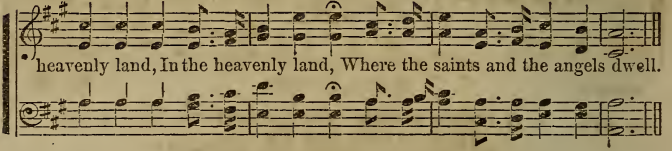
5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.



CHORUS.







845 *Gratitude.* C. M.

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?—
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble tho'ts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

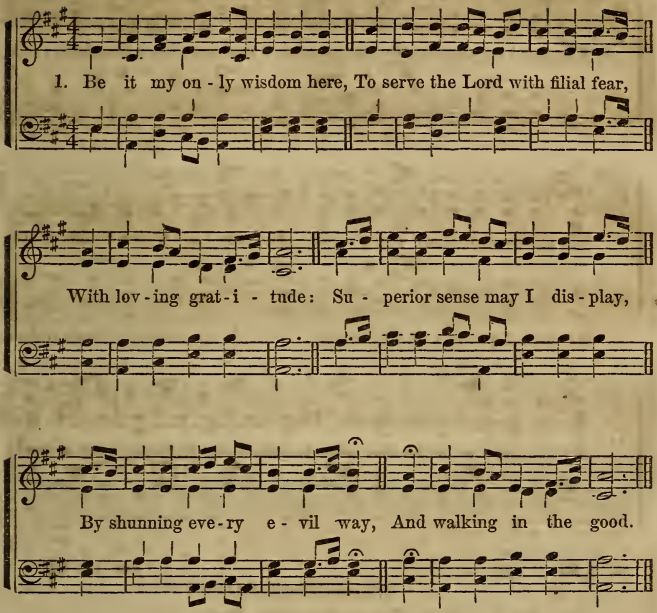
4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently clear'd my way; [deaths,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CRANE.



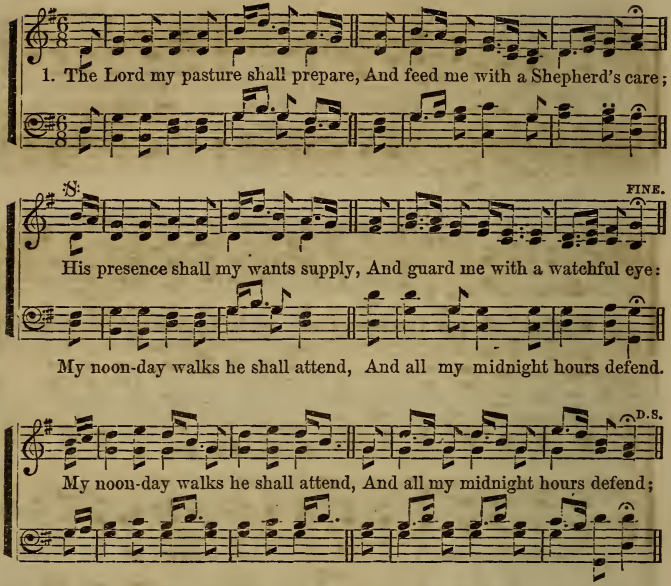
846 **4th P. M.**

Gratitude evinced by living to God's glory.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given:
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

1137 **4th P. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.



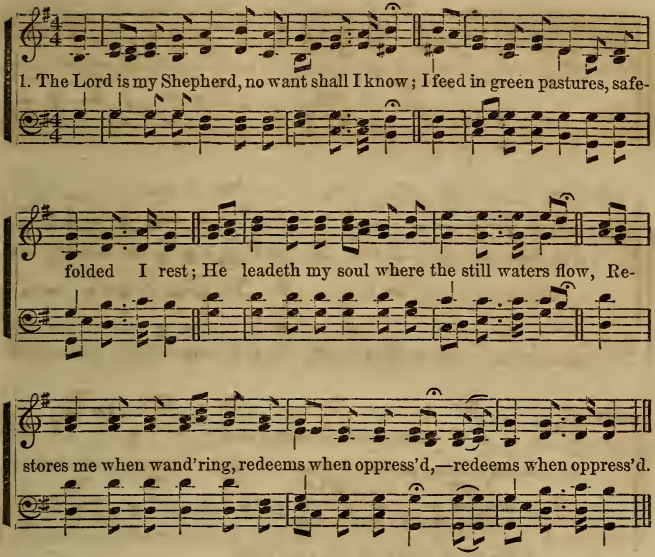
848 **1st P. M.**

The good Shepherd.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.



849 **27th P. M.**

Rejoicing in the care of the good Shepherd.

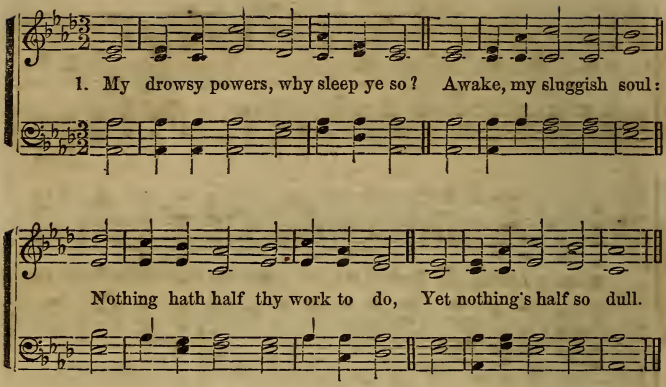
2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With oil and perfume thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

1148 **27th P. M.**

O Father Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.



853 C. M.

Lamenting spiritual sloth.

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul:
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

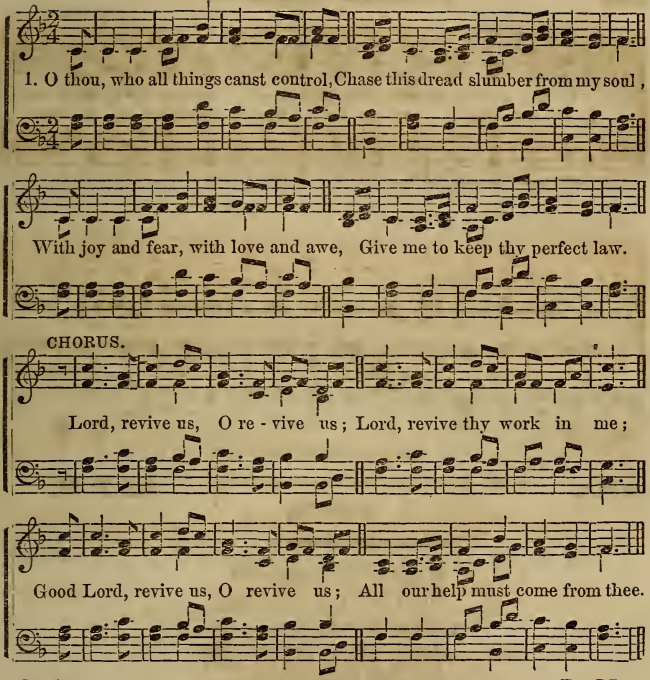
2 Go to the ants! for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to' obtain,
How negligent we live!—

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:—

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts!

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.



854 *Zeal implored.* **L. M.**

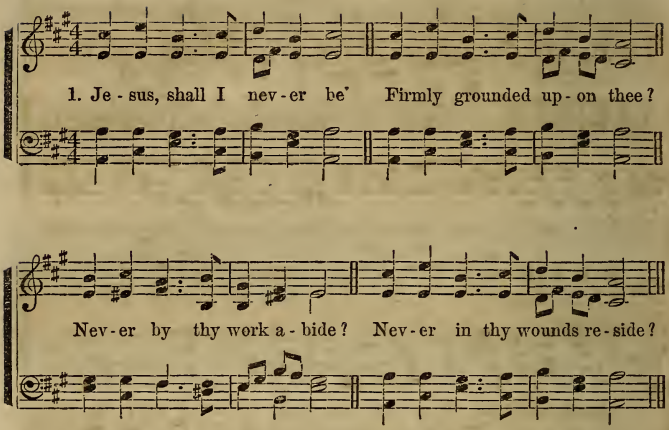
2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night:
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire;
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant:
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwav'ring, undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

4 With outstretch'd hands, and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize:
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! my zeal soon dies away.

5 The deadly slumber then I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

PLEYEL.



855 **5th P. M.**

Instability.

1 Jesus, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wav'ring is my mind,
Toss'd about with every wind;
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart.

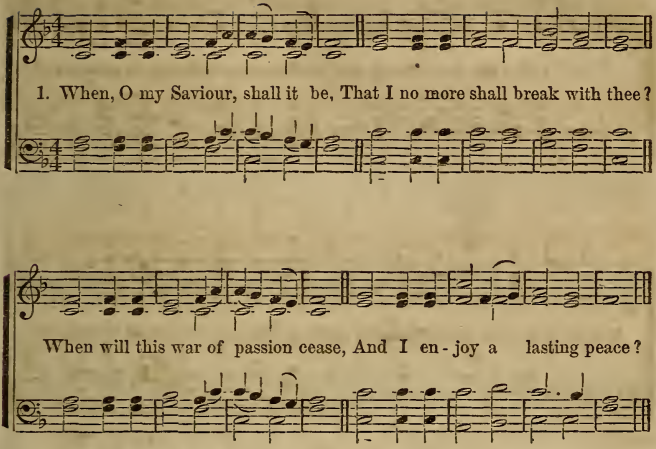
3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable;
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy Name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh;
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablish'd with abiding grace.

1138 **5th P. M.**

Sing we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

DR. L. MASON.



856 **L. M.**

Inconstancy lamented.

1 When, O my Saviour, shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

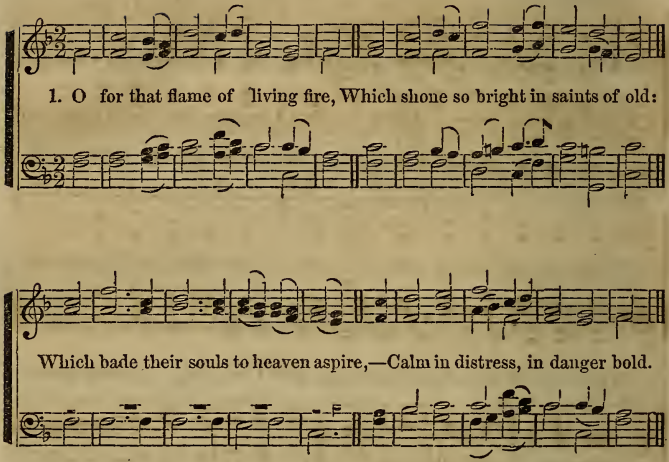
2 Now I repent; now sin again:
Now I revive; and now am slain:
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, O! too often wounds thy heart.

3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee,—
The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love?

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

W. Beastall.



859 L. M.

The spirit of the ancient worthies.

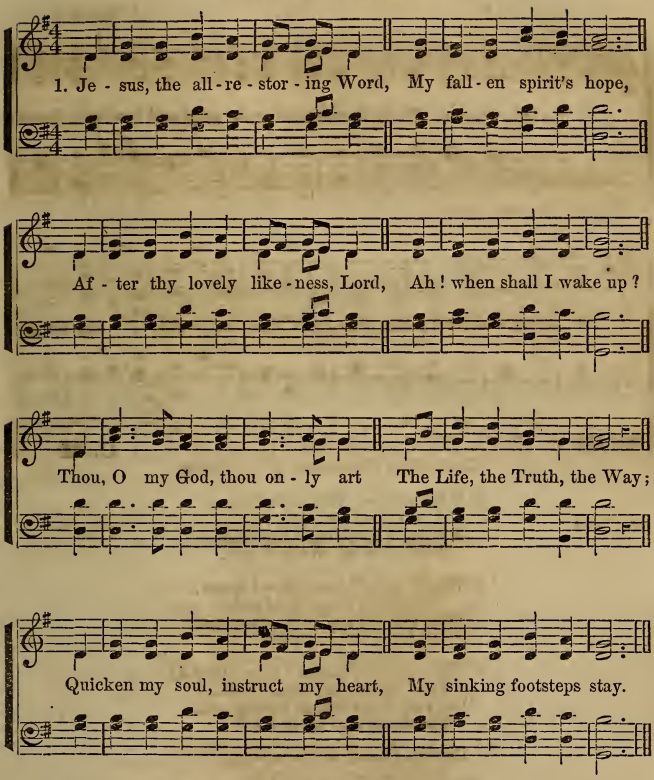
1 O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old:
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,—
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?—

3 That Spirit, which from age to age
Proclaim'd thy love, and taught thy ways?
Brighten'd Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallow'd lays?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew thy work; thy grace restore;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.



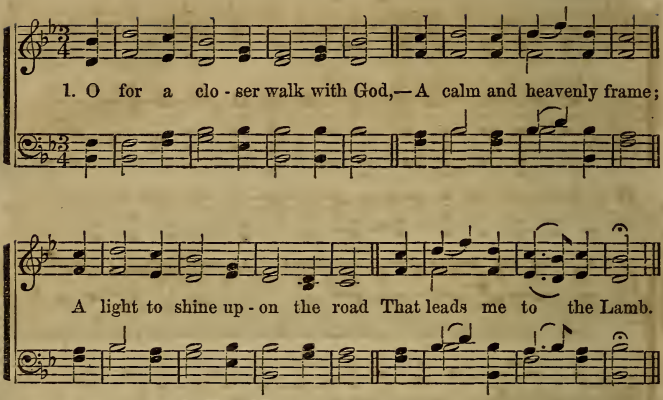
864 **C. M.**

I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.

2 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,—
In thee to walk and live.
Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

3 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.
Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

R. Simpson.



869 C. M.

Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

1 O for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

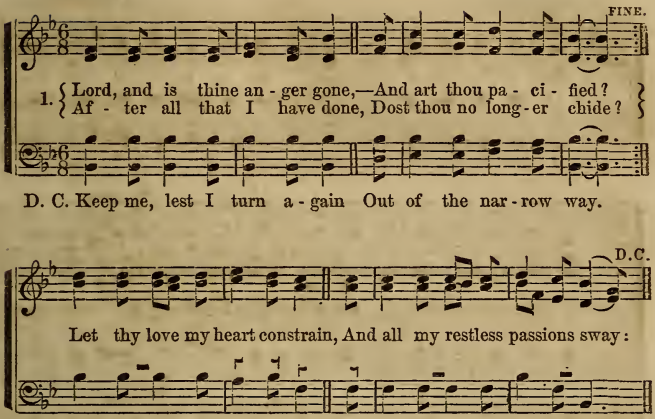
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

I. B. WOODBURY.



883 **12th P. M.**

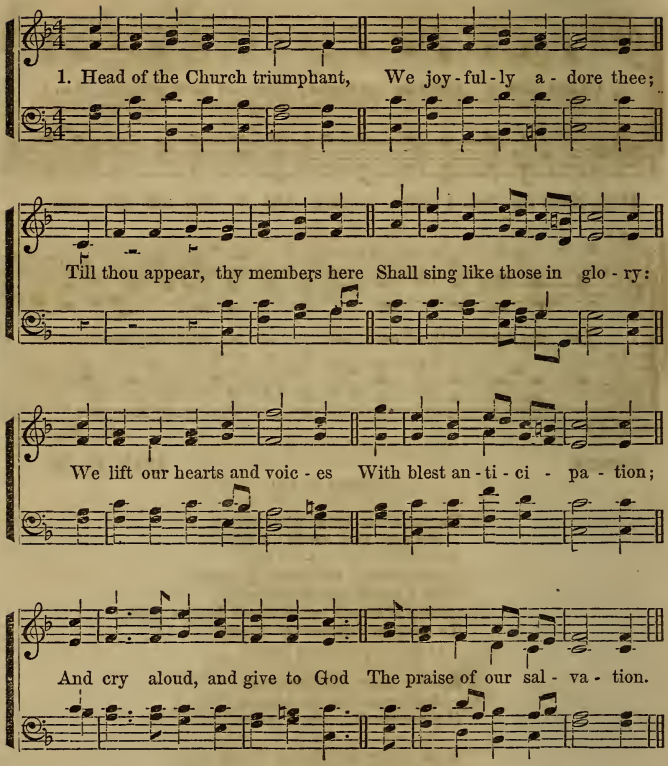
Tears of joy.

2 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom never let me find
From thee, my Lord, to move:
That I never, never more
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door,
O nail my willing heart!

3 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own:
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

4 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

T. CLARK.



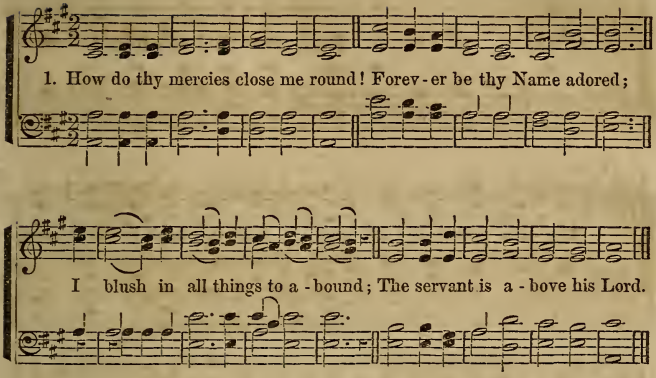
886 **25th P. M.**

Fearless in the fire of tribulation.

2 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

3 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

I. B. WOODBURY.



890 **L. M.**

His everlasting arms of love.

1 How do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy Name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

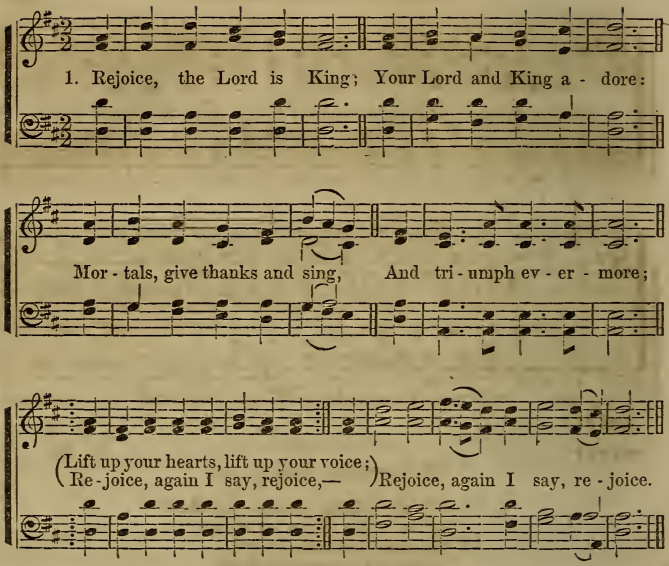
2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone:
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,—
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 Whilst thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.



899 **3rd P. M.**

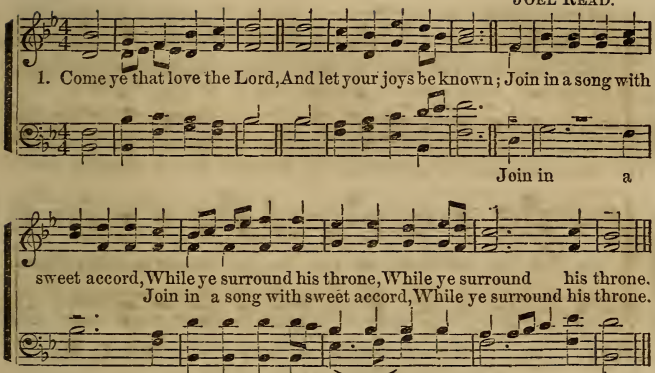
Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow at his command,
And fall before his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

JOEL READ.



900 **S. M.**

Glory begun below.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas;

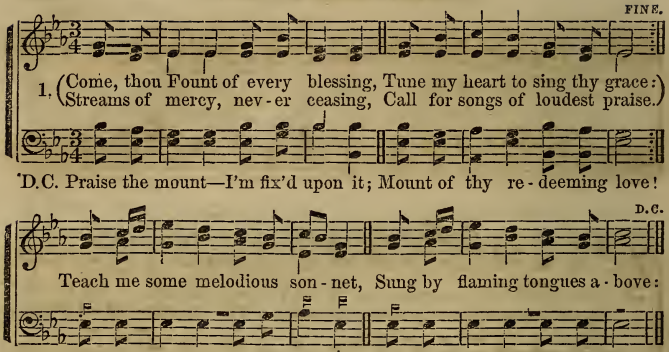
4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.



901 *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.* **9th P. M.**

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

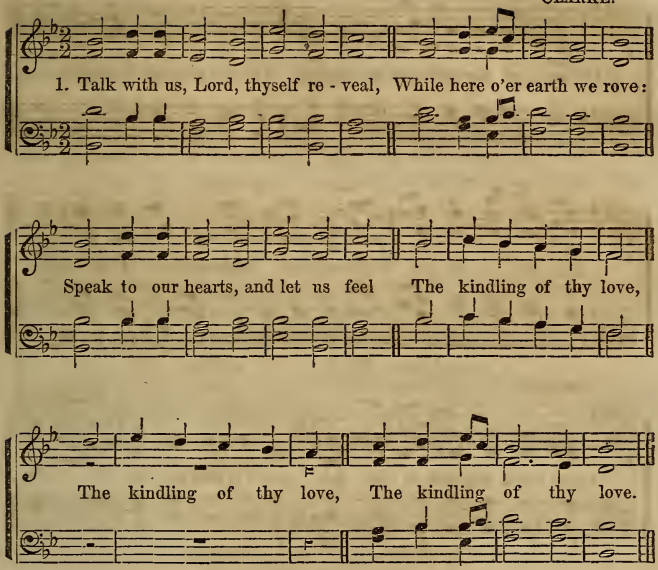
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

1123 *Dismission.* **9th P. M.**

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

CLARKE.



902 **C. M.**

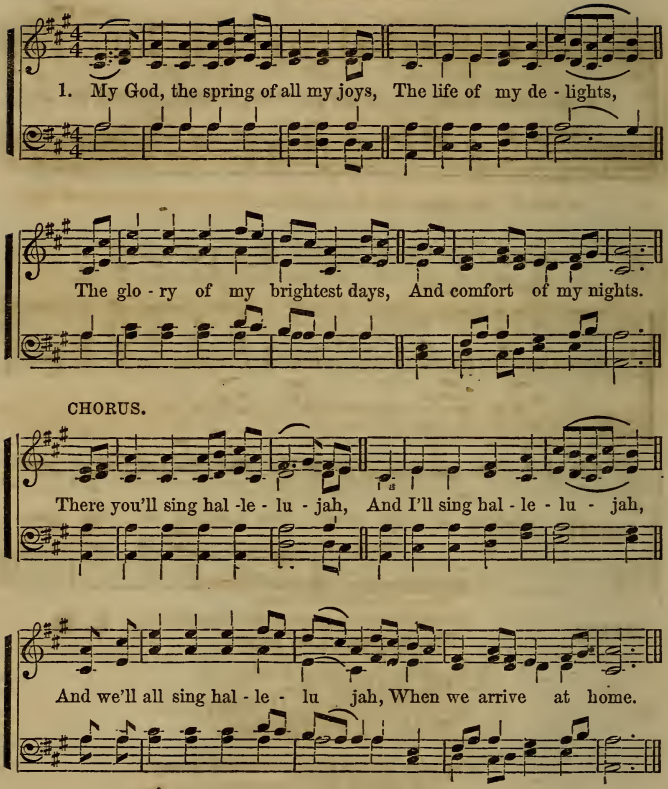
Walking with God.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;—
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.



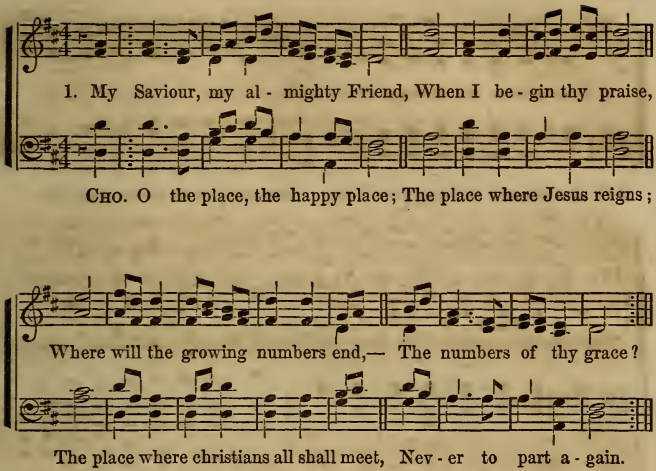
903 *Triumphant joy.* **C. M.**

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.



906 **C. M.**

Praise,—delightful.

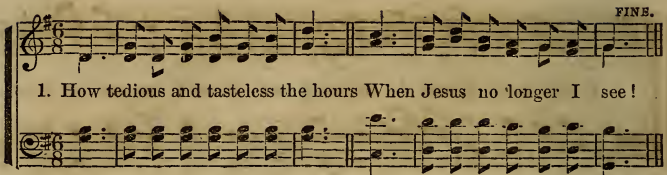
1 My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,—
The numbers of thy grace?

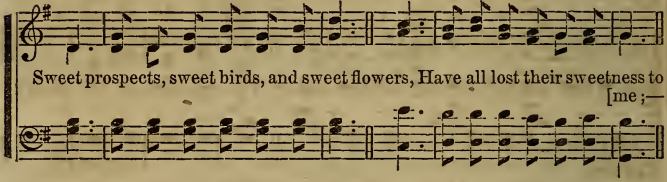
2 I trust in thy eternal word;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

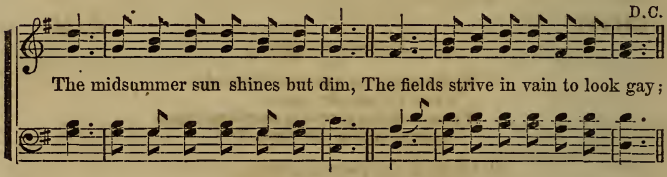
3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 With joy my lips rejoice to tell
The glories of my King;
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

5 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.







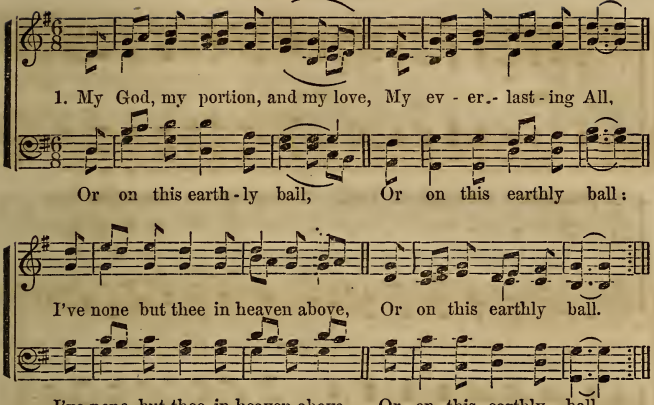
907 10th P. M.

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.



908 **C. M.**

God my all-sufficient portion.

1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

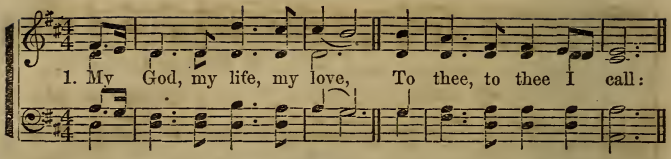
2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

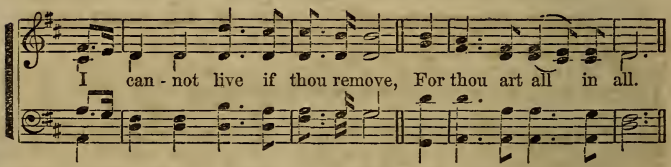
3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

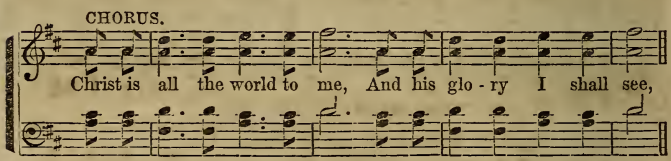
4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

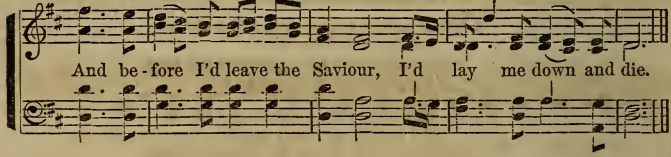
5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.









909 S. M.

Heaven upon earth.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

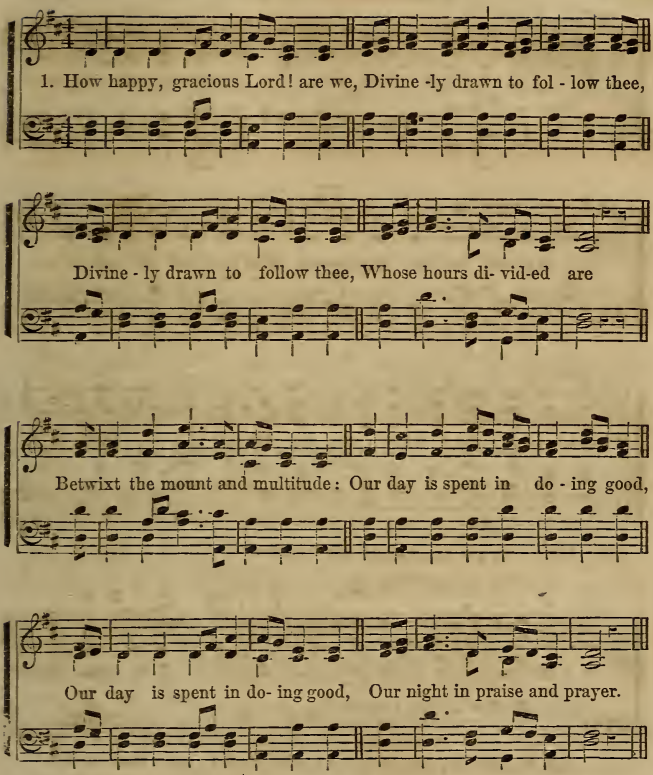
3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.



911 *Always rejoicing.* **4th P. M.**

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below:
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and summer's [day,
Glide imperceptibly away,—
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry,
(A bright, harmonious throng!)
We long thy praises to repeat,
And ceaseless sing around thy seat
The new eternal song.

1. O thou God of my salva - tion, My Redeemer from all sin;

Moved by thy di-vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

CHO. Glo - ry, glo -ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal- le- lu jah, God is love!

I will praise thee, I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise begin?

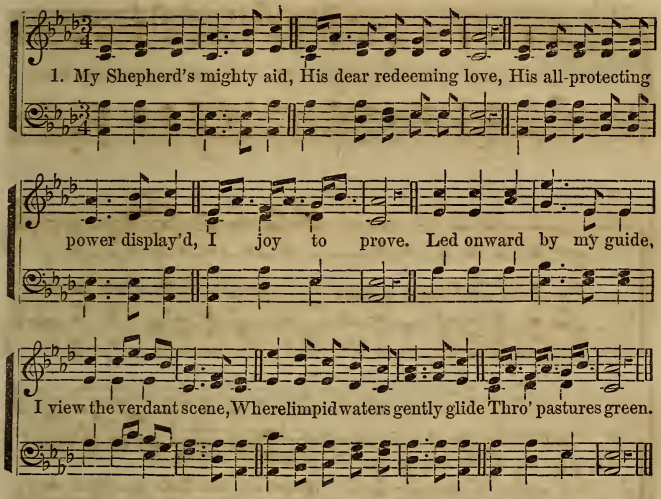
Glo -ry, glo -ry, glo - ry, glo -ry, Hal - le- lu - jah, God is love!

914 *Hallelujah.* **8th P. M.**

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
Glory to the great I AM,
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

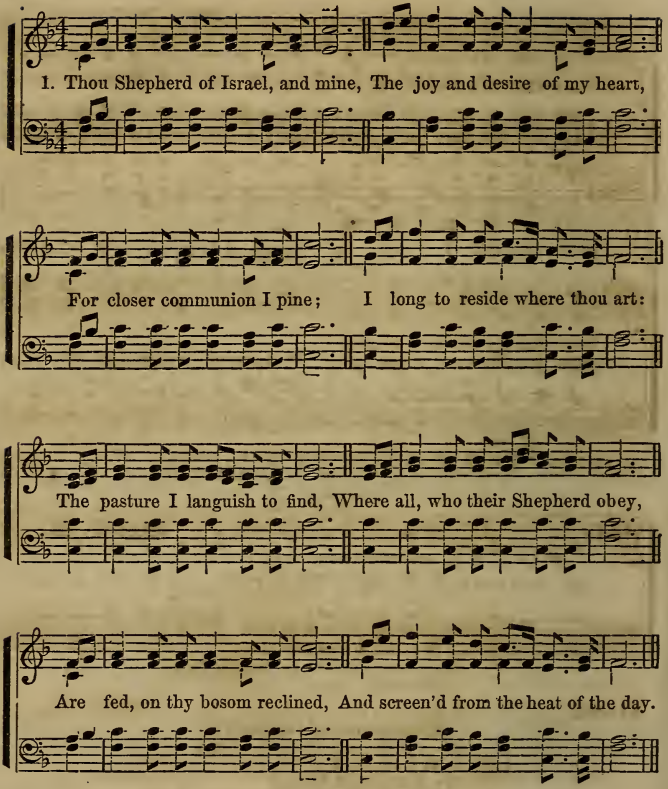


915 *Triumphant trust in God.* **21st P. M.**

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore:
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; his bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but his love display;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray.
My failing flesh his rod
Shall thankfully adore;
My heart shall vindicate my God
Forever more.

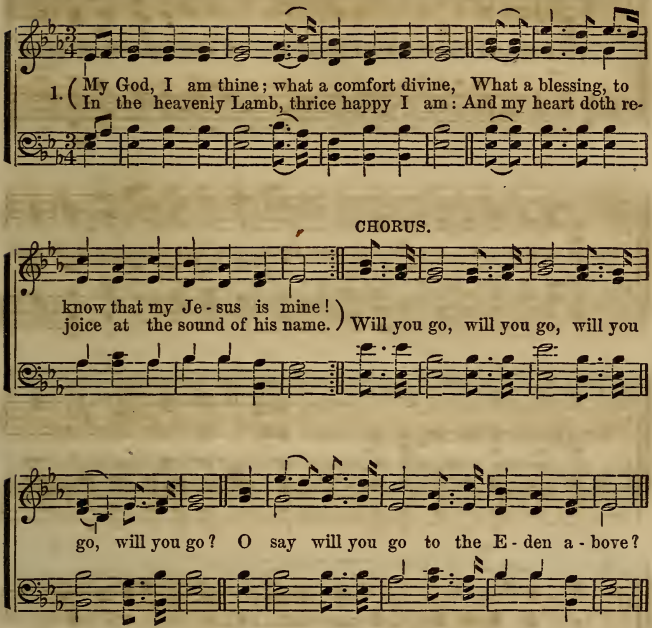
4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me.
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.



916 *Longing for still closer communion.* **10th P. M.**

2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



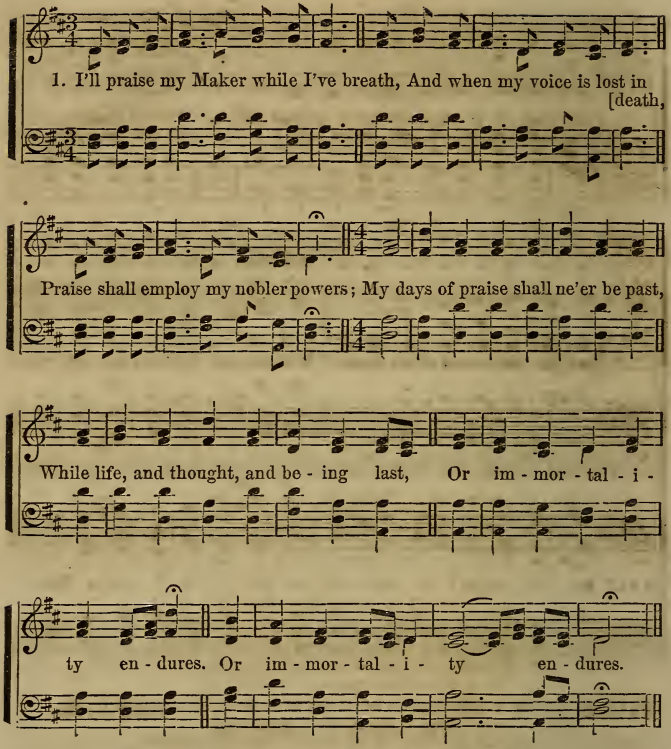
922 **16th P. M.**

The foretaste of endless bliss.

1 My God, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing, to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb, thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

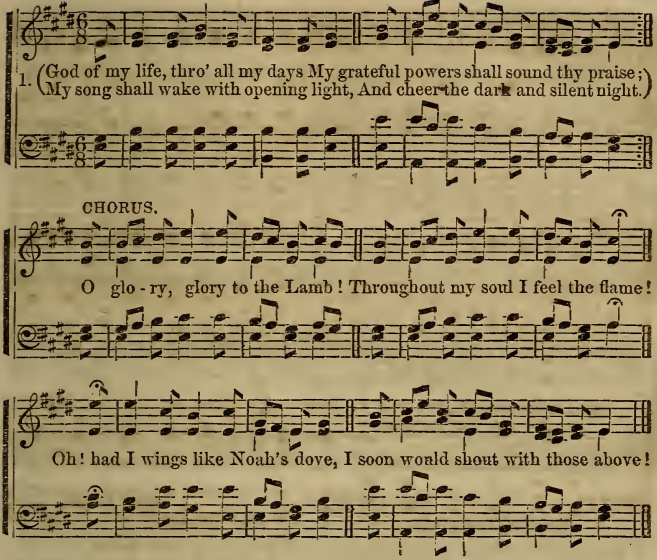
3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.



923 *Everlasting praises.* **2nd P. M.**

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.



924 L. M.

God's praises crown eternity.

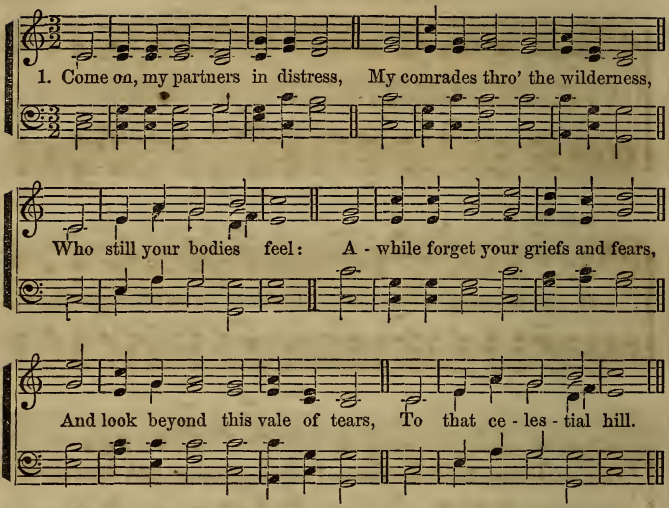
2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.



925 4th P. M.

Bliss-inspiring hope.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

4th P. M.

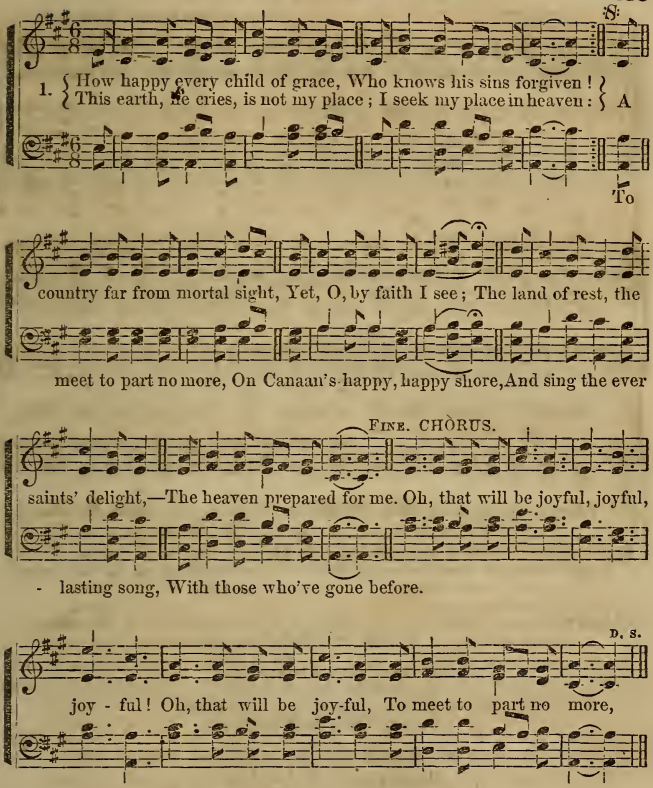
Our Pentecost.

1 All glory be to God above,
To God the Father, God of Love!
And His co-equal Son!
All glory to the Holy Ghost
On this our hallowed Pentecost
Be equal honors done!

2 All glory for the faithful band
Who scattered broadcast o'er the land
The gospel's goodly seed;
For lo! the sower comes again,
Bearing his sheaves of precious grain,
With joy upon his head.

3 All glory, that to-day we meet,
With rapturous joy to celebrate
The wonders of his love!
We sing to-day with heart and tongue
The song, below, our fathers sung,
The song they sing above.

4 All glory, let the burden be,
Until our song of jubilee
Shall reach the mighty throne;
And, echoing, roll its thunders back,
'Till all the world's foundations shake
And earth and heaven are one.



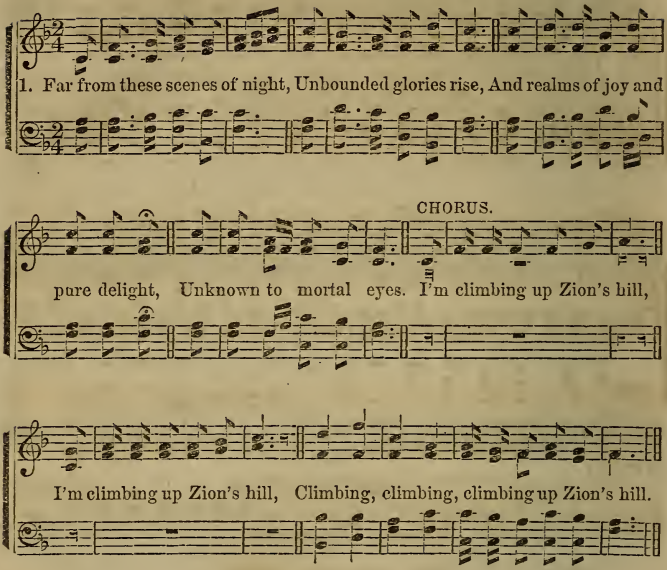
926 *The full assurance of hope.* **C. M.**

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly [powers,
And ante-date that day :
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow !
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek ;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me ;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

ZION'S HILL. S. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. Arranged.



928 **S. M.**

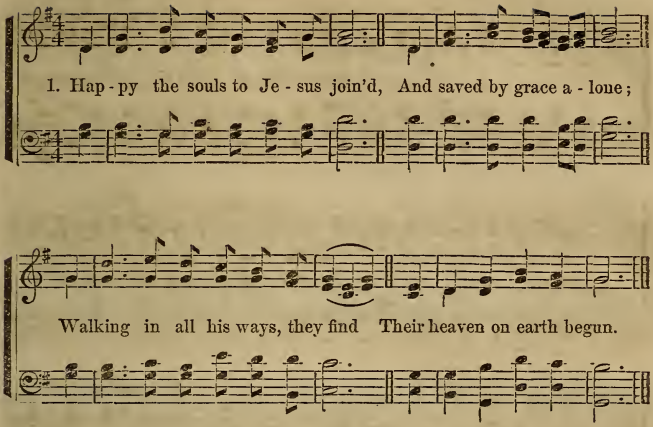
The goodly land.

2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.



929 C. M.

The kingdoms are but one.

1 Happy the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

1131 C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

BEULAH. C. M.

C. C. Converse.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im- mor-tal reign;

In - fi - nite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

CHORUS.

Canaan we see from Pisgah's top; And view the landscape o'er;

Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Shall fright us from the shore.

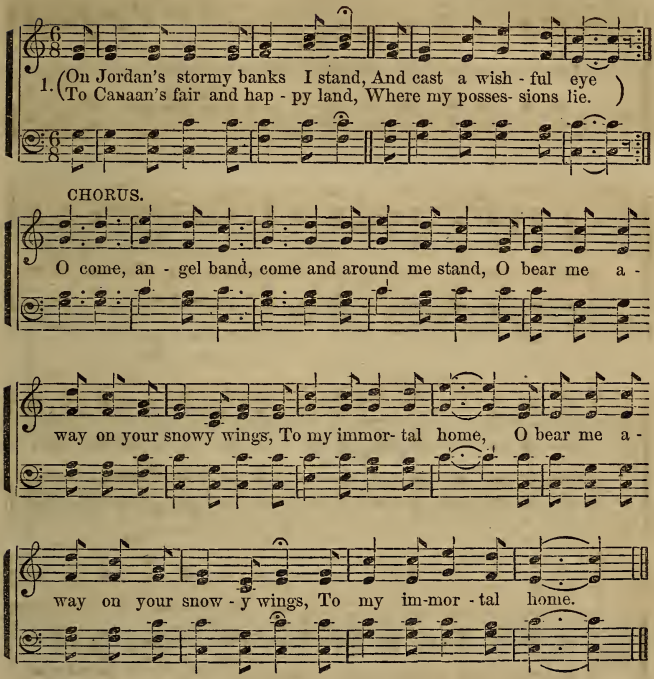
930 *The heavenly Canaan.* **C. M.**

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



931 *The promised land.* **C. M.**

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

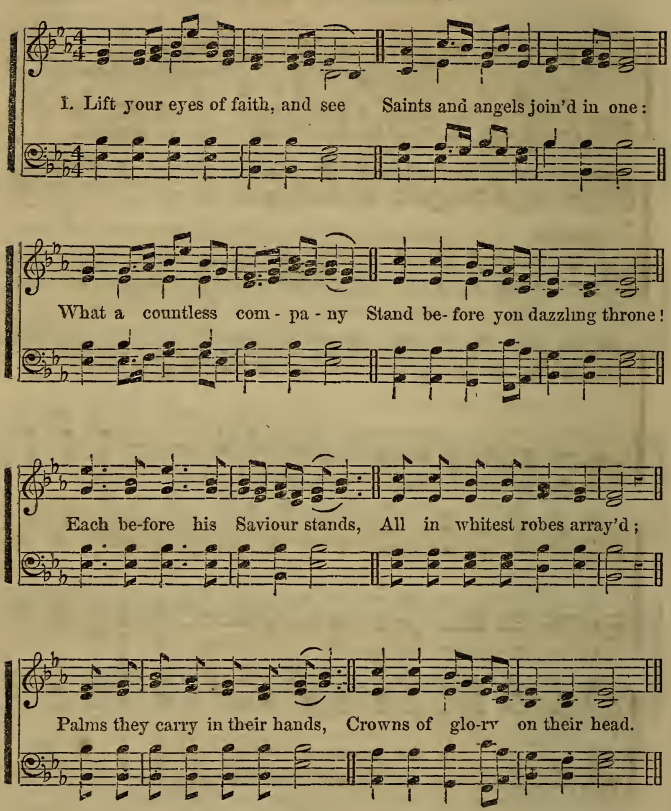
3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place.
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.



936 *Saints and angels round the throne.* **7th P. M.**

2 Saints, begin the endless song;
Cry aloud, in heavenly lays,—
Glory doth to God belong;
God the glorious Saviour praise:
All salvation from him came,—
Him who reigns enthroned on high:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,—
Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel powers the throne surround;
Next the saints in glory they;
Lull'd with the transporting sound,
They their silent homage pay:
Prostrate on their face, before
God and his Messiah fall;
Then in hymns of praise adore,—
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers given;

There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast,—

CHORUS.

'Tis found a - bove in heav'n. (All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the harbor;)

We are out on the o - cean sail-ing, To a home beyond the tide;

We are out on the o - cean sailing, To a home beyond the tide.

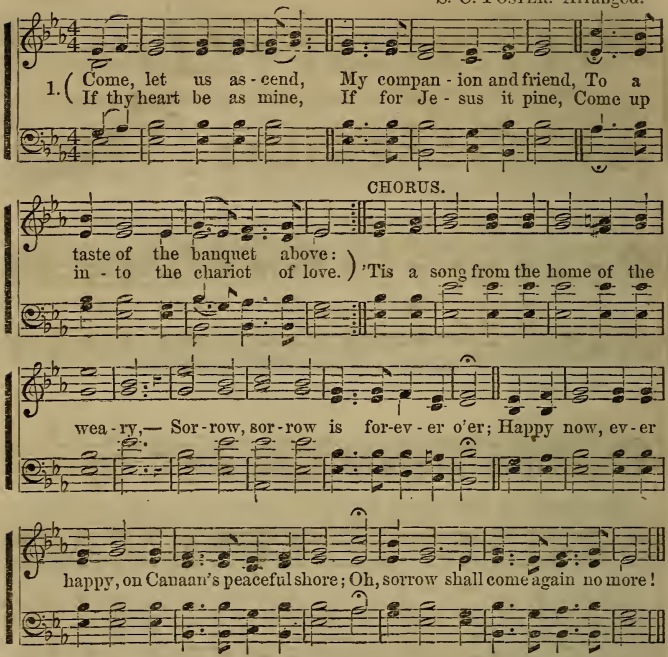
937 *The land of rest.* **36th P. M.**

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven, [shoals,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal
And joys supreme are given; [bloom,
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

S. C. Foster. Arranged.



938 *Rapturous anticipation.* **15th P. M.**

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve:
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King:
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing!

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join!—
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is,—Mercy divine!

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,—
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again,—
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Away with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall recover our home;

The ci - ty of saints shall appear,—The day of e -ter - ni - ty come.

p

From earth we shall quickly remove, And mount to our native abode;

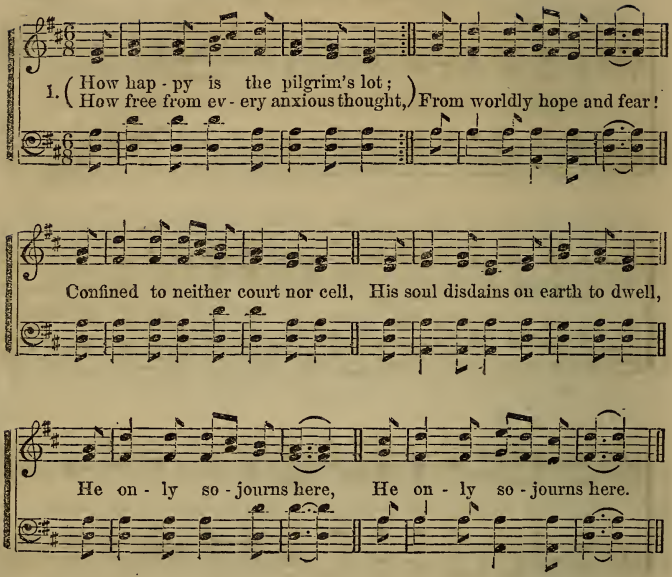
f

The house of our Fa- ther above,—The palace of angels and God.

939 *The heavenly Jerusalem.* **10th P. M.**

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.



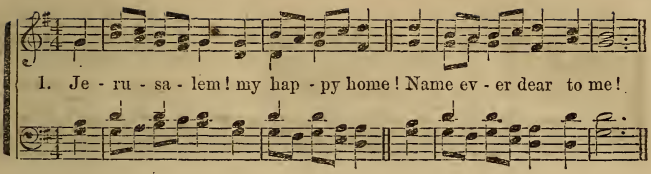
941 **4th P. M.**

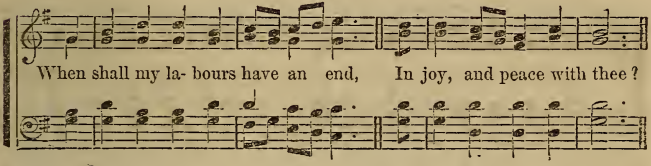
The pilgrim's happy lot.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

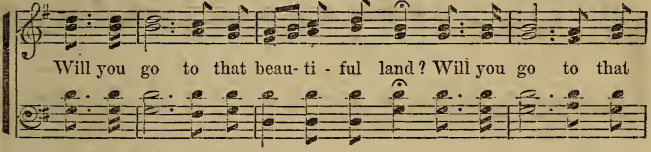
3 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

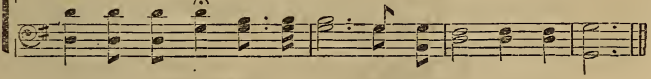
4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!





CHORUS.





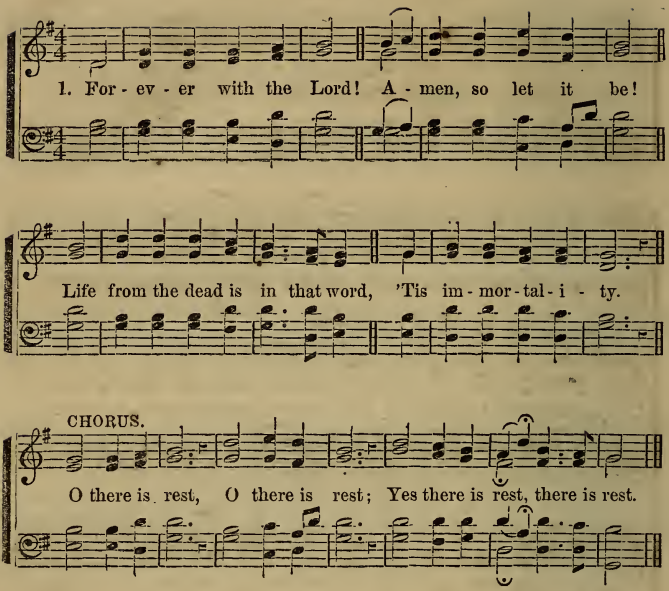
942 *The goodly city in prospect.* **C. M.**

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

3 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



943 **S. M.**

At home in heaven.

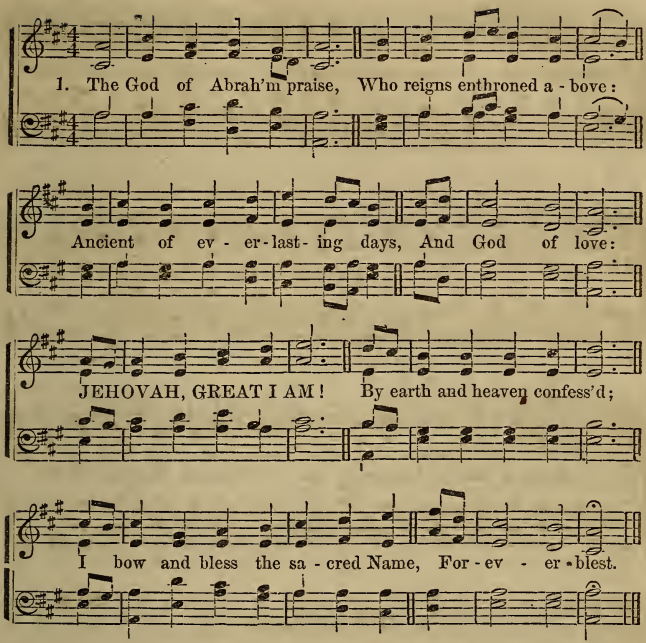
2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A days march nearer home.

3 Forever with the Lord
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

5 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
Forever with the Lord!

BEAUMONT.



944 *The God of Abraham; my God.* **21st P. M.**

1 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

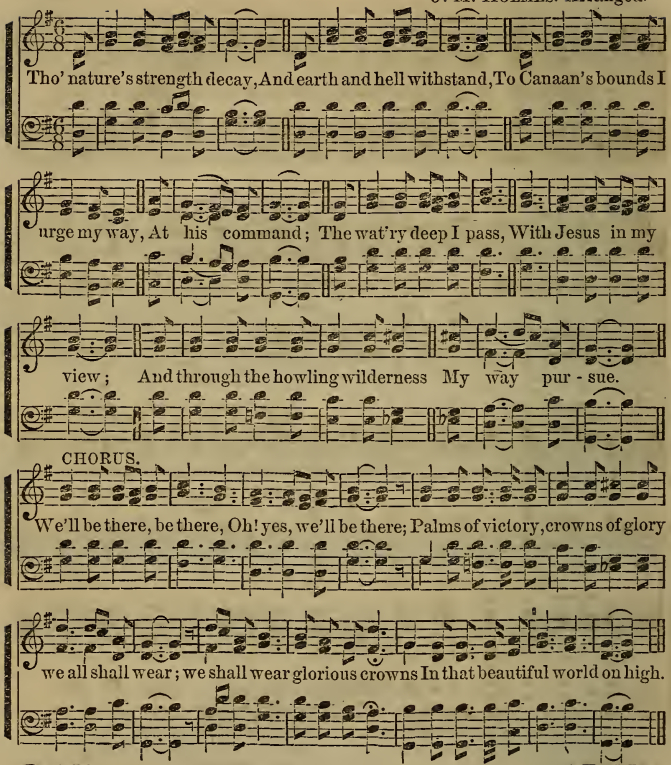
2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend:
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn:
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PROMISE. 21st P. M.

J. M. Holmes. Arranged.

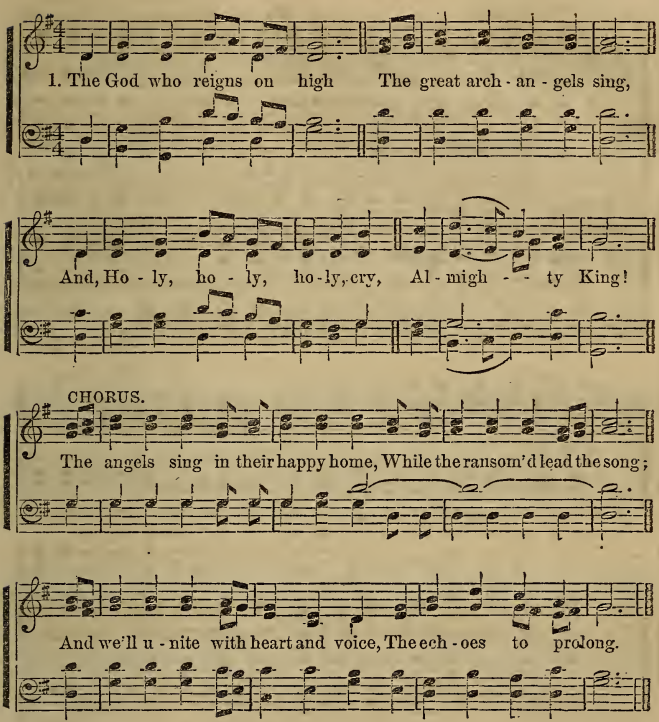


945 *Pressing toward the mark.* **21st P. M.**

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure;
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With groves of living joys,
With streams of sacred bliss,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.



946 **21st P. M.**

Joining the heavenly choir.

2 Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.

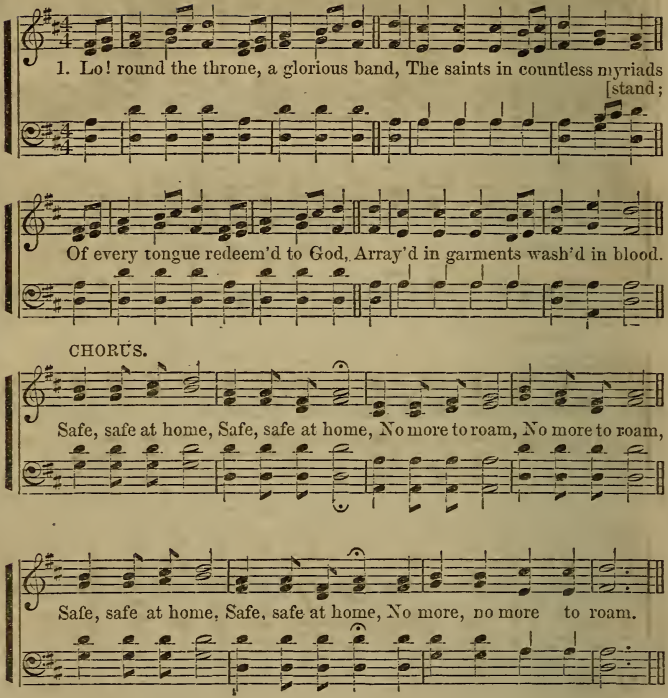
3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
Forever new:

4 He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound, thro' all the worlds above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:

6 Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



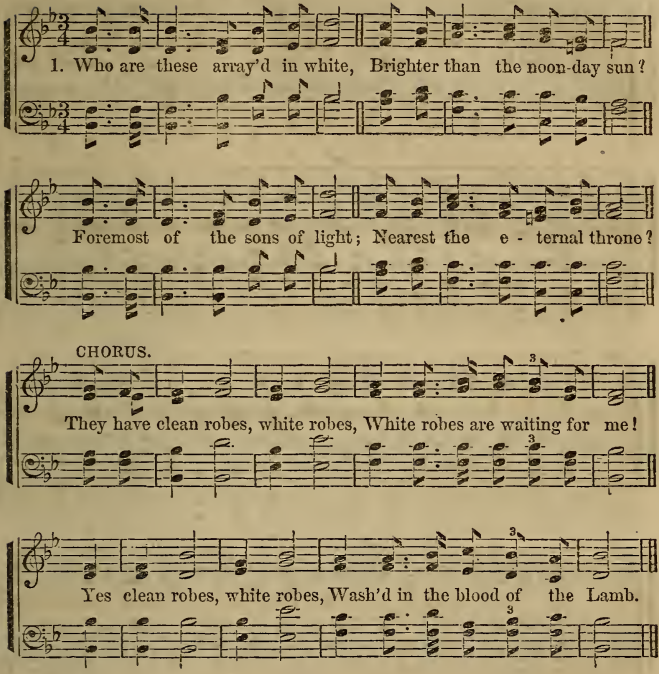
947 *The redeemed in heaven.* **L. M.**

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labours rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O, may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



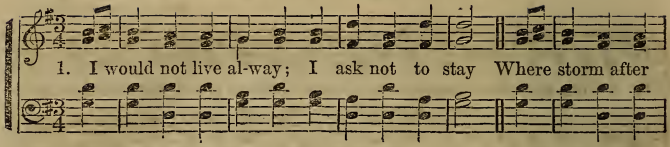
948 **5th P. M.**

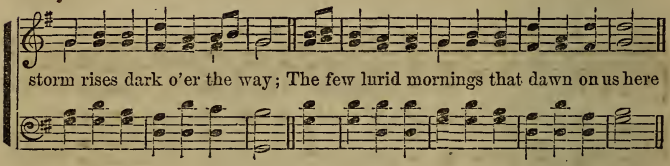
The spirits of the just made perfect.

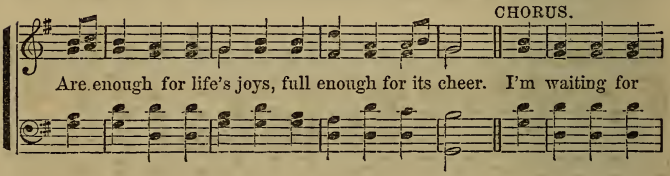
2 These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause;
Foll'wers of the dying God.

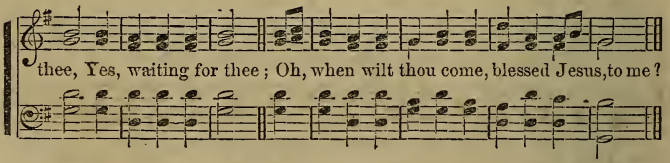
3 Out of great distress they came:
Wash'd their robes, by faith, below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,—
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own.
God doth in his saints delight.







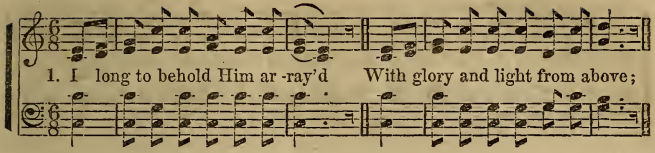


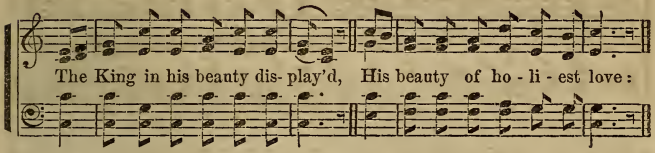
949 *I would not live alway.* **27th P. M.**

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies,

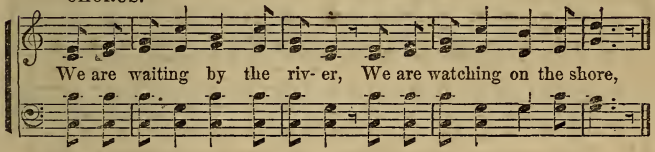
3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

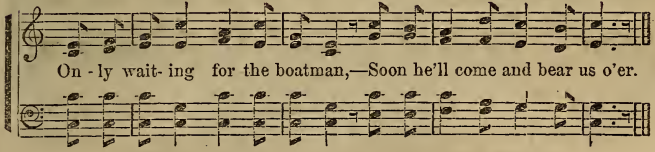
4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.





CHORUS.





950 *Having a desire to depart.* **10th P. M.**

2 I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:

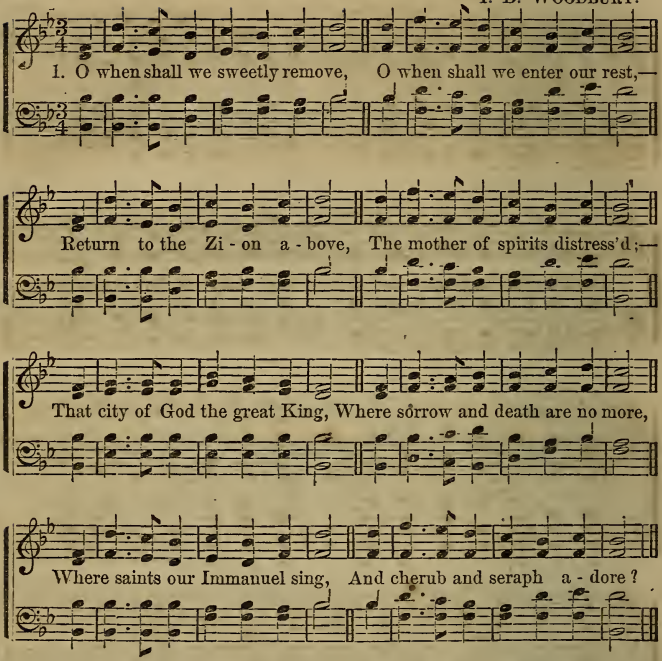
4 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,—
My heaven of heavens in thee.

5 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove.

6 Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give;
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

ENON. 10th P. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



951 - *And to be with Christ, which is far better.* **10th P. M.**

2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resign'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.

Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

1. We know, by faith we know, If this vile house of clay,
This tab - er - na - cle, sink be - low, In ru - in - ous de - cay.—

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you,—
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

952 **S. M.**

A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure:
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallow'd up
Of everlasting life.

5 Lord, let us put on thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

6 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

1. Come, let us a - new our journey pur - sue, With vig - our a -

CHO. For glo - ry, all glo - ry in Je - sus I see; It's glo - ry for-

FINE.

rise, With vig - our a - rise, And press to our per - manent

ev - er in Je - sus for me.

D.C.

place in the skies, And press to our per - manent place in the skies.

953 18th P. M.

Eternity near.

2 Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

3 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.

4 No longing we find for the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above:—

5 A country of joy without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.

6 We march hand in hand to Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's here!

7 The rougher the way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:

8 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

G. F. Root. Arranged.

1. Come, let us join our friends above That have obtain'd the prize; And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And just be- fore the shining shore, We may almost dis- cov - er.

956 *Communion with saints in heaven.* **C. M.**

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Our old com-pan- ions in distress, We haste a - gain to see,
And ea - ger long for our release, And full fe - li - ci - ty.
'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and
'tis well, 'tis well,
sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous, well; 'Tis well, 'tis well, 'Tis
'Tis well, 'tis well,
with the righteous, well; In pleasure's light and sorrow's night, 'Tis with the righteous, well.

957 *Full felicity.* **C. M.**

2 E'en now, by faith, we join our
With those that went before; [hands
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.

4 Lord Jesus, be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. And let this fee - ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die;

My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high:

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

958 C. M.

The prospect joyous.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,—
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

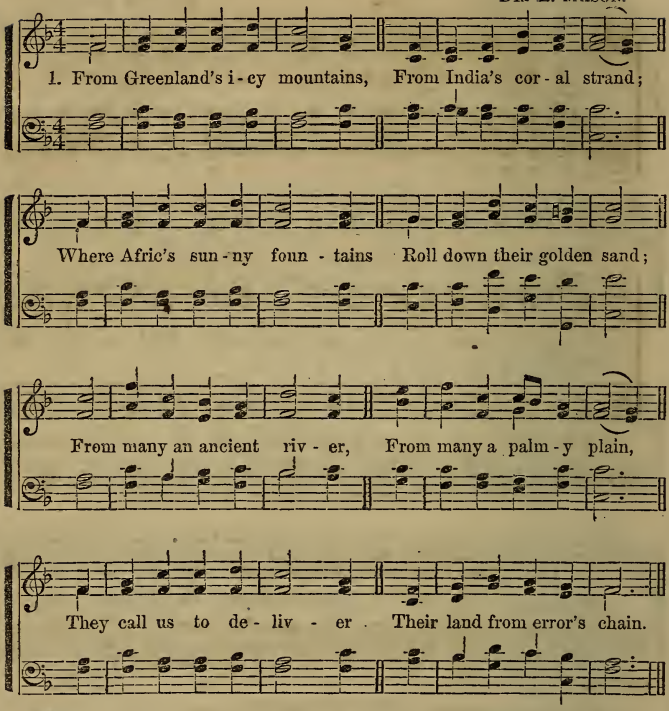
5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise:

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

DR. L. MASON.



973 **26th P. M.**

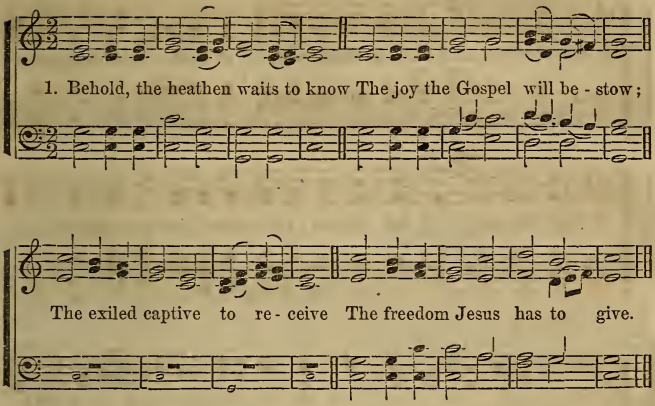
The cry of the heathen.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

M. RUGER.



976 **L. M.**

The latter day glory.

1 Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

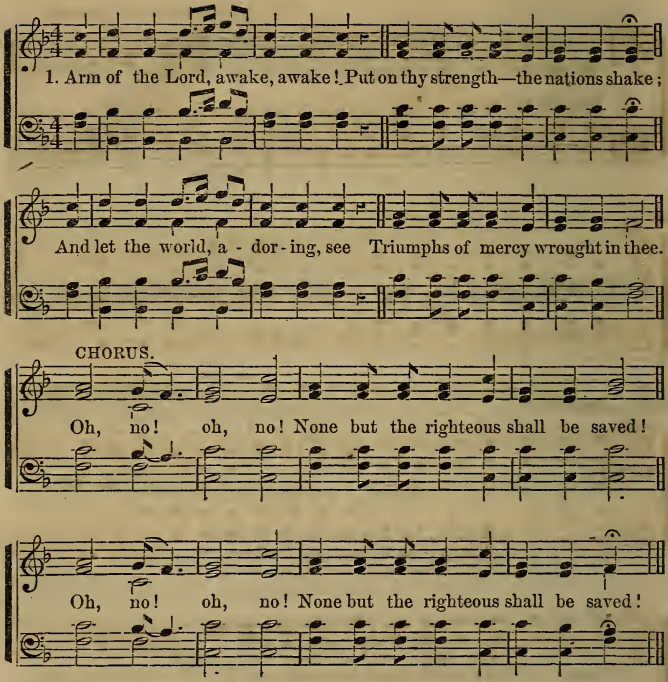
2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and off'rings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his Name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

1130 **L. M.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



995 **L. M.**

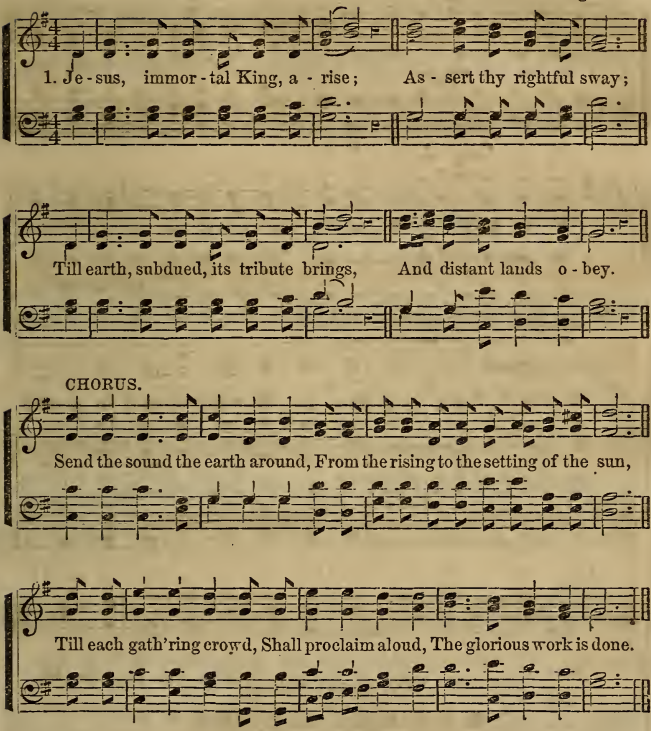
Triumphs of mercy.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesus side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.



998 **C. M.**

Christ, the Conqueror.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqu'ror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 O may the great Redeemer's Name
Through every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

BOILDIEU. Arranged.

1. Je- sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

CHORUS.

Re- joice, re -joice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall

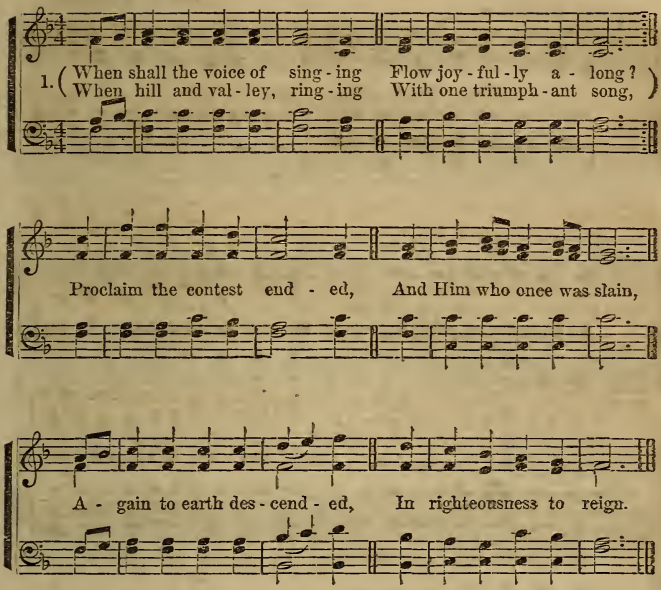
FINE. D.

bloom. (From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

999 *Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.* **L. M.**

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.



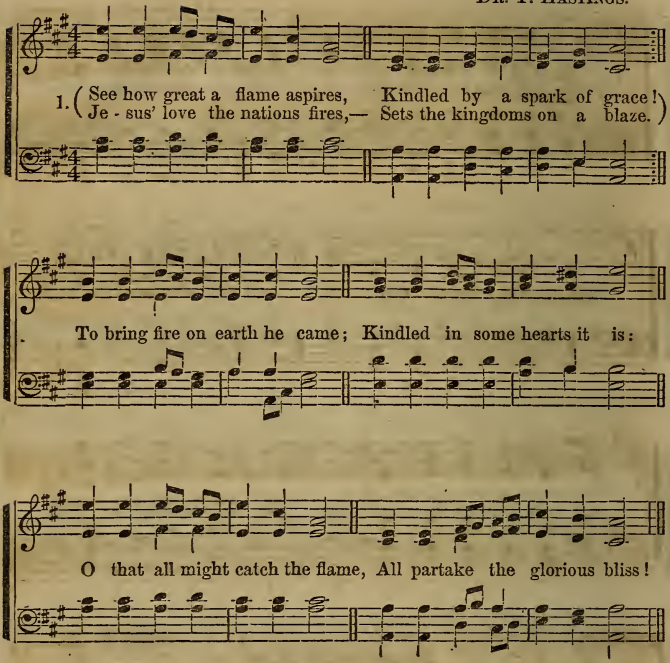
1001 **26th P. M.**

The universal anthem.

1 When shall the voice of singing
  Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
  With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
  And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
  In righteousness to reign.

2 Then from the craggy mountains
  The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
  Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
  Shall send the chorus round.
All hallelujahs swelling
  In one eternal sound!

DR. T. HASTINGS.



1002 **7th P. M.**

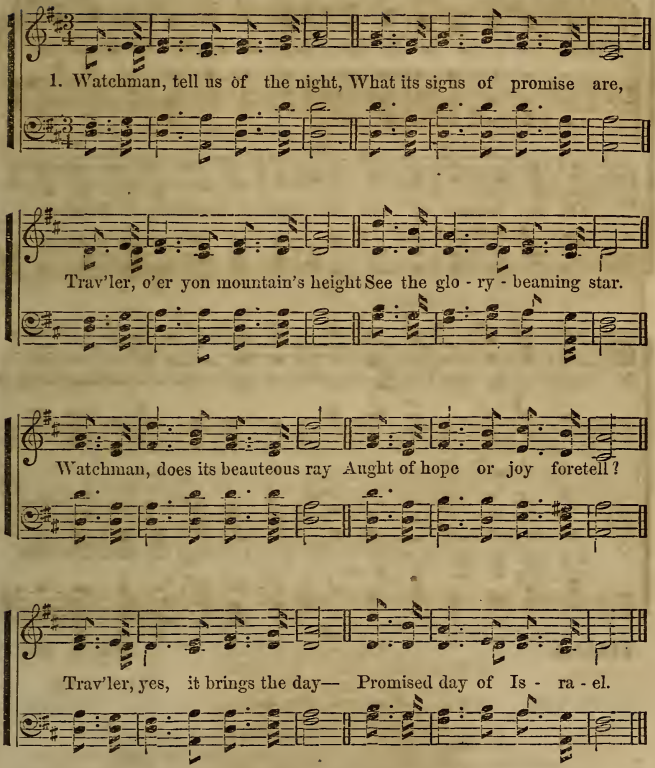
The word glorified.

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,—
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

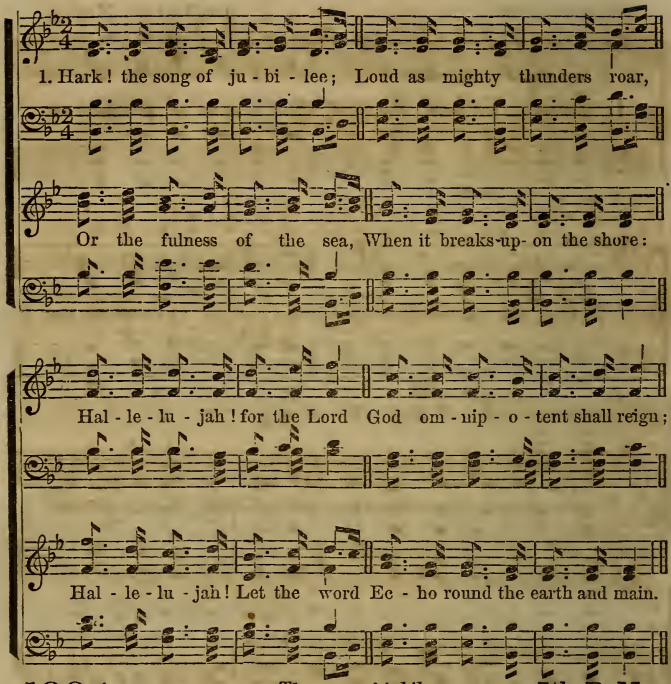
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1003 *The Watchman's report.* **7th P. M.**

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

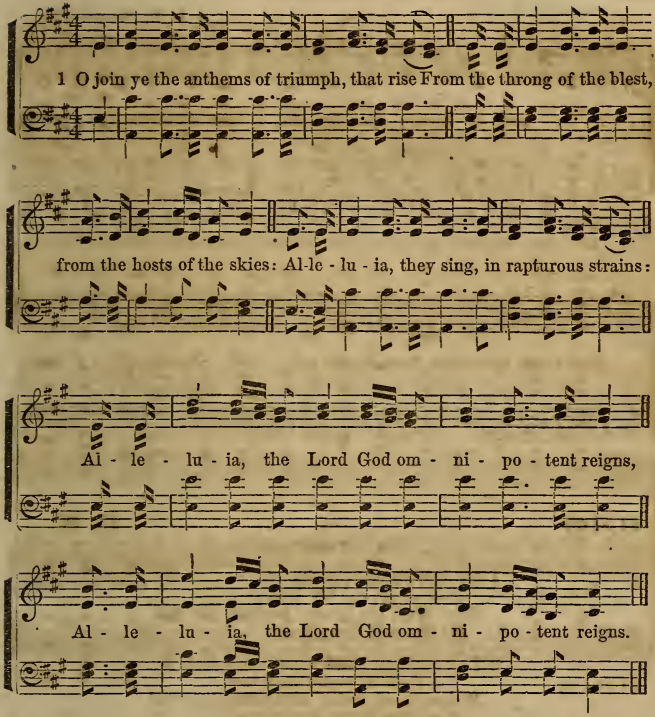
3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.



1004 *The song of jubilee.* **7th P. M.**

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.



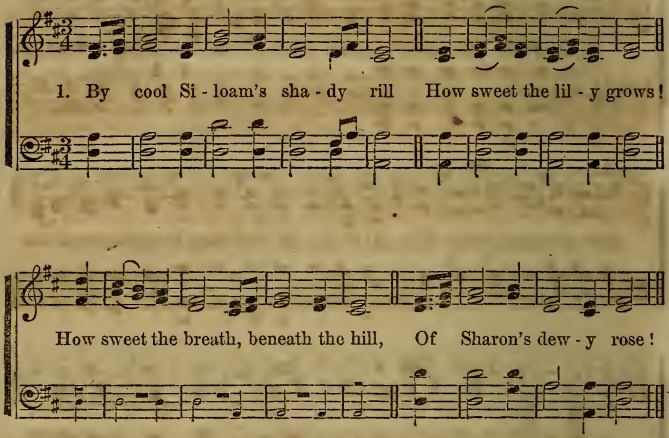
1006 *Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.* **16th P. M.**

2 He gave to the light its beneficent wings;
He controlleth the counsels of senates and kings:
From his throne in the clouds the lightnings are hurl'd,
And he ruleth the factions that rage through the world.

3 Rejoice, ye that love him; his power cannot fail;
His omnipotent goodness shall surely prevail;
The triumph of evil will shortly be past,
And omnipotent mercy shall conquer at last.

4 Though Satan now maketh the nations his prey,
The dominion of darkness shall soon pass away:
Exulting, we join heaven's rapturous strains,—
Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigns.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1010 **C. M.**

The Christian child.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

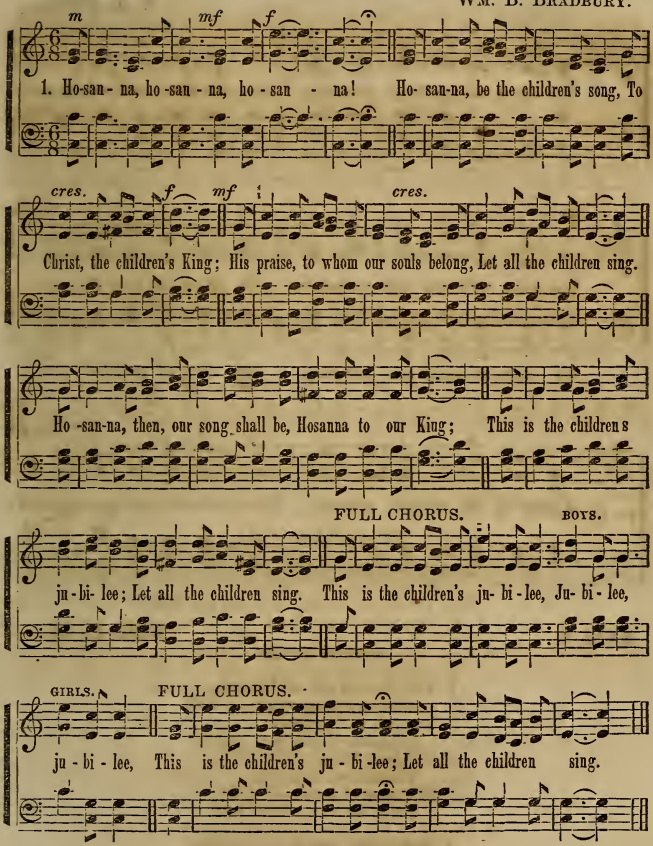
2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1012 *Anniversary; the children's jubilee.* **C. M.**

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

G. J. WEBB.

1. We bring no glitt'ring treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine;

S. FINE.

We come, with sim - ple measures, To chant thy love di - vine.

Fa - ther, ac - cept our off'ring, Our song of grateful praise.

D.S.

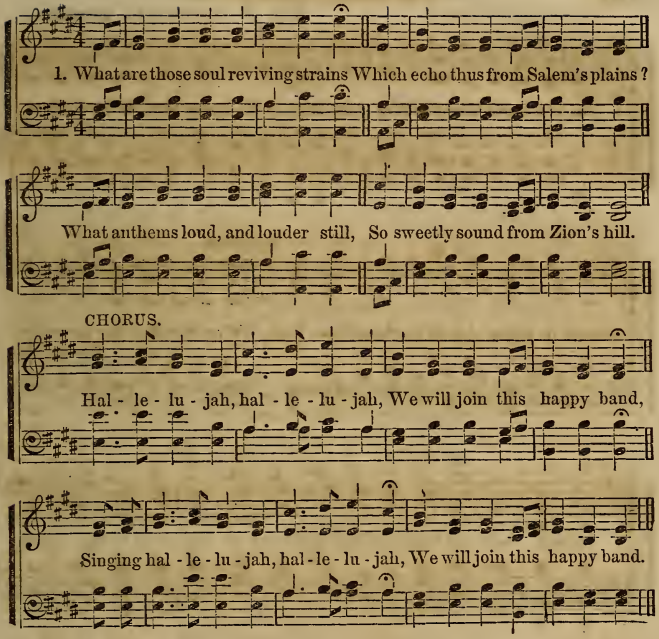
Children, thy favours sharing, Their voice of thanks would raise;

1014 **26th P. M.**

Grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth;
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
O! teach us how to pray,
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
Then where the pure are dwelling
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy Name.



1015 *Hosanna to the Son of David.* **L. M.**

2 Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings:
The Saviour comes!—and babes proclaim
Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.

NEARER HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. There is a glorious world of light, Above the starry sky, Where saints [departed,

CHORUS.

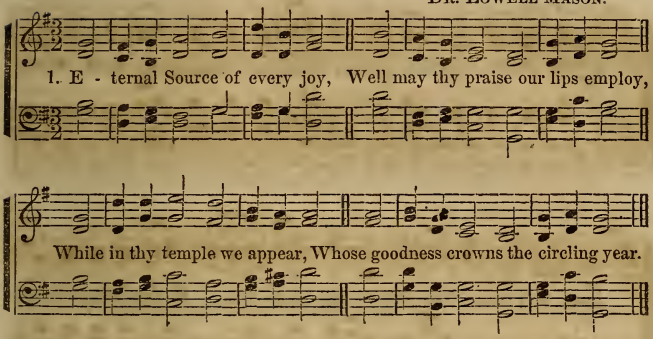
clothed in white, Adore the Lord most high. We're nearer to our heavenly [home, Our

blessed, hap - py home, Where grief and sin can never come ;—We're

near- er, near- er home, Near-er home, nearer home, Nearer to our

happy home, Nearer home, nearer home, Our blessed, happy home.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1023 **L. M.**

God's goodness crowns the year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

1016 *Children in heaven.* **C. M.**

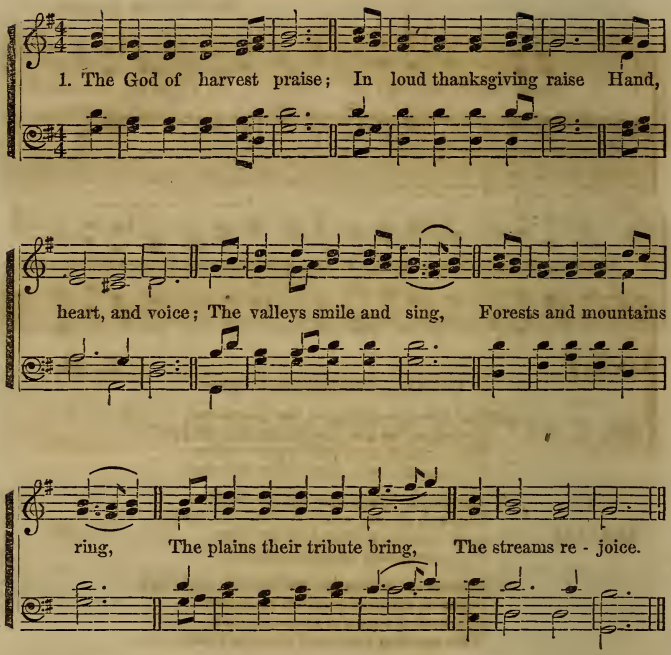
1 There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark, amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 Soon will our earthly race be run—
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must die and pass away.

5 Great God, impress this serious thought,
To-day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May dwell among the blest.



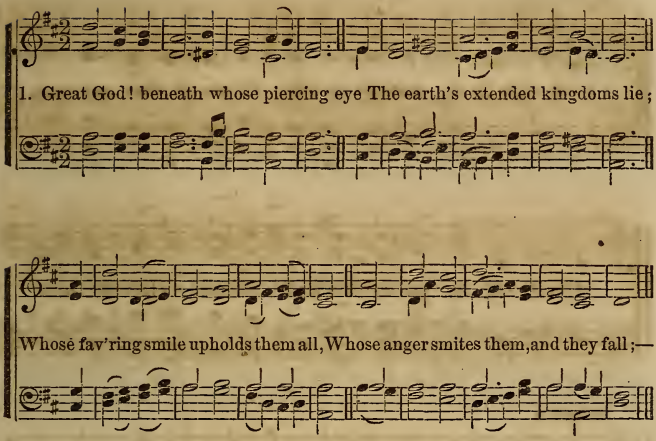
1026 **19th P. M.**

Praise to the God of harvest.

2 Yea, bless his holy Name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

S. JACKSON.



1030 **L. M.**

God, the nation's guardian.

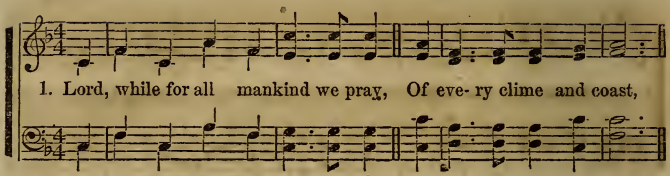
1 Great God! beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie;
Whose fav'ring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall;—

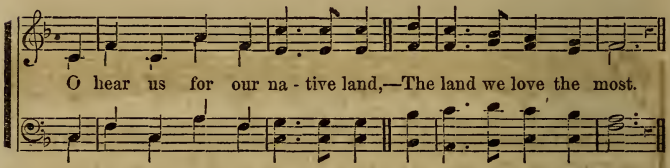
2 We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy power we see—thy greatness own;
Yet, cherish'd by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.

3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own;
To thee, with grateful hearts, shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

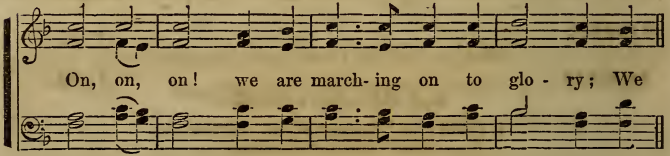
4 Led on by thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread;
And, freely as the vital air,
Thy first and noblest bounties share.

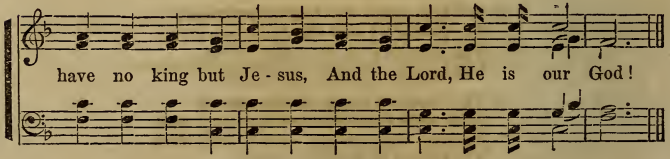
5 Great God, our guardian, guide, and friend!
O still thy shelt'ring arm extend;
Preserved by thee for ages past
For ages let thy kindness last!





CHORUS.





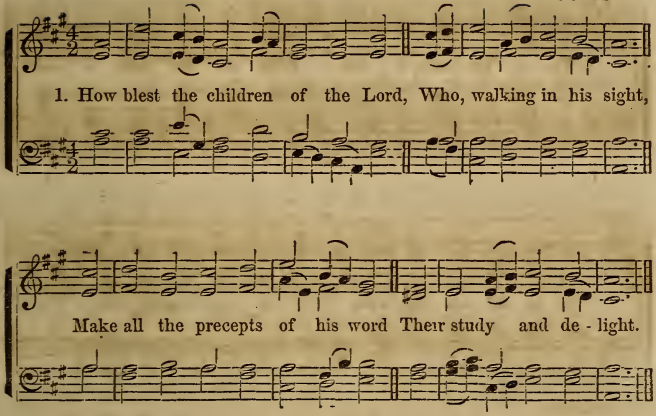
1031 *Prayer for our native land.* **C. M.**

2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee:
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust—
Her everlasting friend.

JONES.



1033 **C. M.**

Deeds of love, for Christ's sake, rewarded.

1 How blest the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

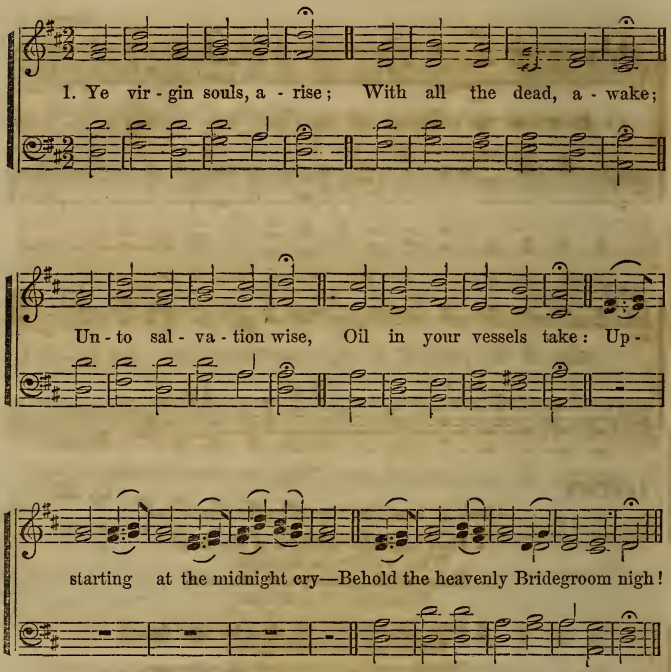
2 That precious wealth shall be their dower
Which cannot know decay;
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Or spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Perform'd through Christ, their Lord,
Forever regis ter'd above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

1131 **C. M.**

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



1050 **3rd P. M.**

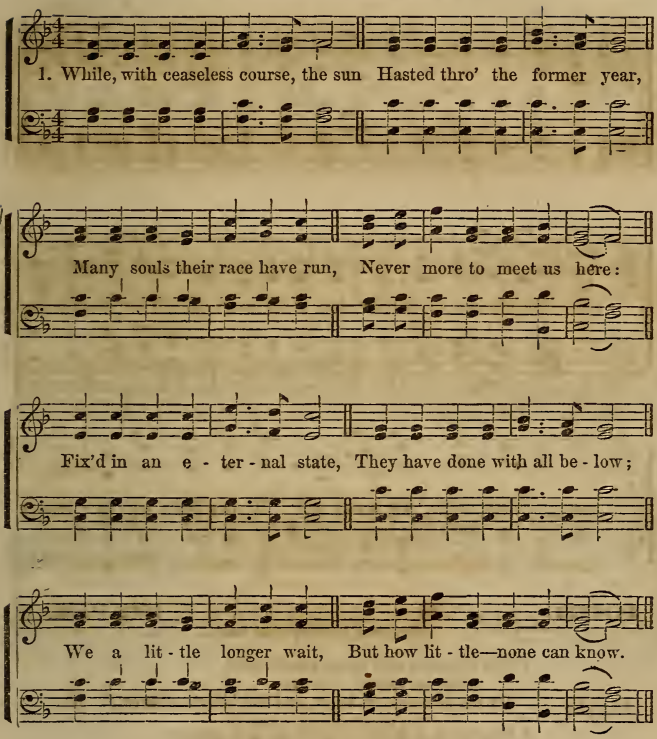
The Bridegroom cometh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Make ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou find'st us now.



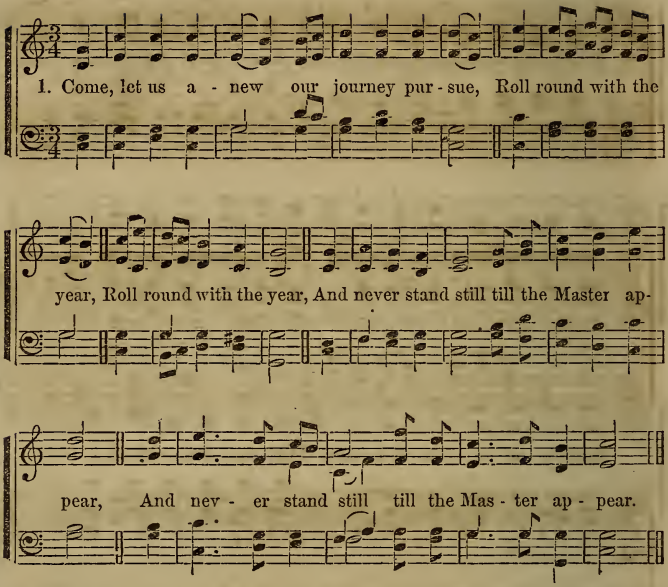
1052 **7th P. M.**

Retrospect of a year.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we reign with thee above.

T. Clark.



1053 **18th P. M.**

Renewed fidelity and zeal.

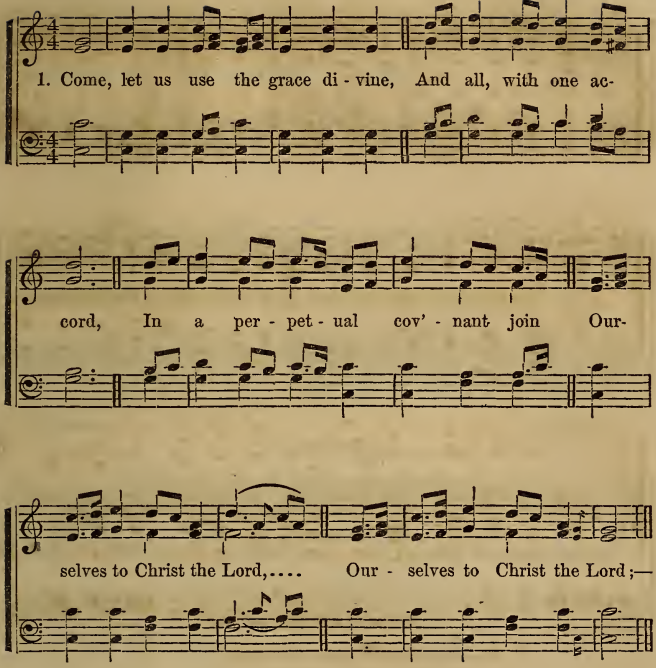
2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love,

3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity 's here.

5 O that each, in the day of His coming, may say,—
I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,—
Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.



1054 **C. M.**

Renewing the covenant.

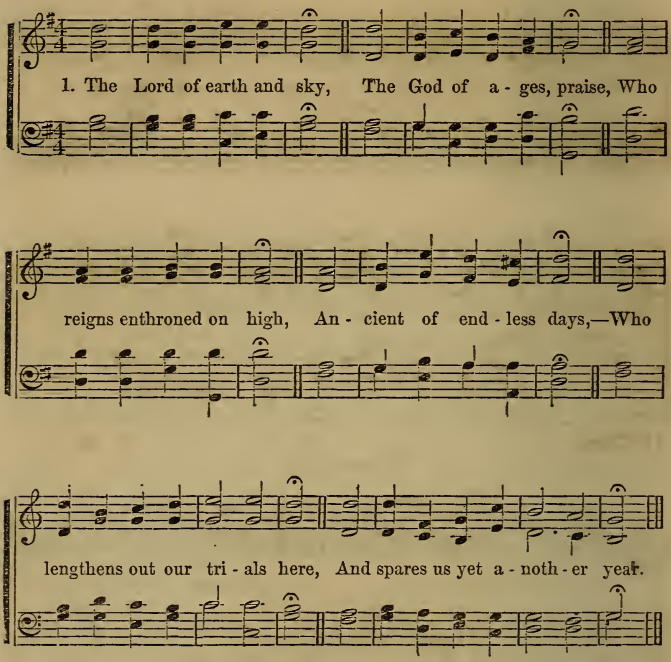
2 Give up ourselves, thro' Jesus' power,
His Name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.



1056 **3rd P. M.**

The barren fig-tree.

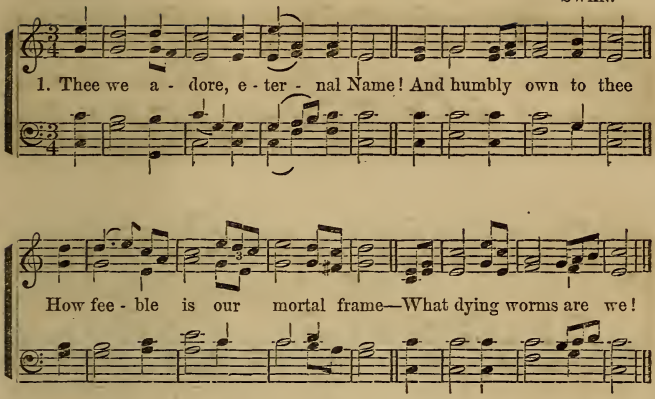
2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried,—Let it still alone:
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo! we see another year.

5 Then dig about the root;
Break up our fallow ground;
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

SWAN.



1058 **C. M.**

Frailty of life.

1 Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame—
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

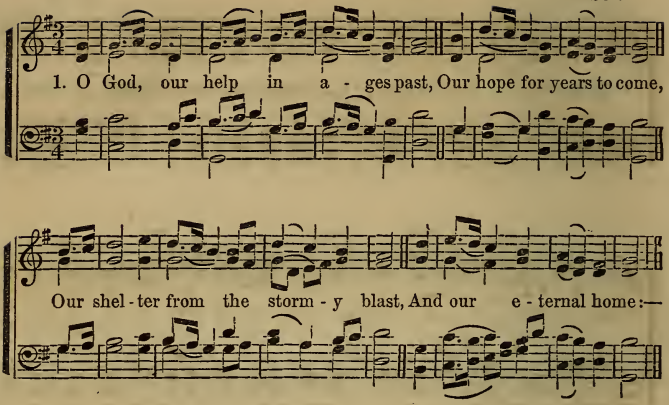
3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

TANSUR.



1059 **C. M.**

Man frail—God eternal.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

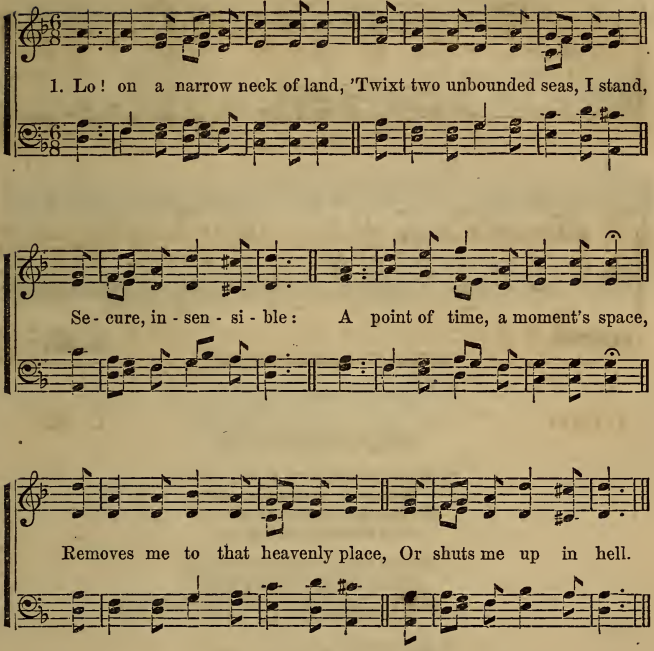
3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!



1064 **4th P. M.**

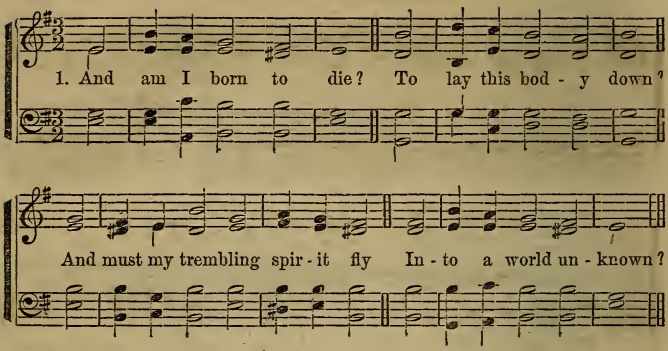
The brink of fate.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.



1068 **S. M.**

Solemn thoughts on the future.

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be:

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge, with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

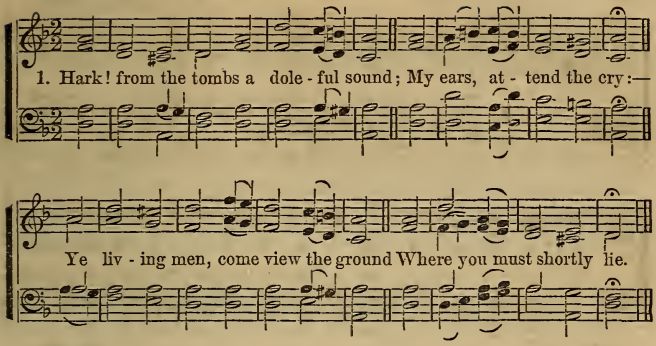
5 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

8 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell!

RAVENSCROFT.



1069 **C. M.**

A voice from the grave.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Shall lie as low as ours.

3 Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Death of a young person. **C. M.**

1 When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

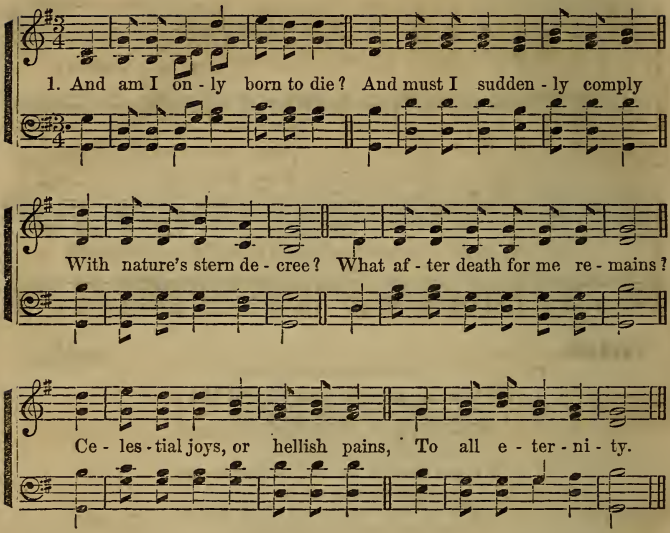
2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, impress'd
With awful power, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 The voice of this alarming scene,
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high
And triumph o'er the grave.

WARNING. 4th P. M.

S. J. Goodenough.



1072 **4th P. M.**

The momentous question.

2 How then ought I on earth to live, While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay?
My sole concern, my single care, To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day.

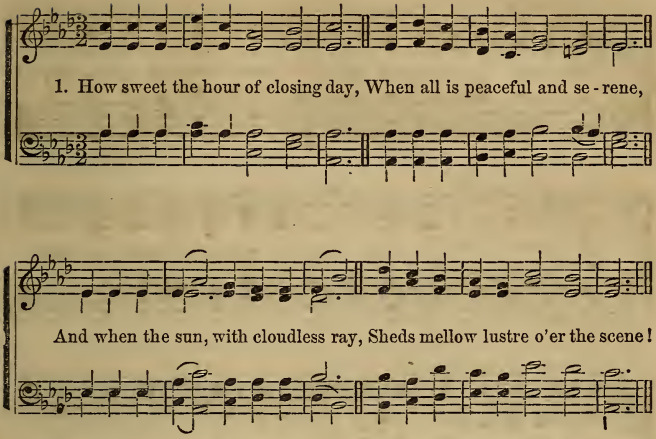
3 No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door, And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne!

4 No matter which my thoughts employ, A moment's misery or joy;
But, O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place? Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath, But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure; And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray; Be thou my Guide, be thou my Way
To glorious happiness.
Ah! write the pardon on my heart; And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1076 **L. M.**

The Christian's parting hour.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

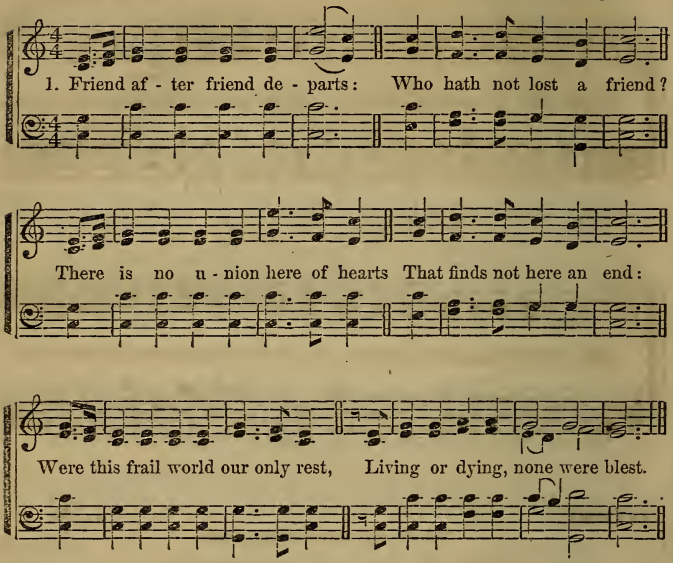
2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

J. R. Osgood. Arranged.



1077 **37th P. M.**

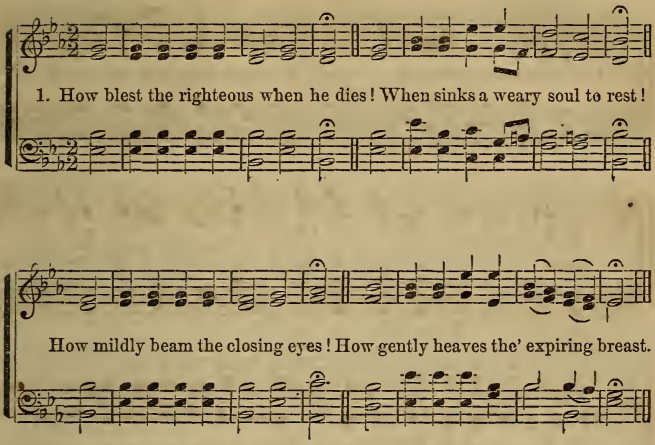
Friends separated for a season.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this veil of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

N. D. GOULD.



1083 **L. M**

The end of that man is peace.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,—
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
How blest the righteous when he dies!

REV. R. LOWRY. Arranged.

1. And must this bo - dy die— This well-wrought frame de-cay?

And must these ac - tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

CHORUS. *p*

Then we'll gather at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beauti - ful riv - er—

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

1096 **S. M.**

Sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body.

2 Corrnption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

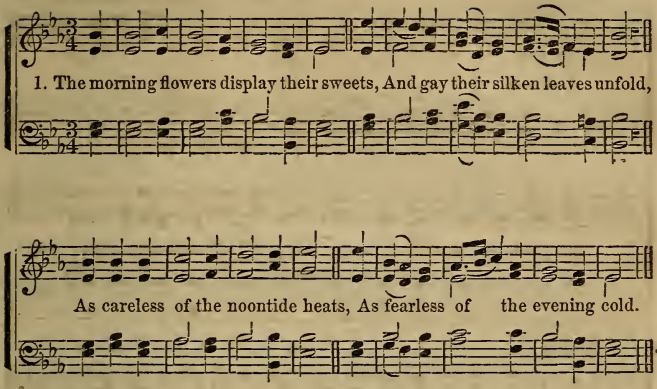
3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

BURDER.



1097 **L. M.**

Sown in weakness, raised in glory.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

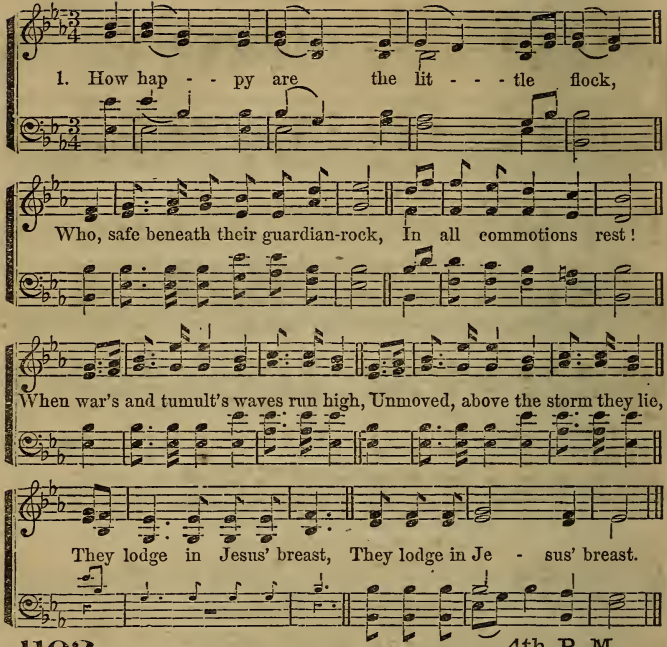
3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

ARIEL. 4th P. M. Dr. L. Mason.



1102 4th P. M.

Tokens of the judgment a source of joy to the believer.

2 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise:
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall, but lifts us up,
To meet thee in the skies.

3 Thy tokens we with joy confess,
The war proclaims the Prince of peace,
The earthquake speaks thy power:
The famine all thy fulness brings,
The plague presents thy healing wings,
And nature's final hour.

4 Whatever ills the world befall
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near:
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,—
Triumphant Lord, appear.

1. Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus, Partners in his patience here:
Christ, to all be - liev-ers precious, Lord of lords, shall soon appear:
ad lib.
Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Of his heavenly kingdom near;
Mark the tokens, Mark the tokens, Of his heavenly kingdom near.

1103 **8th P. M.**

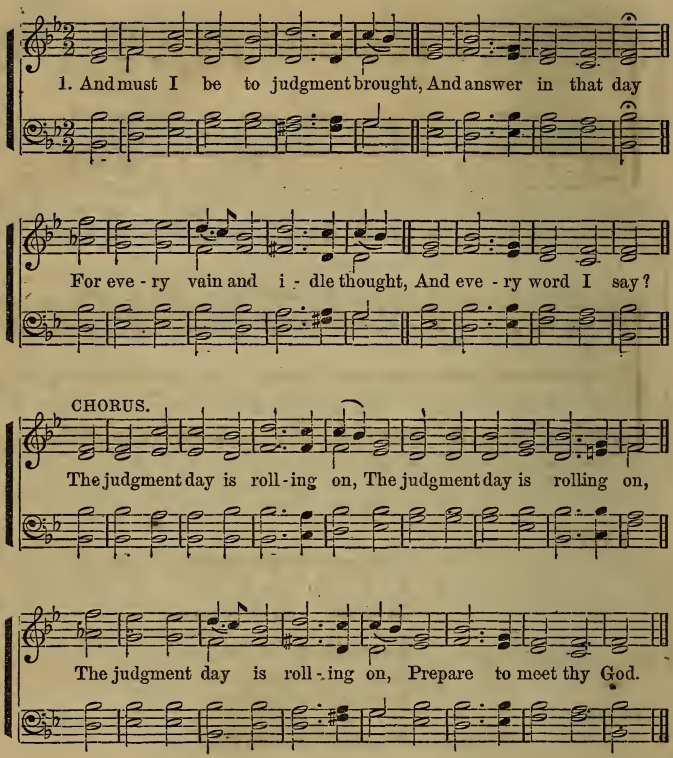
We also shall appear with Him in glory.

2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting light.

3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry;
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws [nigh:
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

4 With what diff'rent exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me:—
All discern him:
All with shouts cry out,—'Tis He'

5 Lo! 'tis He! our hearts' Desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with his choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of vic'try,
Crowns of glory, to bestow.



1106 C. M.

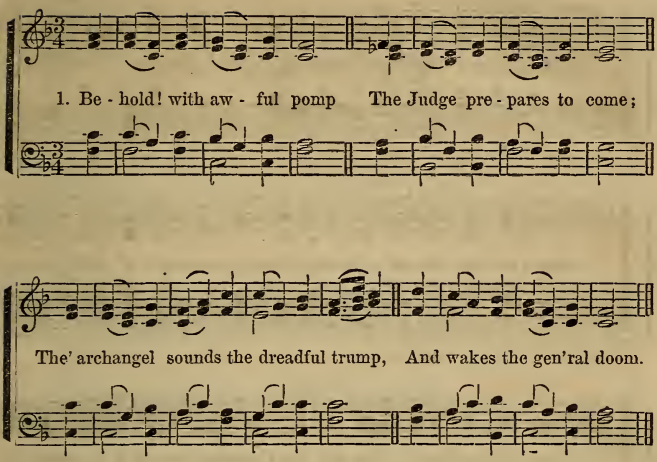
Secrets of the heart made known.

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.



1107 **S. M.**

Prepare us for that day.

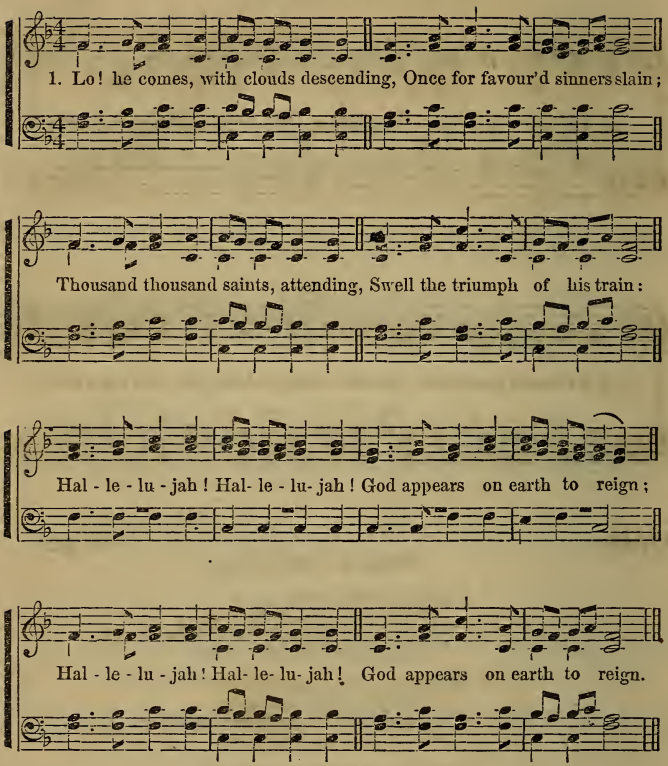
1 Behold! with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread;
The frighted dead arise,
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal;
They quake, they shriek, they cry;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,—
To watch and wait, and pray.



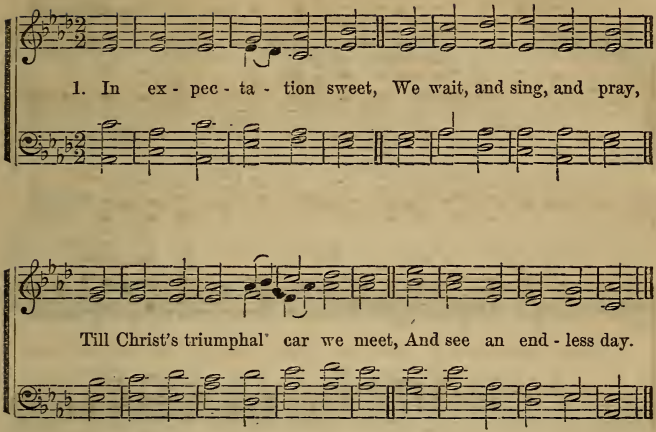
1111 *Behold, he cometh!* **8th P. M.**

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

C. W. Warren.



1113 **S. M.**

Coming of Christ.

1 In expectation sweet,
We wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

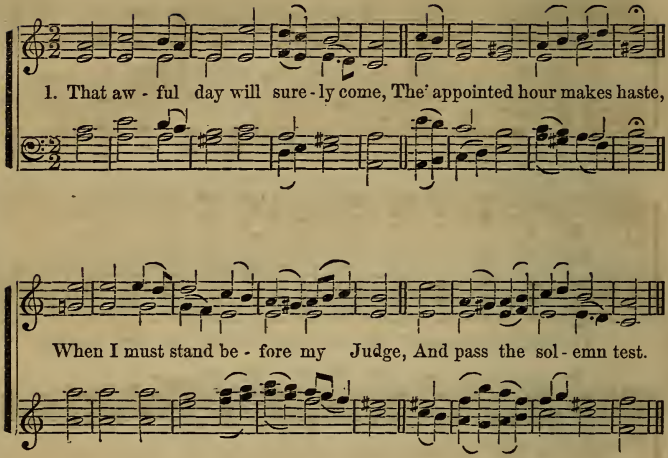
2 He comes!—the Conqu'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds,—Awake!—
Ye dead, to judgment come!—
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

5 But those whose sinful feet
Have travell'd to the tomb,
Shall, with a troubled conscience, meet
A night of dreadful gloom.

H. PURCELL.



1114 **C. M.**

The dreadful sentence.

1 That awful day will surely come,
The' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

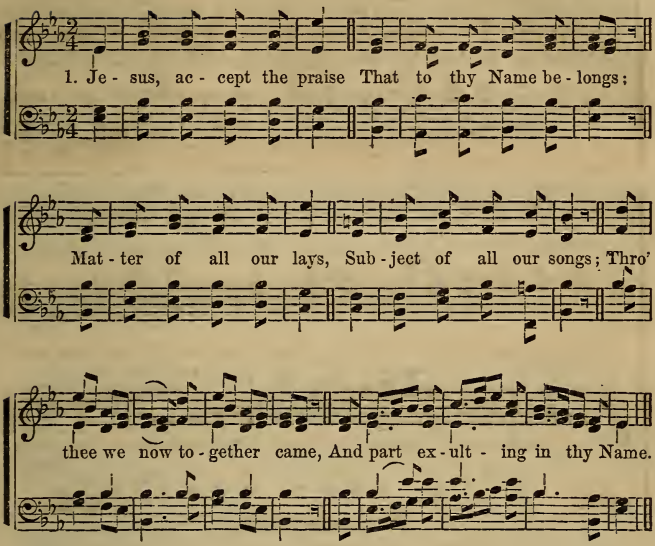
2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

M. HAYDYN.



1119 **3rd P. M.**

Parting;—to meet again.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
To' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

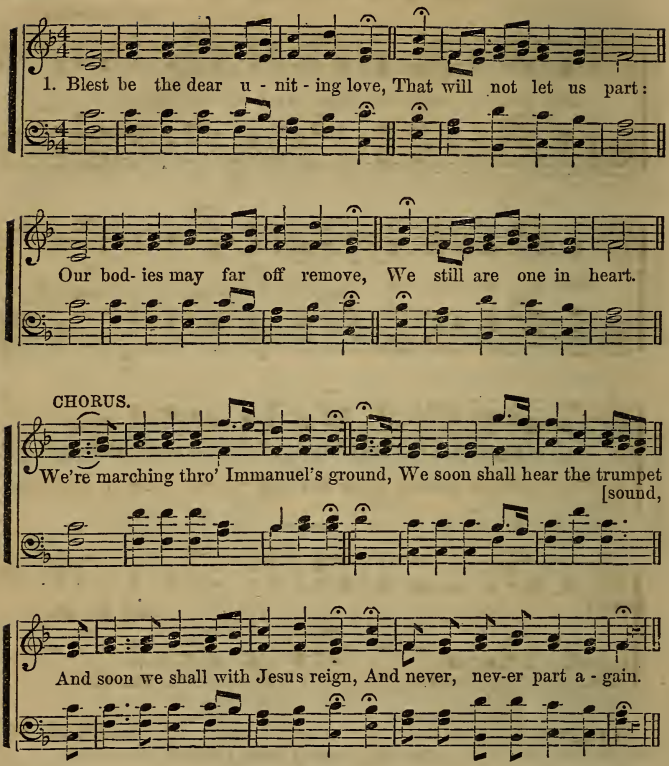
3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy the' appointed race:
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And see thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home;
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, & heav'n, destroy'd
And shout above the fiery void.

6 According to his word,
His oath, to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruin'd earth and heaven;
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

7 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace:
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.



1121 *United,—though separated.* **C. M.**

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

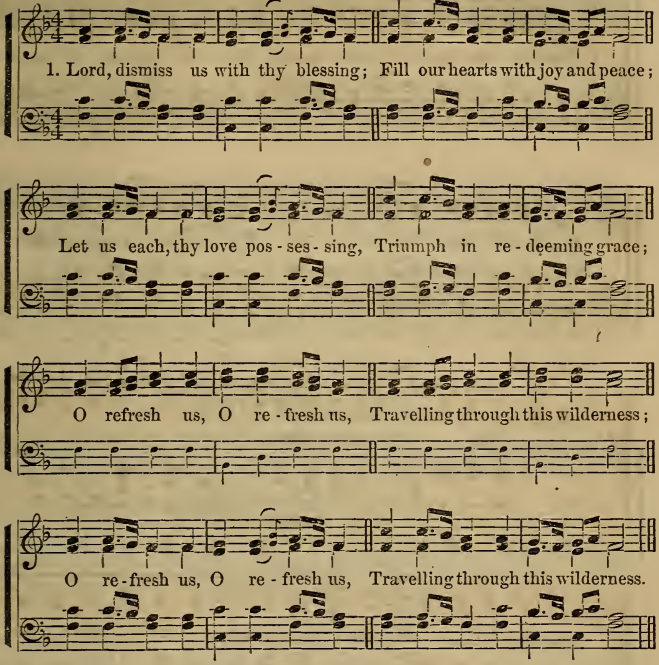
3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

J. J. Rosseau.



1127 **8th P. M.**

For the fulness of peace and joy.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HOME IN GLORY. C. M.

1. Our Saviour bids the children come; He bids us come to Him;

And, as in oth-er days, he spreads His arms to take us in.

CHORUS.

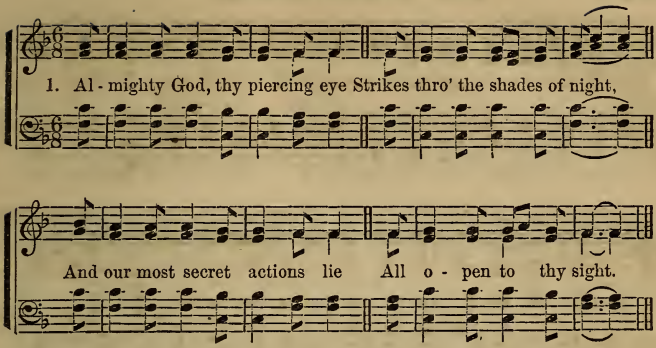
O glo - ry! O glo - ry! There's room enough in

Par - a - dise,— For all a home in glo - ry.

Christ's invitation. C. M.

2 Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his!
O may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss!

3 There may we come at last, to s ing
In nobler strains his praise;
And join the little ones, who stand
Before our Father's face.



Thou, God, seest me. C. M.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

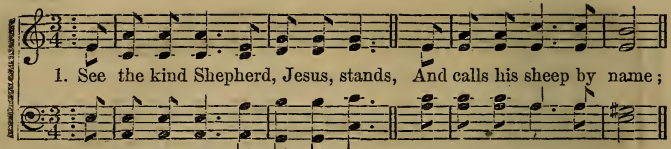
Life a summer's day. C. M.

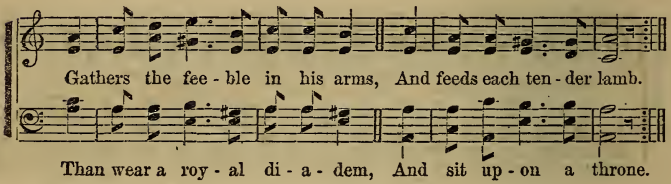
1 This life is but a summer's day
Of shadows and of light,
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,
And soon give place to night.

2 Fair childhood is the early dawn,
And youth the morning gay;
Manhood's the noon so quickly gone,
And age the evening ray.

3 This life was given us to prepare
For that which is to come;
O may I gain admittance there,
And find a heavenly home!

4 And will the Lord my sins forgive
Through his redeeming love,
And bid me to his glory live,
And write my name above?





Jesus a shepherd. **C. M.**

2 He 'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be the Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We 're safe from every snare.

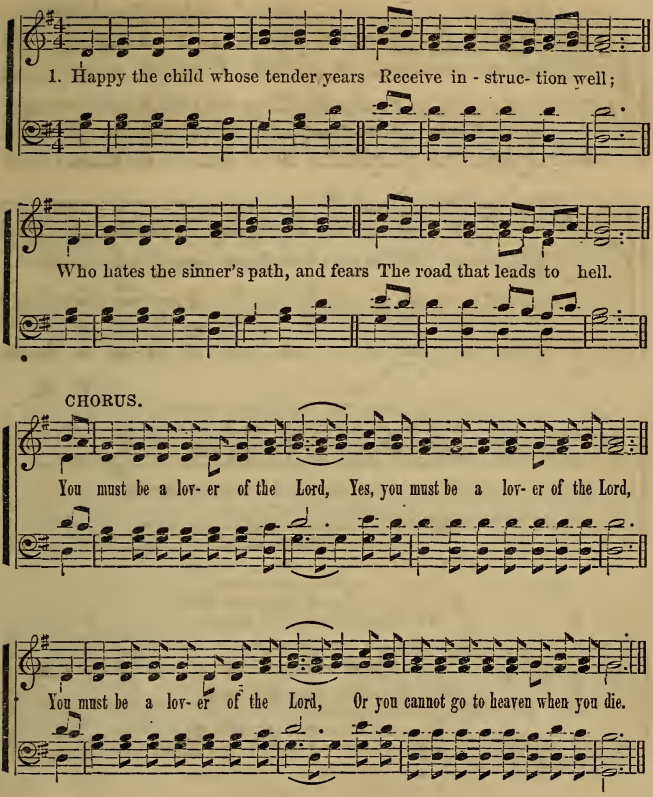
The charming Name. **C. M.**

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there:
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.



Youth devoted to God. **C. M.**

2 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

4 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

BLESSED. 8th P. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. God has said—"For-ev - er blessed Those who seek me in their youth—

They shall find the path of wisdom, And the nar-row way of truth:"

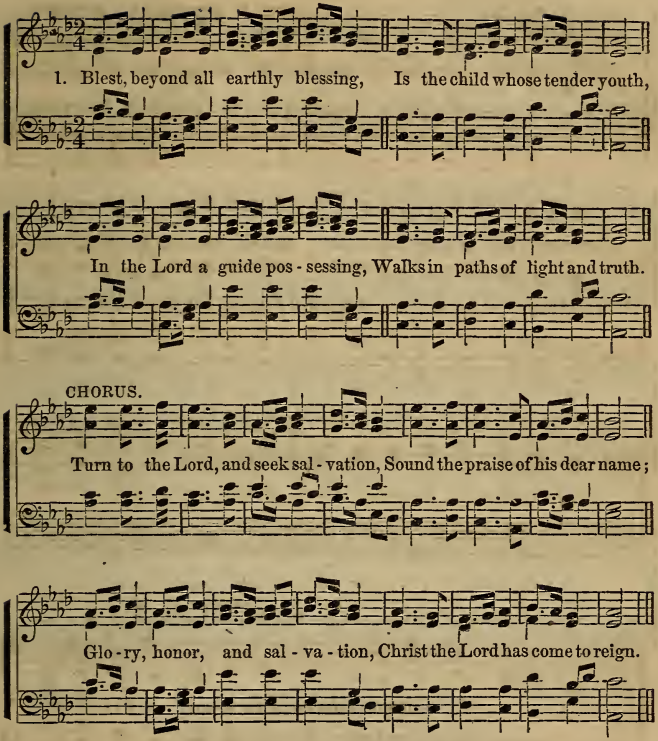
Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar- row way of truth.

Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar - row way of truth.

Rewards of early piety. **8th P. M.**

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky—
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

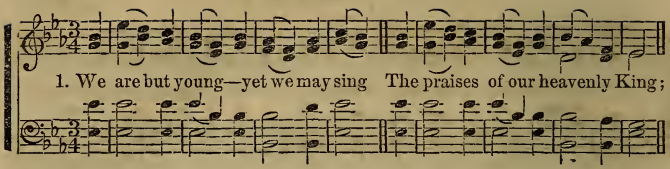


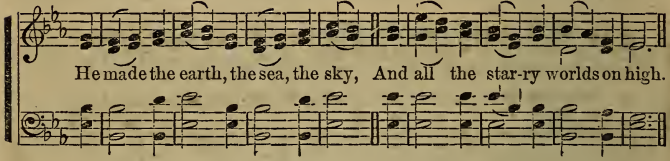
9th P. M.

God will be our guide.

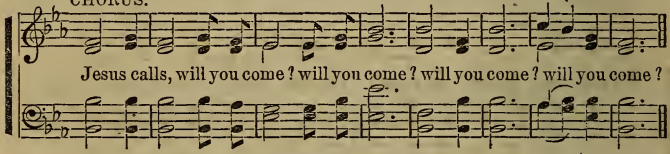
2 He will govern those who love him:
Those who walk in faith and fear,
In all danger still shall prove him
Gracious, kind, and ever near.

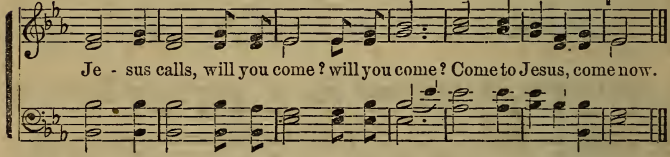
3 Heavenly Father, let us prove thee,
An all-wise, protecting Friend!
Make us fear thee, make us love thee,
Constant, to our latest end!





CHORUS.





L. M.

Privileges and duties of the young.

2 We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

3 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

4 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumber'd blessings on our head;
Then let our youth and riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Lord, we are young—thy help we need, For various foes infest our way;

Be thou to us a friend indeed, Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

CHORUS.

We are young, and we are happy, We are happy, happy in our song;

We are young, and we are happy, hap - py, happy in our song.

Prayer offered by youth. L. M.

2 From wayward paths our feet restore,
And keep our tongues from speaking guile;
And O, preserve us evermore
From sin's seducing, luring smile.

3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire;
To thee our every power incline;
And may the pure celestial fire,
Within our bosoms ever shine.

4 O let the morning of our days
To thee, and thee alone, be given;
Increase our love, approve our ways,
And guide us safely into heaven.

WE ARE PILGRIMS. 5th P. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shepherd of thy lit - tle flock, Lead us to the shadowing rock:

Where the richest pastures grow, Where the liv - ing waters flow.

CHORUS.

pp

Yes, we are pil - grims, Yes, we are pil - grims,

Yes, we are pil - grims, on our jour - ney home.

5th P. M.

Jesus a Guide.

1 Shepherd of thy little flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock:
Where the richest pastures grow,
Where the living waters flow.

2 By that pure and silent stream,
Shelter'd from the scorching beam,
Shepherd, Saviour, Guardian, Guide,
Keep us ever near thy side!

WM. B. BRADBURY. Arranged.

1. Poor and needy though I be, God my Ma-ker cares for me;

Gives me clothing, shelter, food, Gives me all I have of good.

CHORUS.

He's a Friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ever near, Never, never fear;

He's a Friend that's ever near, Never fear, He is ev-er near, never fear.

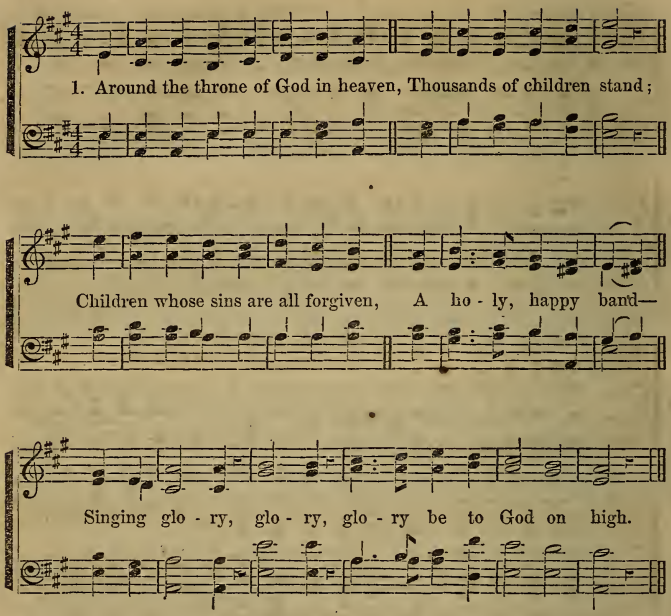
5th P. M.

Children may pray to God.

2 He will listen when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake,
Keeps me safe for Jesus' sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head!

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with Him at last.



P. M.

Glory to God in the highest.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

1. The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glories its pa - ges unfold; It speaks of sal - vation—wide opens the door— Its

CHORUS.

of - fers are free to the rich and the poor. I love it, I love it, nor aught will I care, Though chidden for loving the Bi - ble so dear;—It brings me to Jesus, my very best Friend, My Comfort, my Guide, my Way and [my End.

The Bible, the word of truth. **27th P. M.**

2 The Bible—the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the "Pearl of great price,"
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

Lively.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure! thou art mine!

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am.

CHORUS.—*Slow and subdued.*

Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Precious treasure! thou art mine.

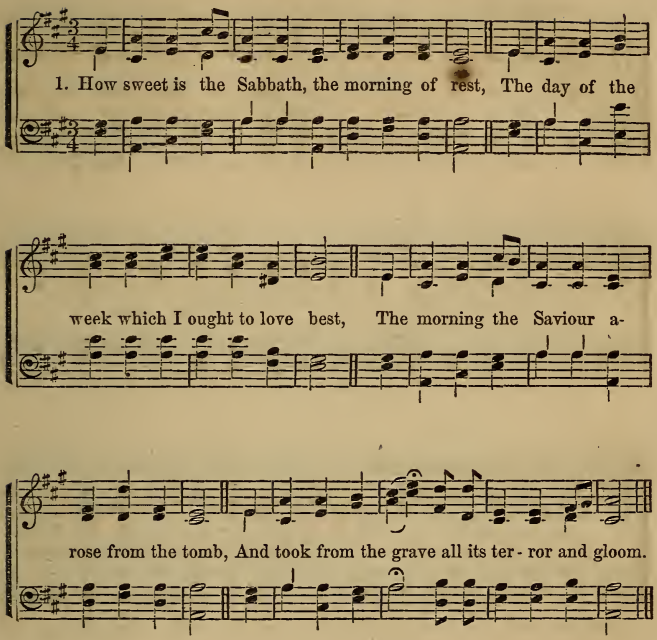
5th P. M.

The precious Bible.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!



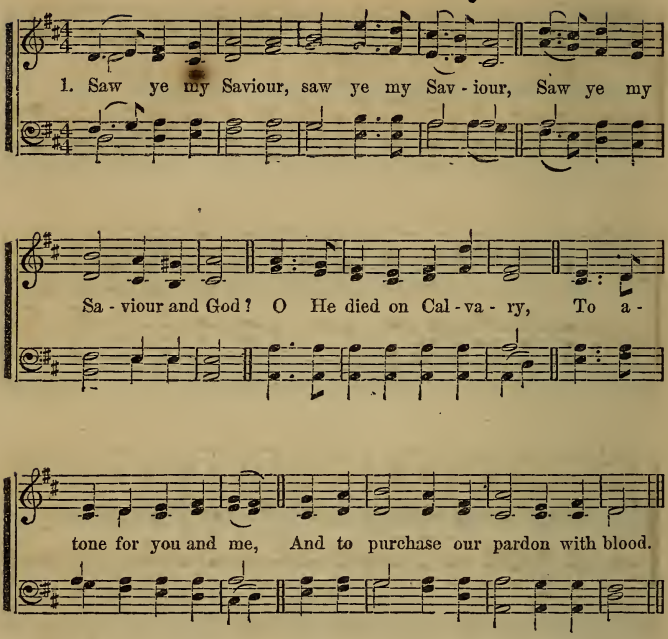
27th P. M.

How sweet is the Sabbath!

2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play;
Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for, heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;
In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,
Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.



P. M.

Christ died for us.

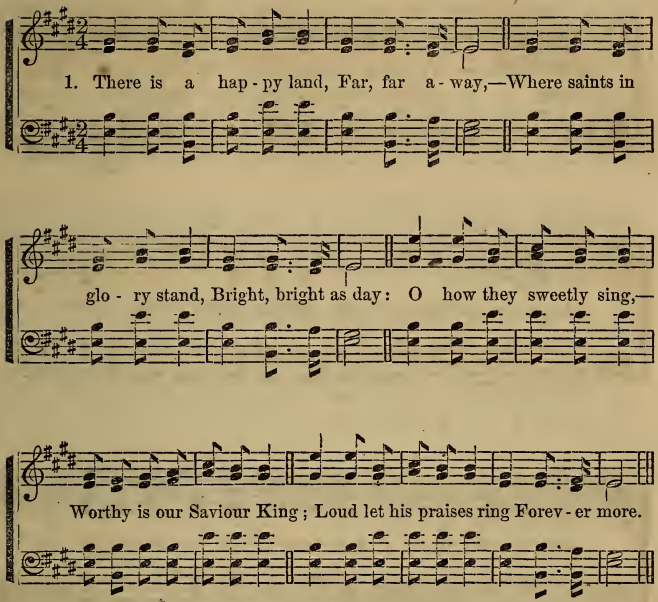
2 He was extended, he was extended,
Painfully nail'd to the cross;
Here he bow'd his head and died;
Thus my Lord was crucified
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevail-
Darkness prevailed o'er the land; [ed,
And the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Sav-
Prince, and the Author of peace! [iour!
O! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

5 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died,
O, behold my hands and side,
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

6 "I will forgive them—I will forgive
When they repent and believe; [them
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive."

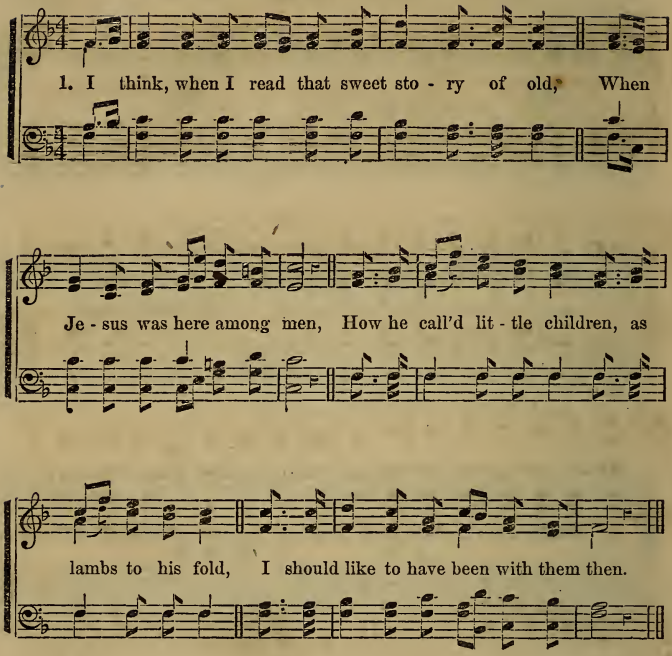


P. M.

The happy land.

2 Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
  Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
  Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
  Reign evermore.



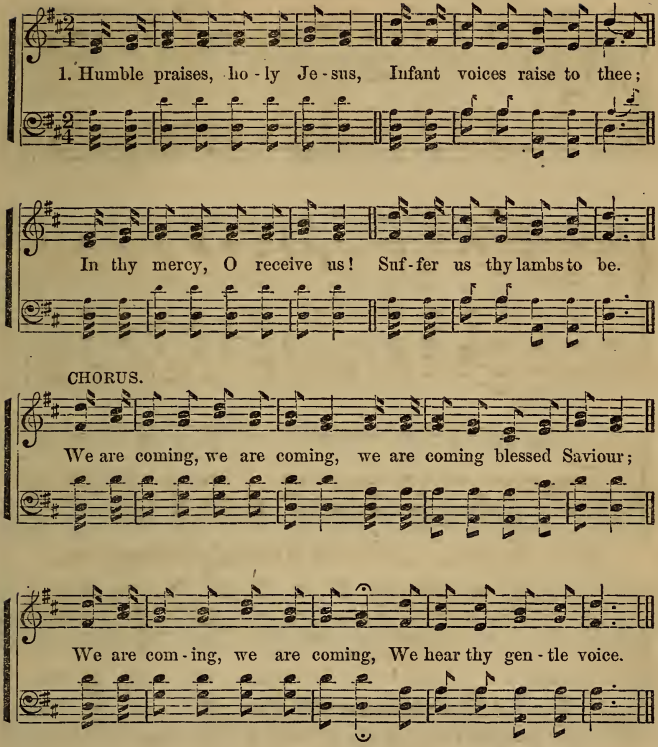
P. M.

"Suffer the little ones to come unto Me."

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."



9th P. M.

The lambs of Christ

2 Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden
Babes, like us, to come to thee;
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us,
Richly let thy mercy flow;
Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus;
Light and life on us bestow.

JESUS IS KING. 5th P. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;

Children, too, of modern days Join to sing the Saviour's praise:

CHORUS.

Hark! while youthful voi - ces sing Loud ho - sannas to their

Hark! while youth - ful voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas

ff

king!— Je - sus is king, Je - sus is king.

to their king—

5th P. M.

Hosanna to Jesus.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given:

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song:
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies:

T. E. PERKINS. Arranged.

1. Come, join our Sabbath song, On this the ho - ly day;

We know that an - gel harps a- bove U - nite to swell the lay.

CHORUS.

We have no home but heaven! We want no home be- side;

Repeat softly.

O God! our Friend and Father! Our footsteps thith- er guide!

Invitation. **S. M.**

2 Come to our Sabbath-school—
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little boy and little girl,
Our sacred pleasure share;

3 And in the house above,
Not made with human hand,
We'll sing at last the Sabbath song,
In one unbroken band!

1. I love the Sabbath-school—the place My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways, That lead to peace and God.

CHORUS.

Then haste to the school-a - way, And keep this sacred day;....
Haste a - way, yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day...

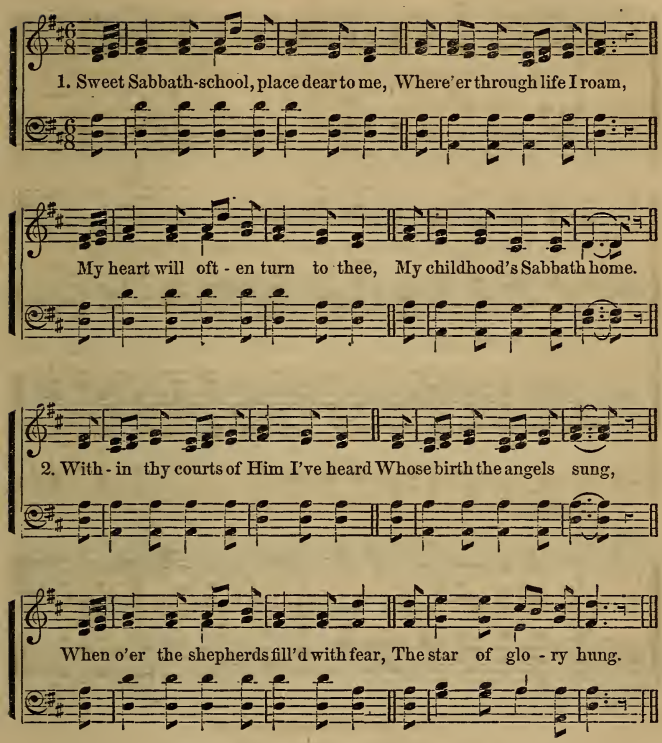
C. M.

Love for the Sunday-school.

2 I love the Sabbath-school—'tis there
The praise of God we sing,—
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the Sabbath-school—where we
The Holy Bible read,—
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.

4 O, that when life's few cares are past,
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

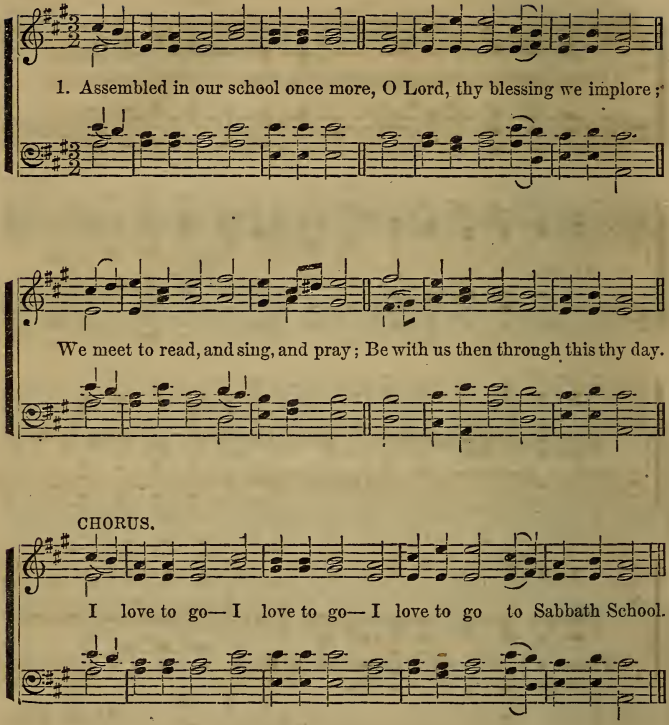


C. M.

The Sabbath-school.

3 O holy place! where first we shed
The penitential tear;
Where youthful steps are taught to tread
In paths of peace and prayer.

4 When all our wand'rings here shall cease,
And cares of life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath place
May we our anthems blend.



L. M.

Opening of school.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;
And when we in thy house appear,
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,
May we above to glory soar;
And praise thee in more lofty strains,
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Thou, who didst with love and blessing, Gather Zion's babes to thee;

Still a Saviour's love ex - press - ing, Now the babes of Zi - on see;

Bless the labours, Bless the labours, That would bring them up for thee;

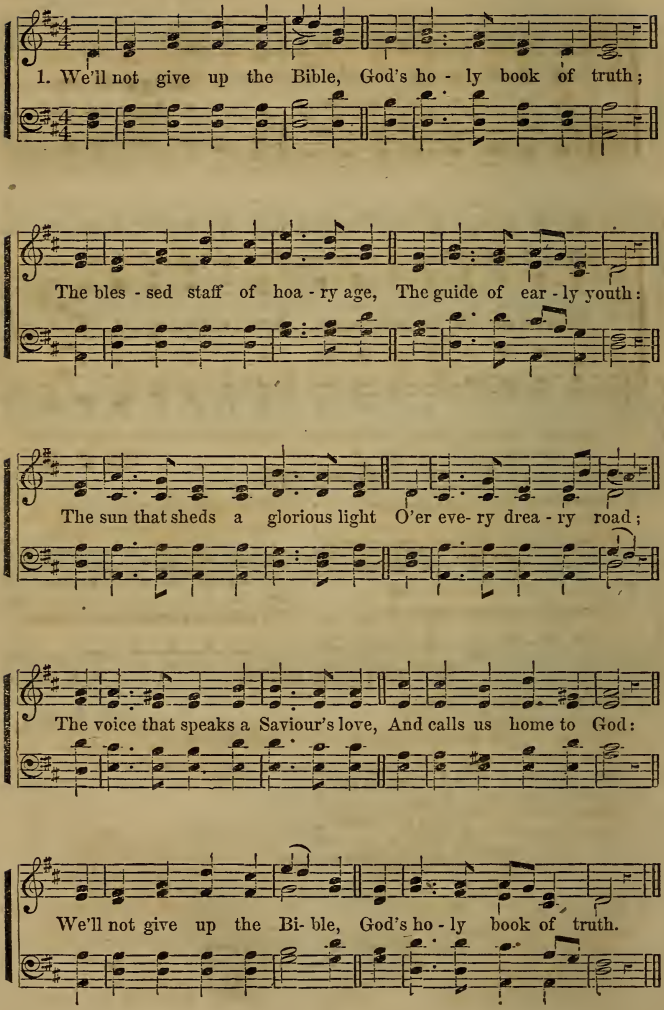
Bless the labours, Bless the labours, That would bring them up for thee.

8th P. M.

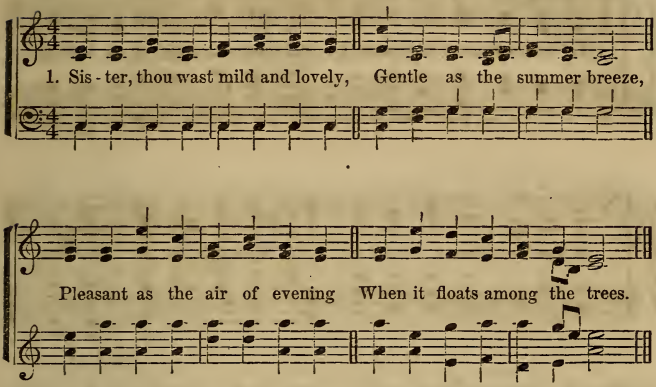
A blessing sought for the Sunday-school.

2 Smile upon our weak endeavour,
Vain, if thou thy smile deny;
Let them rise, to live forever!
Train, O! train them for the sky:
Ne'er may Satan
Plunder Zion's nursery.

3 Lord, with humble fervour bending,
We thy blessing would entreat;
Let thy Spirit, now descending,
Make the toils of learning sweet;
Straight to Zion
Guide the young inquirer's feet.


1. We'll not give up the Bible, God's ho - ly book of truth;
The bles - sed staff of hoa - ry age, The guide of ear - ly youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light O'er eve- ry drea - ry road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love, And calls us home to God:
We'll not give up the Bi- ble, God's ho - ly book of truth.

DR. L. MASON.



9th P. M.

Funeral hymn.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,—
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest *sister*, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrow heal.

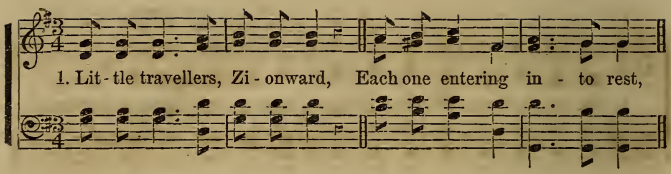
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

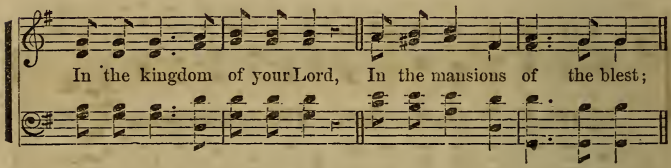
We 'll not give up the Bible. P. M.

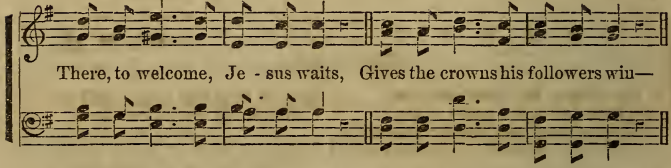
1 We 'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth:
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.
We 'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

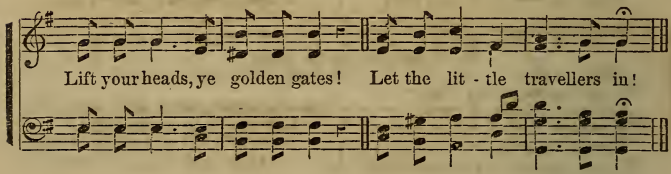
2 We 'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure, or for pain;
We 'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our
By guile or cruel might; [prize
We 'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right!
We 'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

3 We 'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that from God's sacred word,
We 'll never, never part!
We 'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.







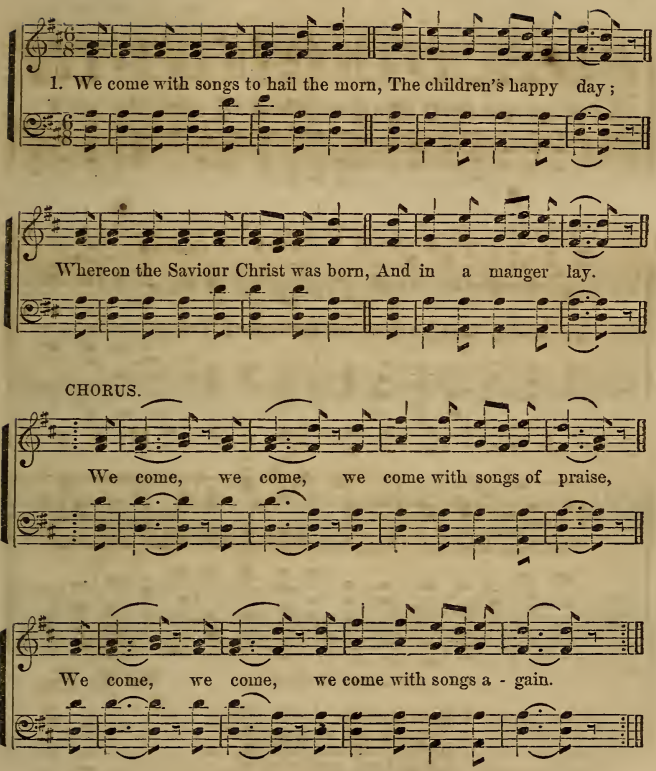


7th P. M.

Children at the gate of heaven.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reach'd that heav'nly seat,
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conqu'rors over death and sin!"
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!



A Christmas song. **C. M.**

2 We sing of Mary's holy child,
With angels from the sky:—
Good-will on earth and mercy mild;
And glory be on high.

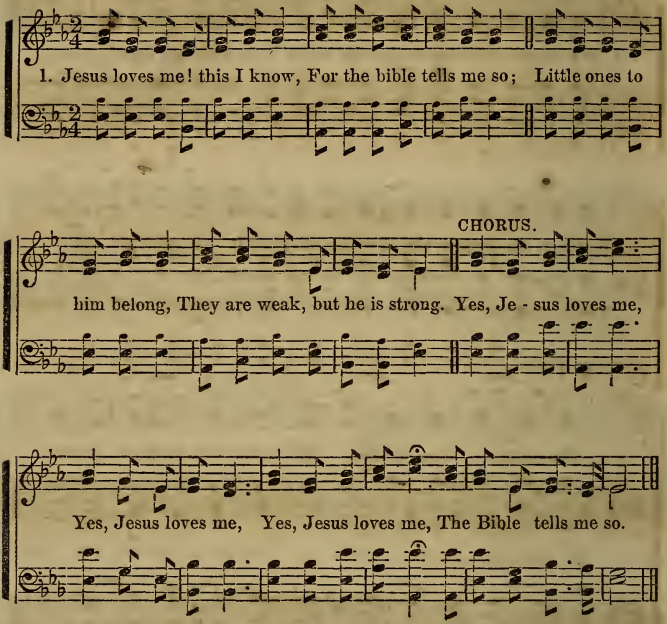
3 We sing the bright and wond'rous star
That o'er the stable shone,
Which led the wise men from afar
To bless the virgin's Son.

4 This is the day, the children's day,
For unto us is given,
A Saviour which is Christ the Lord;—
A Saviour Prince from heaven.

5 Then sing the song of David's King,
In David's city born;
And let the earth with praises ring
This happy Christmas morn.

JESUS LOVES ME. 5th P. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



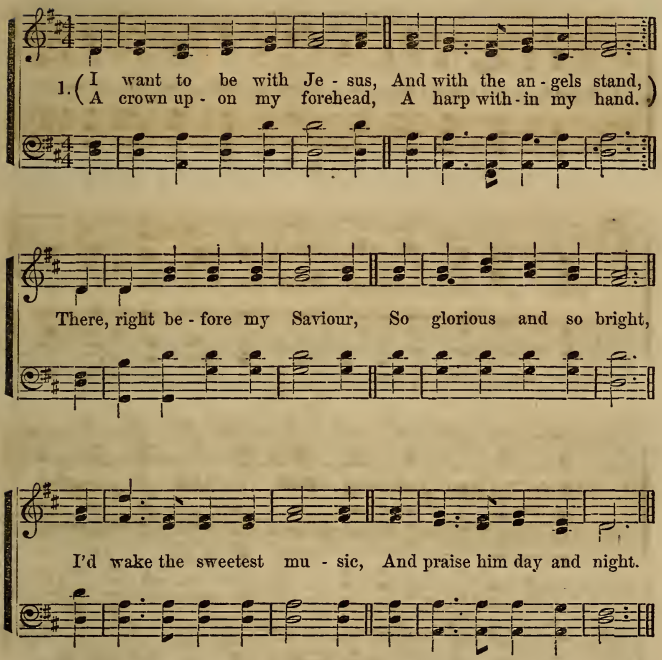
Jesus loves me. **5th P. M.**

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

I WANT TO BE WITH JESUS. 26th P. M. 383



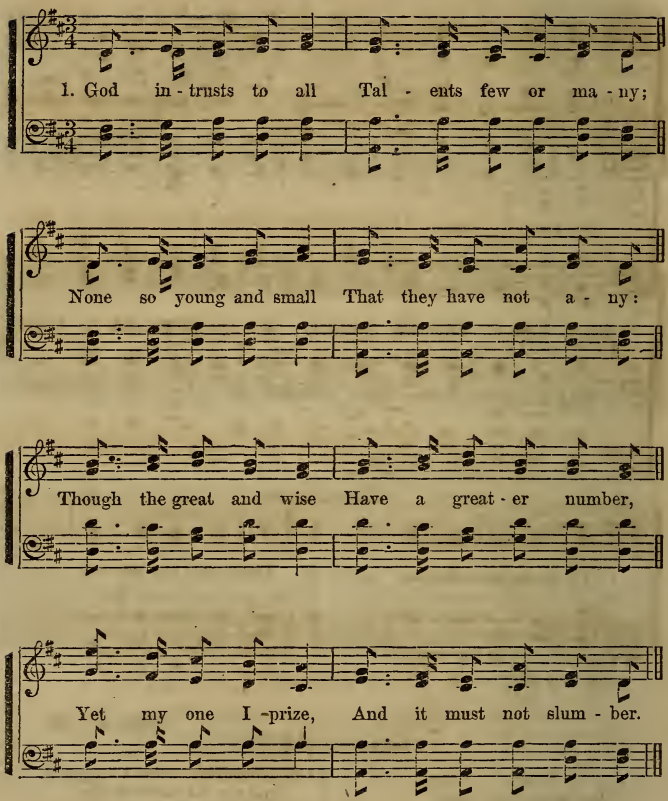
26th P. M.

Desire to be with Jesus.

2 I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

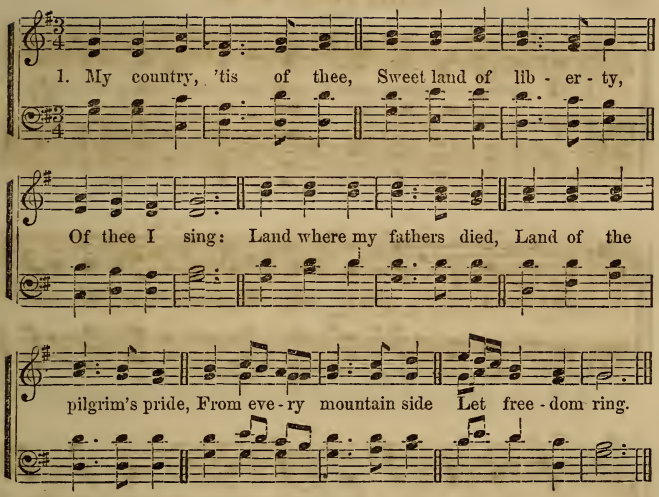
4 O, there I'll be with Jesus,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.



All have some talent. P. M.

2 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?
Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

3 Ev'ry little mite,
Ev'ry little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure:
God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.



National hymn.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

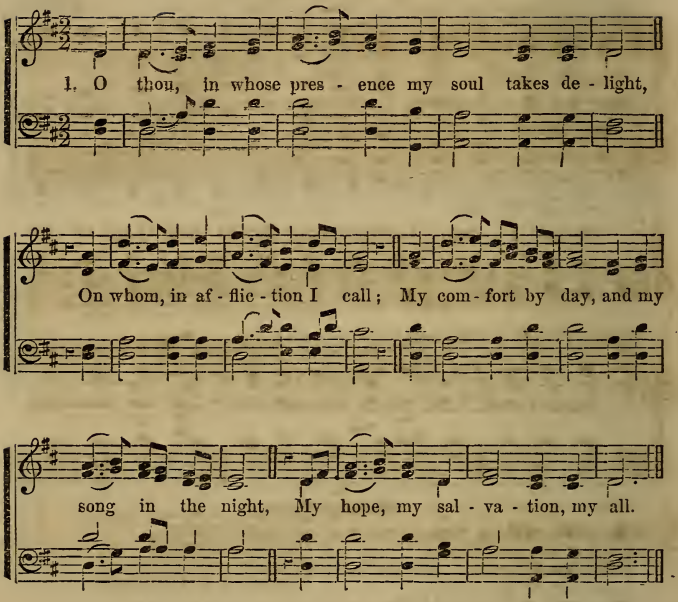
"Our father's God, to thee."

1 Our father's God, to thee,
Mysterious Deity,
Our songs we raise;
As on the jubilee,
Thy sons exultingly
From ev'ry fetter free,
Proclaim'd thy praise.

2 Our grateful hearts shall swell,
Our joyous tongues shall tell
Thy matchless grace:
A feeble voice was heard,
It spake the living word,
And lo! its echoes stirr'd
A mighty race.

3 Dark o'er our western world
Proud error's flag unfurl'd
Her deadly shade;
But soon! a glim'ring ray
Proclaimed approaching day;
And darkness in dismay,
Her voice obeyed.

4 Wide o'er our continent
The joyful message went,
'Salvation free!'
And now, through ev'ry land,
O'er ev'ry distant strand,
Sweeps up the chorus grand
Of jubilee.



P. M.

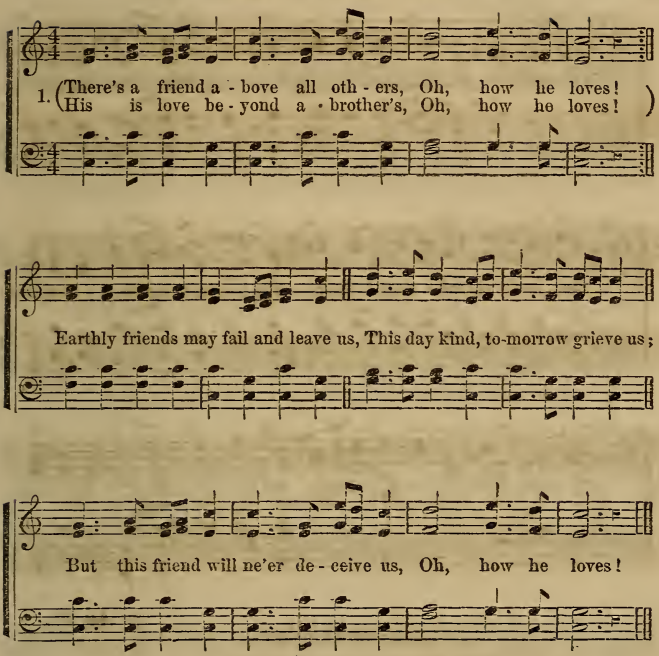
Delighting in his presence.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.



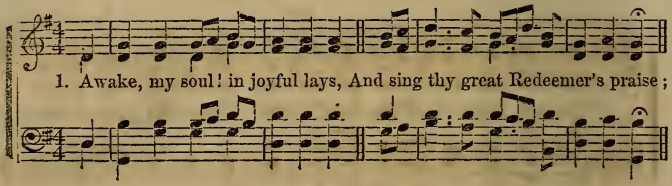
P. M.

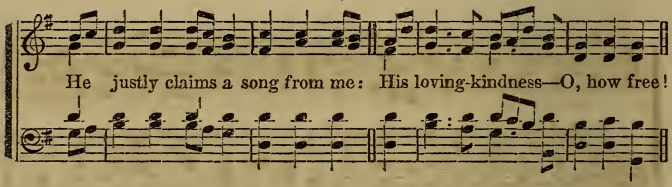
Jesus loves us.

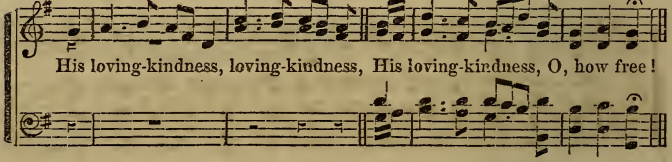
2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3 Love this friend who longs to save
Oh, how he loves! [thee.
Dost thou love? he will not leave
Oh, how he loves! [thee,
Think no more then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,
Oh, how he loves!

4 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings, he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee;
Oh, how he loves!







L. M.

Loving-kindness.

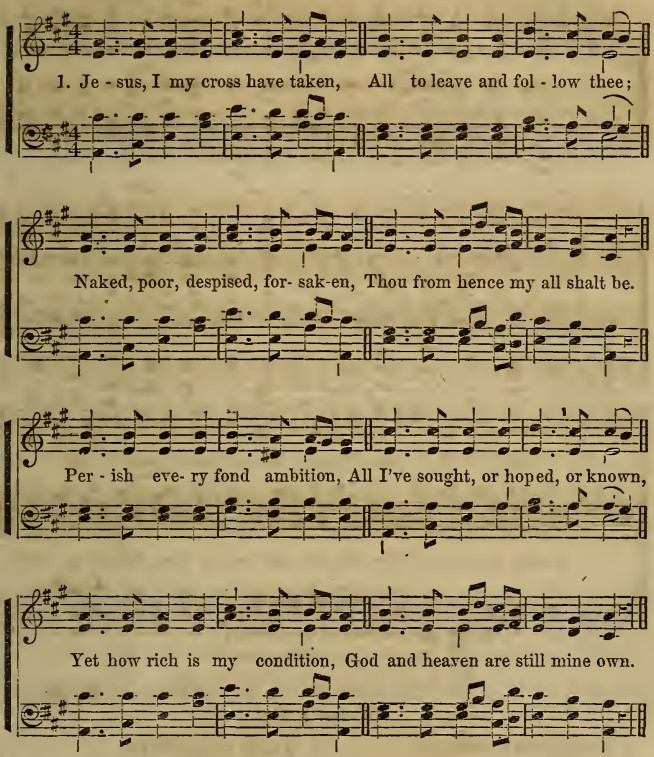
2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;—
His loving-kindness,—O! how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness,—O! how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers shall fail;
O! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

5 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies

MOZART.



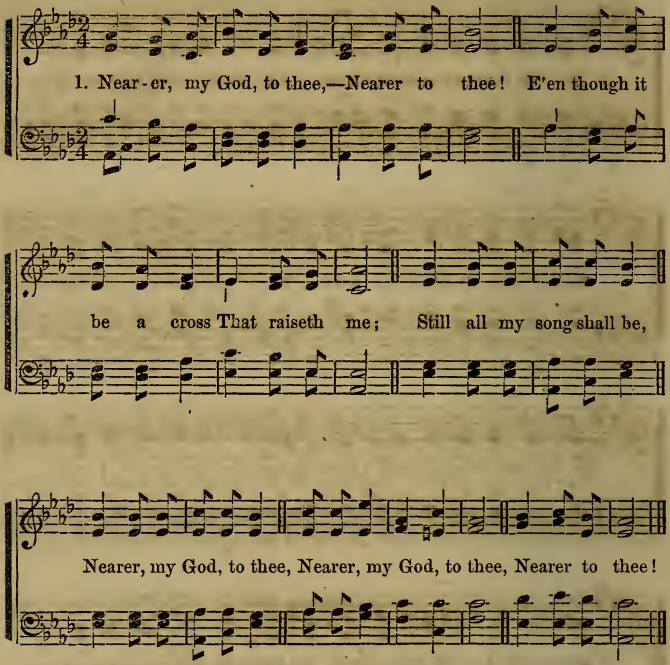
Forsaking all for Christ. **9th P. M.**

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Know, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think, what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee;
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

NEARER TO THEE. P. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



P. M.

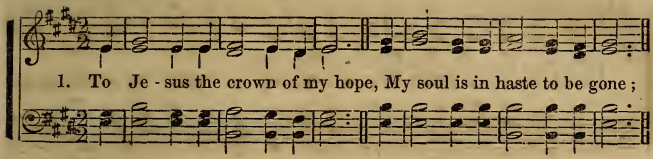
Nearer to thee.

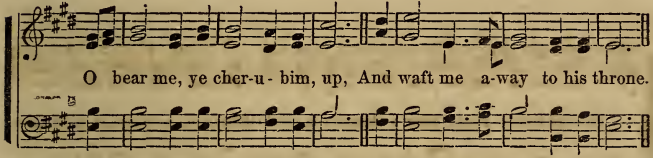
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

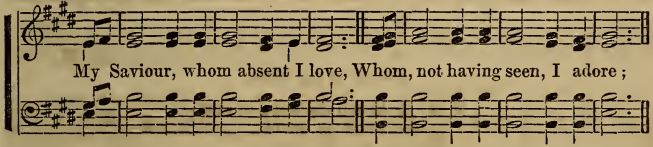
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

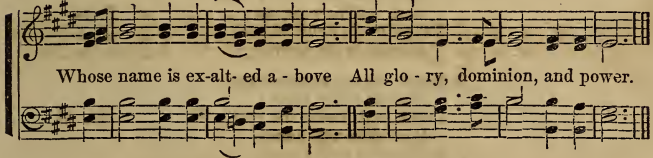
4 And when on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

S. B. Pond.







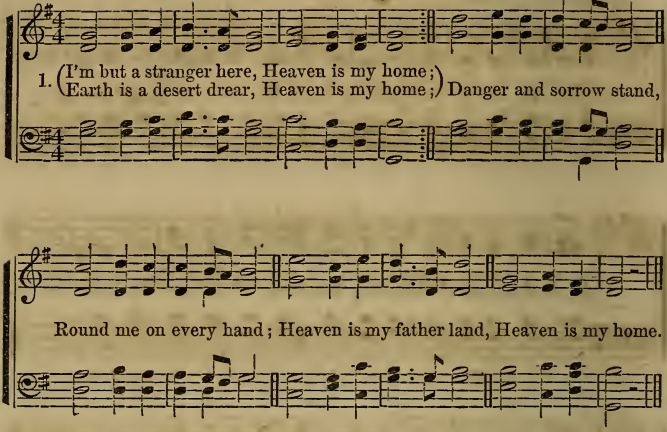


The crown of our hope. **10th P. M.**

2 Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the vail be removed!
And around me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored!
And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

DR. L. MASON.



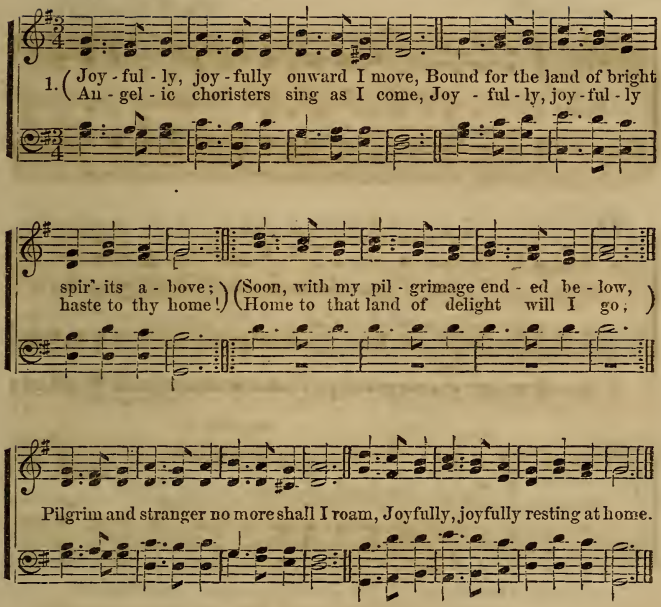
P. M.

Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 Peace, oh my troubled soul,
Heaven is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal,
Heaven is my home.
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward, the prize is won,
Heaven is my home.

4 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.



P. M.

Triumphing over death.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

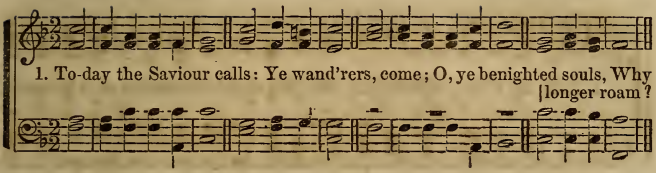
MARCHING ON! 14th P. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er; A country I've found where true joys abound, To dwell I'm determin'd on en-ter our rest; Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home, And the Saviour will give each a that happy ground. Marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the robe and a crown. marching on! marching on! marching on! marching bat-tle-cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the victory, the vic-to-ry, the vic - to - ry!

Fine. CHORUS. D. C.

DR. L. MASON



P. M.

To-day, if ye will hear his voice.

1 To-day the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

Journeying to heaven. 14th P. M.

1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

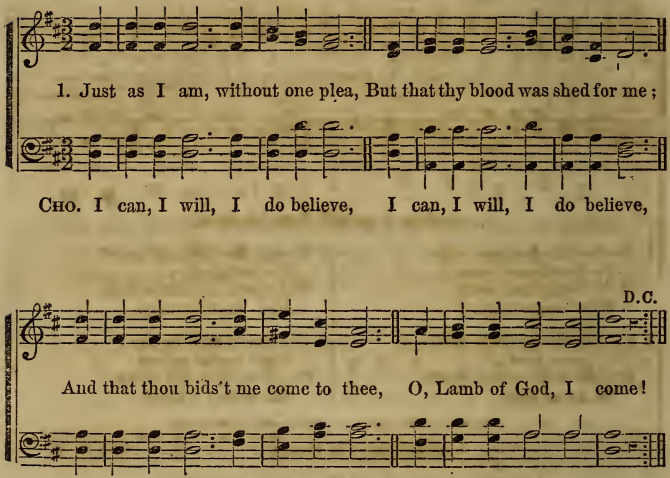
2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He 'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?



P. M.

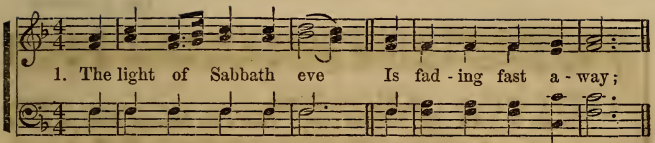
Just as I am.

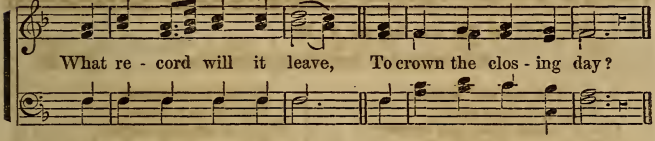
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

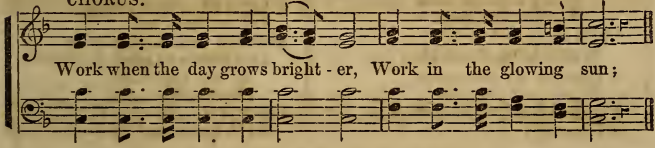
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

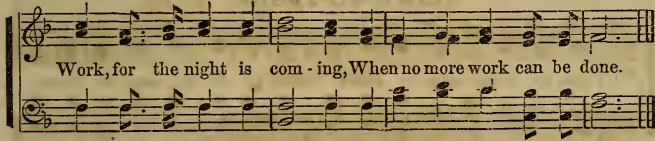
5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!





CHORUS.





P. M.

Close of the Sabbath.

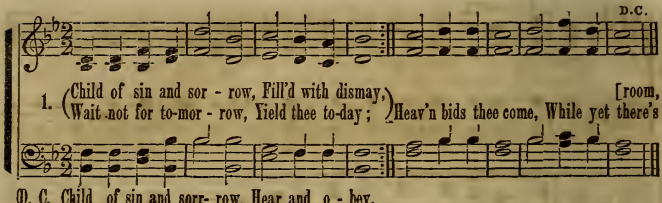
2 Is it a Sabbath spent,
Of fruitless time destroy'd?
Or have these moments lent,
Been sacredly employ'd?

3 To waste these Sabbath hours,
O may we never dare;
Nor taint with thoughts of ours
These sacred days of prayer:

4 But may our Sabbaths here
Inspire our hearts with love;
And prove a foretaste clear
Of that sweet rest above.

NEWBURYPORT. P. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



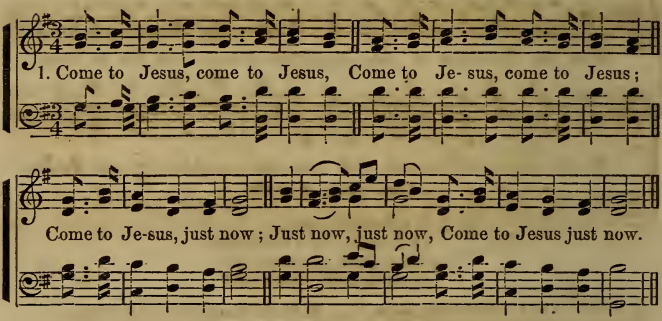
Exhortation to immediate submission. **P. M.**

2 Child of sin and sorrow
Why wilt thou die?
Come, whilst thou can borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

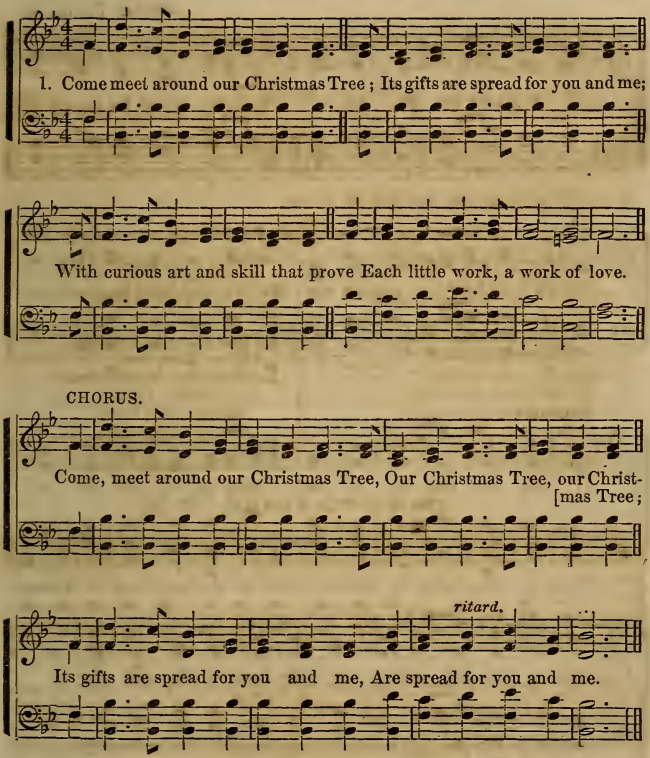
3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee,
Through that long to-morrow,
Eternity?
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow
In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

COME TO JESUS. P. M.



2 He will save you, just now.
3 O believe him, just now.
4 He is able, just now.
5 He is willing, just now.
6 He'll receive you, just now.
7 Then flee to Jesus, just now.
8 Call unto him, just now.
9 "Have mercy on me, just now."
10 He will hear you, just now.
11 He'll forgive you, just now.
12 He will cleanse you, just now.
13 He'll renew you, just now.
14 He will clothe you, just now.
15 Jesus loves you, just now.
16 Don't reject him, just now.
17 Only trust him, just now.



The Christmas Tree. **L. M.**

2 Brothers and sisters here unite,
Parents and friends in all delight,
Each secret kept with faithful care,
Till all the gifts of love may share.

3 Why do we prize our Christmas Tree?
Why do we press its lights to see ?
We know there's more than meets the eye
In its outward form of harmony.

4 We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
The precious things past human tho't;
For then in love divine were given,
Good-will and peace to earth and heaven.

SING FOR JESUS. P. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me;

And all a - long my pilgrim way His lov - ing hand has bro't me.

CHORUS.

O! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry

Of him who did redeem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

Singing for Jesus. **P. M.**

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

		Page
A charge to keep I have	*C. Wesley*	181
A fountain of life and of grace	*C. Wesley*	83
Ah, whither should I go	*C. Wesley*	117
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	*Watts.*	51
All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord	*C. Wesley*	64
All glory be to God above	*F. Bottome*	282
All hail the power of Jesus' name	*Perronet.*	59
All praise to our redeeming Lord	*C. Wesley*	214
Almighty God, thy piercing eye	*Watts.*	355
Almighty Maker, God	*Watts.*	29
Am I a soldier of the cross	*Watts.*	226
And am I born to die	*C. Wesley*	336
And am I only born to die	*C. Wesley*	338
And are we yet alive	*C. Wesley*	212
And can it be that I should gain	*C. Wesley*	138
And can I yet delay	*C. Wesley*	134
And let our bodies part	*C. Wesley*	69
And let this feeble body fail	*C. Wesley*	307
And must I be to judgment brought	*C. Wesley*	346
And must this body die	*Watts.*	342
Appointed by Thee, we meet in thy name	*C. Wesley*	23
Arise, my soul, arise	*C. Wesley*	149
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	*C. Wesley*	310
Around the throne of God in heaven		364
Assembled in our school once more		376
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	*Ken.*	189
Awake, my soul! in joyful lays	*Medley*	388
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	*Doddridge*	248
Away, my unbelieving fear	*C. Wesley*	237
Away with our sorrow and fear	*C. Wesley*	291
Before Jehovah's awful throne	*Watts.*	9
Behold the Christian warrior stand	*Montgomery*	220
Behold the heathen waits to know	*Voke.*	309
Behold the Saviour of mankind	*S. Wesley, Sen.*	47
Behold! with awful pomp	*Hart.*	347
Being of beings, God of love	*C. Wesley*	21
Be it my only wisdom here	*C. Wesley*	253
Blest be the dear uniting love	*C. Wesley*	352
Blest be the tie that binds	*Fawcett*	215

Page
Blest beyond all earthly blessing..... 359
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....*C. Wesley* 91
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....*Heber*. 42
But can it be that I should prove.....*C. Wesley* 160
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....*Heber*. 318

Child of sin and sorrow.....*T. Hastings* 398
Children of Jerusalem..... 372
Children of the heavenly King.....*Cennick* 250
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....*C. Wesley* 54
Come, and let us sweetly join.....*C. Wesley* 218
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove .....*Watts*. 63
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....*Jones*. 116
Come, join our Sabbath song.....*Mrs. Maxwell* 373
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll..... *C. Wesley* 330
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, With.....*C. Wesley* 304
Come, let us ascend.....*C. Wesley* 290
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....*Watts*. 3
Come, let us join our friends above.....*C. Wesley* 305
Come, let us to the feast of love.....*F. Bottome* 216
Come, let us tune our loftiest song.....*West*.. 4
Come, let us use the grace divine.....*C. Wesley* 331
Come, let us who in Christ believe.....*C. Wesley* 2
Come, meet around our Christmas tree..... 399
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....*Newton* 178
Come, O my God, the promise seal.....*C. Wesley* 172
Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....*Blacklock* 32
Come on, my partners in distress.....*C. Wesley* 282
Come, O thou Traveller unknown.....*C. Wesley* 199
Come, O ye sinners, to the Lord.....*C. Wesley* 112
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....*C. Wesley* 107
Come, thou Almighty King.....*C. Wesley* 14
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....*Robinson* 268
Come to Jesus, just now..... 398
Come, weary sinners, come.....*C. Wesley* 115
Come, wisdom, power, and grace divine.....*C. Wesley* 217
Come, ye disconsolate.....*Moore*. 94
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....*Hart*.. 104
Come, ye that love the Lord.....*Watts*. 267
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.....*Steele*. 5
Commit thou all thy griefs.....*J. Wesley* 234

Depth of mercy! can there be.....*C. Wesley* 128
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near.....*C. Wesley* 66

Enthroned is Jesus now.....*Judkin* 60
Eternal Power, whose high above.....*Watts*. 16

Page
Eternal Source of every joy..... .....*Doddridge* 323
Eternal Wisdom! thee we praise.....*Watts.* 30
Except the Lord conduct the plan.....*C. Wesley* 67
Except the Lord our labors bless.....*Bathurst* 196

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone.....*Watts.* 77
Far from these scenes of night.....*Steele.* 284
Father, how wide thy glory shines.....*Watts.* 38
Father, I dare believe.....*C. Wesley* 132
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....*C. Wesley* 129
Father of mercies, in thy word.....*Steele.* 203
Forever here my rest shall be.....*C. Wesley* 162
Forever with the Lord.....*Montgomery* 294
Fountain of life, to all below.....*C. Wesley* 187
Friend after friend departs.....*Montgomery* 340
From all that dwell below the skies.....*Watts.* 7
From every stormy wind that blows.....*Stowell* 175
From Greenland's icy mountains.....*Heber.* 308
From the cross uplifted high.....*Haweis* 110

Glorious things of thee are spoken.....*Newton* 72
Glory be to God above.....*C. Wesley* 207
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....*Ken..* 192
God has said—Forever blessed..... 358
God intrusts to all..... 384
God moves in a mysterious way.....*Cowper* 231
God of my life, through all my days.....*Doddridge* 281
God of my life, whose gracious power.....*C. Wesley* 233
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....*Doddridge* 84
Great God, attend, while Zion sings.....*Watts.* 15
Great God, beneath whose piercing eye.....*Roscoe.* 325
Great God, indulge my humble claim.....*Watts.* 150
Great Source of being and of love.....*Doddridge* 71
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....*W. Williams* 247

Happy soul, who sees the day.....*C. Wesley* 143
Happy the child whose tender years..... .....*Watts.* 357
Happy the souls to Jesus joined.....*C. Wesley* 285
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.....*Watts.* 337
Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds.....*Medley* 229
Hark! how the watchmen cry.....*C. Wesley* 221
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord.....*Cowper* 144
Hark! the herald angels sing.....*C. Wesley* 43
Hark! the song of jubilee.....*Montgomery* 316
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....*Francis* 49
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....*Cawood* 40
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....*T. Scott* 100

Page
Head of the Church triumphant.....*C. Wesley* 264
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies.....*Watts.* 52
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly.....*C. Wesley* 111
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh.....*J. Wesley* 111
Holy Bible! book divine.....*J. B.*. 366
Hosanna be the children's song.....*Montgomery* 319
How beauteous are their feet.....*Watts.* 65
How blest the children of the Lord.....*Sp. of Psalms* 327
How blest the righteous when he dies.....*Barbauld* 341
How do thy mercies close me round.....*C. Wesley* 265
How happy are the little flock.....*C. Wesley* 344
How happy every child of grace.....*C. Wesley* 283
How happy, gracious Lord, are we.....*C. Wesley* 275
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....*J. Wesley* 292
How precious is the book divine.....*Fawcett* 204
How sad our state by nature is.....*Watts.* 98
How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest.....*Silver-st. Coll.* 367
How sweet the hour of closing day.....*Bathurst* 339
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....*Newton* 89
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....*Newton* 272
How vain are all things here below.....*Watts.* 238
Humble praises, holy Jesus..... 371

I ask the gift of righteousness.....*C. Wesley* 170
I know that my Redeemer lives, And.....*C. Wesley* 151
I know that my Redeemer lives, What.....*Medley* 62
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.....*Watts.* 280
I long to behold him arrayed.....*C. Wesley* 301
I love the Sabbath-school—the place..... 374
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....*Dwight* 74
I love to steal awhile away.....*Mrs. Brown* 198
I'm but a stranger here.....*Taylor.* 392
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....*Watts.* 244
In expectation sweet..... 349
In hope against all human hope.....*C. Wesley* 137
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....*Kelly*.. 22
I think, when I read that sweet story of old.....*Mrs. Luke* 370
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.....*J. Wesley* 165
I want to be with Jesus.....*Benjamin* 383
I want a principle within.....*C. Wesley* 185
I will sing for Jesus.....*Gates*.. 400
I would be thine, O take my heart.....*Reed's Coll.* 119
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay .....*Muhlenburg* 300

Jerusalem, my happy home.....*D. Dickson* 293
Jesus, accept the praise.....*C. Wesley* 351
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....*Grigg.* 245

Page
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow.....*C. Wesley* 70
Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep.....*C. Wesley* 210
Jesus hath died that I might live.....*C. Wesley* 163
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....*Doddridge* 356
Jesus, immortal King, arise.....*Burder* 311
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....*Lyte*.. 389
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....*C. Wesley* 123
Jesus, lover of my soul.....*C. Wesley* 125
Jesus loves me! this I know..... 382
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....*Cennick* 139
Jesus, my life, thyself apply.....*C. Wesley* 167
Jesus, my truth, my way.....*C. Wesley* 153
Jesus, plant and root in me.....*C. Wesley* 168
Jesus, shall I never be.....*C. Wesley* 258
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....*Watts*. 312
Jesus, the all-restoring word.....*C. Wesley* 261
Jesus, the Conqu'ror, reigns.....*C. Wesley* 228
Jesus, the Name high over all.....*C. Wesley* 68
Jesus, thine all-victorious love.....*C. Wesley* 169
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....*Watts*. 6
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys.....*C. Wesley* 8
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.....*J. Wesley* 58
Jesus, united by thy grace.....*C. Wesley* 211
Jesus, we look to thee.....*C. Wesley* 17
Join all the glorious names.....*Watts*. 61
Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....*W. Hunter* 393
Just as I am, without one plea.....*Charlotte Elliott* 396

Lamb of God, whose dying love.....*C. Wesley* 82
Leader of faithful souls, and guide.....*C. Wesley* 249
Let earth and heaven agree.....*C. Wesley* 95
Let every mortal ear attend.....*Watts*. 92
Let every tongue thy goodness speak.....*Watts*. 37
Let Him to whom we now belong.....*C. Wesley* 164
Let worldy minds the world pursue.....*Newton* 243
Lift up your hearts to things above.....*C. Wesley* 216
Lift your eyes of faith, and see... .....*C. Wesley* 288
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.....*Ware*. 55
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus.....*C. Wesley* 345
Little travelers, Zionward.....*Edmeston* 380
Lo! God is here! let us adore.....*J. Wesley* 18
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending..... .....*C. Wesley* 348
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....*C. Wesley* 335
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....*Watts*. 33
Lord, and is thine anger gone.....*C. Wesley* 263
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us..... 268
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our.....*Toplady's Col.* 353

Page
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....*Watts.* 148
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....*Davies* 242
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....*C. Wesley* 152
Lord, I despair myself to heal.....*C. Wesley* 118
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....*Watts.* 188
Lord, in the strength of grace.....*C. Wesley* 240
Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray.....*Doddridge* 79
Lord of the worlds above.....*Watts.* 13
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin.....*Watts.* 96
Lord, we are young, thy help we need.....*Rusling* 361
Lord, we come before thee now.....*Hammond* 24
Lord, when we bend before thy throne.....*Pratt's Col.* 26
Lord, while for all mankind we pray.....*Wreford* 326
Lo! round the throne a glorious band.....*Pearson's Col.* 298
Love divine, all love excelling.....*C. Wesley* 157
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb.....*C. Wesley* 144

Mortals, awake, with angels join.....*Medley* 41
My all to Christ I've given.....*L. Hartsough* 240
My country, 'tis of thee.....*S. F. Smith* 385
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so.....*Watts.* 256
My faith looks up to thee.....*R. Palmer* 186
My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine.....*C. Wesley* 279
My God, my life, my love.....*Watts.* 274
My God, my portion, and my love.....*Watts.* 273
My God, the spring of all my joys.....*Watts.* 270
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou..... 184
My Saviour, my almighty Friend.....*Watts.* 271
My Shepherd's mighty aid.....*T. Roberts* 277
My son, know thou the Lord.....*Village Hymns* 106
My soul, be on thy guard.....*Heath* 225
My span of life will soon be done.....*Mrs. Cowper* 236

Nearer, my God, to thee.....*Sarah F. Adams* 390
Now from the altar of our hearts.....*Mason* 193
Now I have found the ground wherein.....*J. Wesley* 136
Now let my soul, eternal King.....*Heginbotham* 206

O come, and dwell in me.....*C. Wesley* 161
O Father, Almighty, to thee be address'd..... 255
Of Him who did salvation bring.....*St. Bernard* 87
O for a closer walk with God.....*Cowper* 262
O for a faith that will not shrink.....*Bathurst* 180
O for a glance of heavenly day.....*Hart.* 122
O for a heart to praise my God.....*C. Wesley* 158
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....*C. Wesley* 1
O for that flame of living fire.....*Bathurst* 260

Page
O for that tenderness of heart.....*C. Wesley* 124
O glorious hope of perfect love.....*C. Wesley* 154
O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea.....*J. Wesley* 36
O God, our help in ages past.....*Watts.* 334
O happy day that fixed my choice.....*Doddridge* 141
O how happy are they.....*C. Wesley* 142
O join ye the anthems of triumph that rise.....*Noel's Col.* 317
O joyful sound of gospel grace.....*C. Wesley* 155
O love divine, how sweet thou art.....*C. Wesley* 171
O love divine, what hast thou done.....*C. Wesley* 46
Once more, my soul, the rising day.....*Watts.* 190
Once more we come before our God.....*Hart..* 19
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....*S. Stennett* 287
O tell me no more of this world's vain store.....*Gambold* 395
O that I could repent! O that.....*C. Wesley* 97
O that I could repent, With all.....*C. Wesley* 121
O that my load of sin were gone.....*C. Wesley* 159
O thou exalted Son of God.....*F. Bottome* 122
O thou God of my salvation.....*C. Wesley* 276
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight..... 386
O thou, to whom, in ancient time.....*Pierpont* 27
O thou, to whose all-searching sight.....*J. Wesley* 246
O thou, who all things canst control.....*J. Wesley* 257
O thou, who camest from above.....*C. Wesley* 182
O thou, who hast our sorrows borne.....*C. Wesley* 120
Our fathers' God, to thee.....*F. Bottome* 385
Our old companions in distress.....*C. Wesley* 306
Our Saviour bids the children come.....*Mrs. Maxwell* 354
O what amazing words of grace.....*Medley* 88
O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise.....*C. Wesley* 145
O when shall we sweetly remove.....*C. Wesley* 302
O where shall rest be found.....*Montgomery* 102

Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear..... 235
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....*Watts.* 45
Poor and needy though I be..... 363
Praise God, from whom all things flow.....*Ken..* 7
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee.....*Sir J. E. Smith* 25
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise.....*Watts.* 35
Prayer is appointed to convey.....*Hart..* 173
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....*Montgomery* 174
Prostrate at Jesus' feet.....*S. Stennett* 127

Rejoice, the Lord is King.....*C. Wesley* 266
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest.....*J. Stennett* 78
Return, O wanderer, return.....*Collyer* 113
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....*Toplady* 130

Page
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....*Watts.* 86
Saw ye my Saviour..... 397
See how great a flame aspires.....*C. Wesley* 314
See how the morning sun.....*Scott.* 191
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands.....*Doddridge* 80
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands..... 356
Servants of God, in joyful lays.....*Montgomery* 11
Shall I, for fear of feeble man.....*J. Wesley* 200
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve.....*C. Wesley* 176
Shepherd of thy little flock..... 362
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.....*Watts.* 126
Sing we to our God above.....*C. Wesley* 258
Sinners, obey the gospel word.....*C. Wesley* 109
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....*Fawcett* 101
Sinners, turn, why will ye die.....*C. Wesley* 114
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.....*S. F. Smith* 379
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....*C. Wesley* 222
Soldiers of Christ, lay hold.....*C. Wesley* 223
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.....*C. Wesley* 133
Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream.....*Martineau's Col.* 201
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....*Watts.* 75
Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me.....*Kennaday* 375

Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal.....*C. Wesley* 269
That awful day will surely come.....*Watts.* 350
The Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold..... 365
The counsels of redeeming grace.....*S. Stennett* 202
Thee we adore, eternal Name.....*Watts.* 333
The God of Abrah'm praise.....*Olivers* 295
The God of harvest praise.....*Montgomery* 324
The God who reigns on high.....*Olivers* 297
The head that once was crown'd with thorns.....*Kelly.* 56
The heavenly treasure now we have.....*C. Wesley* 213
The King of heaven his table spreads.....*Doddridge* 81
The light of Sabbath eve.....*Silver-st. Col.* 368
The long-lost son, with streaming eyes..... 135
The Lord is my Shepherd.....*Montgomery* 255
The Lord is risen indeed.....*Kelly.* 53
The Lord Jehovah reigns.....*Watts.* 31
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....*Addison* 254
The Lord of earth and sky.....*C. Wesley* 332
The morning flowers display their sweets.....*S. Wesley, Jr.* 343
The praying spirit breathe.....*C. Wesley* 177
There is a fountain fill'd with blood.....*Cowper* 85
There is a glorious world of light.....*Jane Taylor* 323
There is a happy land..... 369
There is a land of pure delight.....*Watts.* 286

Page
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....*Tappan* 289
There's a Friend above all others..... 387
The spacious firmament on high.....*Addison* 28
The voice of free grace.....*Thursby* 93
This life is but a summer day..... 355
This, this is the God we adore.....*Hart*.. 35
Though nature's strength decay.....*Olivers* 296
Though troubles assail, and dangers affright.....*Newton* 230
Thou God of truth and love.....*C. Wesley* 208
Thou great mysterious God unknown.....*C. Wesley* 147
Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out.....*C. Wesley* 197
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine.....*C. Wesley* 278
Thou, who didst with love and blessing.....*Taylor* 377
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....*Watts*. 194
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.....*C. Wesley* 90
To-day the Saviour calls.....*L. Mason* 395
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The..... 253
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who.....*Watts*. 47
To God, the Father, Son..... 53
To Jesus, the crown of my hope.....*Cowper* 391
Try us, O God, and search the ground.....*C. Wesley* 209

Urge on your rapid course.....*C. Wesley* 224

Vain are all terrestrial pleasures .....*Ford*. 239
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....*C. Wesley* 241
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.....*Hart*. 103

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know.....*B. Barten* 251
Watchman, tell us of the night.....*Bowring* 315
We are but young, yet we may sing..... 360
Weary souls, that wander wide.....*C. Wesley* 105
We bring no glitt'ring treasures.....*Phillips* 320
We come with songs to hail the morn.....*F. Bottome* 381
We know, by faith we know.....*C. Wesley* 303
Welcome, sweet day of rest.....*Watts*. 76
We'll not give up the Bible..... 379
What am I, O thou glorious God.....*C. Wesley* 140
What are those soul-reviving strains.....*Pratt's Col.* 321
What now is my object and aim.....*C. Wesley* 34
What various hindrances we meet.....*Cowper* 179
When all thy mercies, O my God.....*Addison* 252
When blooming youth is snatch'd away..... 337
When I can read my title clear.....*Watts*. 227
When I survey the wondrous cross.....*Watts*. 50
When, O my Saviour, shall it be.....*Dorrington* 259
When quiet in my house I sit.....*C. Wesley* 205

		Page
When shall I see the welcome hour	*C. Wesley*	166
When shall the voice of singing	*Pratt's Col.*	313
While life prolongs its precious light	*Dwight*	99
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night		39
While thee I seek, protecting Power	*Mrs. H. M. Williams*	195
While we walk with God in light	*C. Wesley*	219
While with ceaseless course the sun	*Newton*	329
Who are these array'd in white	*C. Wesley*	299
Why should the children of a King	*Watts.*	146
With glorious clouds encompass'd round	*C. Wesley*	44
With joy we hail the sacred day	*Lyte..*	20
With joy we meditate the grace	*Watts.*	57
Would Jesus have the sinner die	*C. Wesley*	48
Wretched, helpless, and distress'd	*C. Wesley*	131
Ye ransom'd sinners, hear	*C. Wesley*	156
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	*C. Wesley*	10
Ye virgin souls, arise	*C. Wesley*	328
Ye wretched, starving poor	*Steele.*	108
Young men and maidens, raise	*C. Wesley*	12
Zion stands with hills surrounded	*Kelly..*	73

INDEX OF CHORUSES.

	Page		Page
All the storms will soon be...	289	Give me Jesus, you may have	68
		Glory be to Jesus.....	110
Be strong in faith and firm in..	180	Glory, glory, glory, glory, Halle.	276
		Glory, glory, hallelujah	222
Caanan we see from Pisgah's.	286	Glory, honor, praise, and power	86
Christ is all the world to me...	274	Go and tell Jesus, 'tis he that..	112
Come and welcome to Jesus..	113	God is love! I know, I feel....	128
Come, meet around our Christ.	299		
		Hallelujah! I belong to this...	214
For now we stand on Jordan's	235	Hallelujah to the Lamb, who..	93
For the Lion of Judah shall...	230	Hallelujah! We will join this..	321
Free grace, free grace, to all the	109	Happy day, happy day, When	141
From Egypt's yoke set free...	69	Hark! while youthful voices..	372

Page
He leadeth me! By his own.. 139
He's a Friend that's ever near. 363
Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts.... 81
Holy Bible! book divine..... 366

I can, I will, I do believe. ... 396
I'd rather be the least of all... 356
I'll away, away to the promised 111
I'll not die here for bread, he...135
I'll praise God, and you'll praise 219
I love it, I love it, nor aught.. 365
I love thee, I love thee, as thou 145
I love to go to Sabbath-school. 376
I'm climbing up Zion's Hill... 284
I'm glad I'm in this army.... 208
I'm happy now, for Jesus comes 58
I'm waiting for thee..... 300
I own I'm, I own I'm vile..... 129
I will believe, I do believe.... 45
I yield, I yield, I yield, I can.. 134

Jesus calls, will you come.... 360
Jesus is waiting to receive.... 87
Jesus paid it all..... 127

Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me. 227
Let us never mind the scoffs... 248
Let us walk in the light..... 251
Looking home, toward that... 216
Lord, revive us, O revive us.. 257

Marching along, we are march. 220
Marching on..... 394
My brother, I wish you well.. 106

O come and go with me..... 108
O come and join our happy band 213
O come, angel band, come and 287
O come, O come and go with.. 88
O glory, glory to the Lamb... 281
O glory, hallelujah..... 62
O glory! There's room enough 354
O hallelujah! grace is free..... 90
O! help me sing for Jesus..... 400
Oh, no! None but the righteous 310
Oh, that will be joyful..... 383
Oh! who will come and go with 155

Page
On, on, on! we are marching on 326
O ride on, Jesus, O ride on... 84
O that angels now would teach 252
O the bleeding Lamb..... 3
O the Lamb, the loving Lamb. 2
O the Lamb, the loving Lamb. 51
O the place, the happy place.. 271
O there is rest..... 294
O there will be mourning..... 100
O who's like Jesus! Hallelujah 226
O who's like Jesus, who died for 48

Pity me, pity me..... 118

Rejoice, the promised time is.. 312
Rock of ages, cleft for me..... 130

Safe, safe at home..... 298
Salvation's full and free..... 115
Send the sound the earth around 311
Shall we know each other there 247
Shall we meet beyond the river 207
Shout, shout the victory..... 156
Shout, shout, we're gaining... 224
Sing on, pray on, followers of.. 234
Sinners, the hiding-place is nigh 101
Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at.. 245

The angels sing in their happy 297
The cross of Christ I'll cherish 240
The golden harps melodious... 5
The judgment day is rolling on 346
Then haste to the school—away 374
Then we'll gather at the river.. 342
There is a rest remains..... 152
There is rest for the weary... 303
There is sweet rest in heaven.. 215
There'll be no sorrowing there. 60
There's a light in the window.. 223
There you'll sing hallelujah, and 270
They have clean robes, white.. 299
This is the children's jubilee... 319
This promise on that sacred... 137
'Tis a song from the home of.. 290
'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the 306
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation 359

	Page		Page
We are coming, blessed	371	We're marching through	352
We are passing away	99	We're nearer to our heavenly	322
We are waiting by the river	301	We will march around	146
We are young and we are hap.	361	Will you go	107
We come with songs of praise.	381	Will you go to that beautiful	93
We have no home but heaven	373	Will you go?—to the Eden	279
We'll be there, be there	296	Work while the day grows	368
We'll stand the storm, it wont.	232		
We'll wait till Jesus comes	307	Yes, Jesus loves me	382
We're a happy pilgrim band	250	Yes, we are pilgrims	262
We're journeying to our	212	You must be a lover of the	357

INDEX OF TUNES.

	Page		Page		Page
Abode	32	Atonement	103	Bethel	52
Abraham	295	Autumn	157	Bethlehem	42
Alexandria	80	Avon	56	Beulah	286
Alfreton	260	Away	111	Bible	366
All	48	Aylesbury	336	Biblos	365
Alma	94	Azmon	162	Blessed	358
America	385			Bond	219
Amietta	57	Balerma	262	Book of Truth	378
Anchor	232	Band	214	Bottome	193
Angel Band	287	Bangor	337	Bourbon	159
Angel Choir	40	Banquet	290	Bowring	16
Angeline	252	Barby	231	Boylston	132
Angel's Song	4	Bartimeus	104	Brattle-street	236
Anticipation	22	Barton	151	Bremen	171
Antigua	28	Bavaria	72	Brewer	200
Antioch	30	Beacon	223	Brighton	46
Amoy	395	Beautiful River	342	Broomsgrove	119
Ardor	65	Beautiful Zion	249	Brown	228
Ariel	344	Bedford	176	Bruce	316
Arlington	158	Believer	89	Bye-and-bye	69
Armenia	244	Believing	45		
Army	208	Beloved	386	Caddo	243
Around the Throne	364	Benevento	329	Call	260
Athens	124	Bertrand	17	Calvary	51

	Page
Cambridge	269
Cana	81
Canaan	283
Celestial	297
Cheer	212
Chelmsford	169
China	333
Choice	356
Christian	304
Christian Warrior	220
Christmas	39
Christmas Tree	399
City	293
Clarksville	31
Cleansing Fountain	85
Colchester	188
Columbia	326
Come to Jesus	398
Compassion	120
Confidence	149
Conqueror	317
Conquest	55
Consecration	240
Coronation	59
Corydon	83
Counsel	207
Courage	224
Court	60
Covenant	331
Cross and Crown	185
Cyllene	168
Damascus	41
Dawn	288
Dedham	167
De Fleury	272
Departure	340
Dove	281
Dover	177
Dresden	18
Duane	148
Dundee	210
Dunlaps	26
Eaton	138
Eden	279
Edward	384
Effingham	78
Eltham	130
Empyrean	53
Enon	302
Evan	256
Evening	339
Exaltation	12
Exhortation	1
Expectation	307
Fairest	274
Faith	300
Faith in Jesus	396
Farewell	116
Feast	92
Federal	77
Fellowship	215
Finished	49
Flock	337
Florida	289
Forest	126
Forever	294
Fountain	187
Franklin	164
Frederick	10
Free Grace	109
Friend	363
Give	163
Gladiator	248
Glarus	203
Golden Harp	5
Golden Hill	97
Gorham	282
Gospel Feast	107
Gospel Grace	155
Gould	218
Grace	84
Gracious	90
Greenville	353
Greeting	381
Guest	108
Guide	178
Guide	373
Haddam	328
Hallelujah	276
Hamburg	242
Hants	74
Happy Day	141
Happy Land	369
Happy Song	361
Hark	144
Harp	2
Hartel	246
Harvest	324
Harwich	332
Haven	14
Hebron	194
Hedding	335
He leadeth me	139
Hendon	43
Hick	54
Hill of Zion	13
Hobab	110
Home in Glory	354
Honesdale	150
Howard	190
Hullah	195
Illa	259
Illinois	189
Imlah	179
Immanuel	44
Inseparable	352
Invitation	93
Invocation	196
Ives	125
I want to be with Jesus	383
Jefferson	36
Jesus loves me	382
Jesus paid it all	127
Jesus is King	372
Jesus is mine	186
Jordan	38
Joy	325
Joyfully	393
Jubilee	319
Judgment	346
Kedron	67
Kentucky	181

	Page
Laban	115
Lanesboro'	238
Lazarus	131
Lebanon	221
Lenox	91
Let me go	227
Light	251
Likeness	261
Lion of Judah	230
Lisbon	267
Lischer	61
Looking Home	216
Love	145
Lover	357
Love to go	376
Loving Kindness	388
Luther	225
Luton	343
Lydia	21
Lyons	64
Madison	391
Magdalene	136
Magnet	211
Marching on	394
Market Square	29
Marlow	202
Martillo	205
Martyn	114
Mear	63
Melbourne	20
Mendom	82
Mendon	7
Mentor	184
Mercy	128
Meribah	183
Millennium	313
Missionary Hymn	308
Montgomery	95
Mount	137
Mourning	100
Mt. Vernon	379
Nageli	347
Naomi	204
Nearer Home	332
Nearer to Thee	390
Nettleton	268
Newbury	351
Newburyport	398
Newry	70
Northfield	37
Oak	392
O! how he loves	387
Old Hundred	9
Olin	380
Olive's Brow	182
Olivet	50
Omniscience	355
Only	241
Opal	348
Ope	341
Orestes	239
Ortonville	209
Ozrem	191
Paradise	265
Paragon	226
Passing	99
Pearl	68
Penitence	123
Peterboro'	33
Phillips	174
Piety	8
Pilgrim	250
Pisgah	270
Pity	118
Place	271
Pleyel	258
Portion	273
Portland	291
Prayer	173
Prodigal	135
Promise	296
Promised Time	312
Provider	255
Provision	23
Publican	121
Quito	140
Ransom	47
Rapture	142
Recognition	247
Redeemer	62
Refuge	101
Rejoice	156
Rejoicing	275
Release	277
Reliance	15
Remember	129
Rest	206
Rest for the Weary	303
Retreat	175
Revive	257
Rock	278
Rockingham	323
Rockport	263
Rosa	345
Rothwell	79
Sabbath	105
Sabbath Morning	374
Safe	298
Saint's Rest	152
Salem	146
Salis	71
Salvation	86
Sanger	76
Saw ye my Saviour	397
Scott	102
Sessions	165
Shawmut	117
Shepherd	254
Sherburne	160
Shield	237
Shining Shore	305
Shirland	161
Sicilian	24
Siloam	318
Sing	266
Sing for Jesus	400
Sojourner	292
Soldiers of the Cross	222
Sonnet	280
Sound	311
Stephens	327
Stephenson	197
St. Johns	172
St. Martins	334

	Page		Page		Page
St. Olaves	98	Tyng	245	Wells	233
Stonefield	25			Wesley	314
Strait	310	Union	34	White Robes	299
St. Thomas	153	Union Band	321	Willoughby	253
Substitute	58	Unity	217	Wilmot	143
Sufficiency	88	Upton	6	Windham	133
Supplication	96	Uxbridge	66	Winter	166
Sweet Afton	367			Wish	106
Sympathy	285	Vista	154	Witness	147
				Woodland	170
Tabor	213	Waiting	301	Woodstock	198
Tallis	192	Walsal	350	Woodworth	235
Tell Jesus	112	Wander	375	Work	368
Tenham	330	Wanderer	113	Worthy	3
The Child's Desire	370	Ward	11	Wrestle	199
The Cross	389	Ware	122		
Theme	87	Warning	338	Yield	134
'Tis Well	306	Warren	27		
Trias	201	Warren's	349	Zephyr	75
Triumph	264	Watch and pray	180	Zerah	19
Trumpet	229	Watchman	315	Zion	73
Truro	35	We are coming	371	Zion's Hill	284
Trust	234	We are Pilgrims	362	Zulu	309
Turn	359	Webb	320		

METRICAL INDEX.

L. M.	Page		Page		Page
Abode	32	Christian Warrior	220	Happy Day	361
Alfreton	260	Christmas Tree	399	Happy Song	141
Angel's Song	4	Dove	281	Hartel	246
Antigua	28	Duane	148	Hebron	194
Away	111	Effingham	78	He leadeth me	139
Bethel	52	Evening	339	Honesdale	150
Bourbon	159	Federal	77	Illa	259
Bowring	16	Forest	126	Illinois	189
Brewer	200	Free Grace	109	Imlah	179
Call	360	Gospel Feast	107	Invocation	196
		Hamburg	242	Joy	325

	Page
Love to go	376
Loving Kindness	388
Luton	343
Mendon	7
Mentor	184
Newry	70
Old Hundred	9
Olivet	50
Olive's Brow	182
Ope	341
Paradise	265
Passing	99
Pity	118
Prayer	176
Promised Time	312
Quito	140
Redeemer	62
Reliance	15
Rest	206
Retreat	175
Revive	257
Rockingham	323
Rothwell	79
Safe	298
Salis	71
Sessions	16
Shield	237
Stonefield	25
Strait	310
Substitute	58
Supplication	96
Tallis	192
Tell Jesus	112
Theme	87
Truro	35
Tyng	245
Union Band	321
Upton	6
Uxbridge	66
Ward	11
Ware	122
Warren	27
Wells	233
Woodworth	235
Windham	133
Zephyr	75
Zulu	309

C. M.	Page
Alexandria	80
Amietta	57
Anchor	232
Angel Band	287
Angeline	252
Antioch	30
Arlington	158
Armenia	244
Athens	124
Atonement	103
Avon	56
Azmon	162
Balerma	262
Band	214
Bangor	337
Barby	231
Barton	151
Bedford	176
Believer	89
Believing	45
Beulah	286
Bottome	193
Brattle-street	236
Broomsgrove	119
Caddo	243
Calvary	51
Cana	81
Canaan	283
Cambridge	269
Chelmsford	169
China	333
Choice	356
Christmas	39
City	293
Cleansing Fountain	85
Colchester	188
Columbia	326
Coronation	59
Covenant	331
Cross and Crown	185
Damascus	41
Dedham	167
Dundee	210
Dunlaps	26
Evan	256
Exhortation	1

	Page
Expectation	307
Farewell	116
Feast	92
Fountain	187
Franklin	164
Give	163
Gladiator	248
Glarus	203
Golden Harp	4
Gospel Grace	155
Gracious	90
Greeting	381
Harp	2
Home in Glory	354
Howard	190
Hullah	195
Immanuel	44
Inseparable	352
Jordan	38
Jubilee	319
Judgment	346
Lanesboro'	238
Let me go	227
Light	251
Likeness	261
Looking Home	216
Lover	357
Lydia	21
Magnet	211
Marlow	202
Mear	63
Melbourne	20
Mount	137
Naomi	204
Nearer Home	322
Northfield	37
Omniscience	355
Ortonville	209
Paragon	226
Pearl	68
Peterboro'	33
Phillips	174
Pisgah	270
Place	271
Portion	273
Prodigal	135
Ransom	47

Page
Refuge 101
Remember..... 129
Sabbath Morning.. 374
Saint's Rest..... 152
Salem..... 146
Salvation 86
Shining Shore.... 318
Sound 311
Stephens..... 327
Stephenson..... 197
St. Johns..... 172
St. Martins..... 334
St. Olaves..... 98
Sufficiency..... 88
Sympathy 285
Tabor..... 213
'Tis Well 306
Trias..... 210
Walsal 350
Wander 375
Wanderer 112
Watch and Pray.. 180
Winter..... 166
Woodland..... 170
Woodstock 198
Worthy 3
Zerah 18

S. M.

Ardor..... 65
Aylesbury..... 336
Beacon..... 223
Beautiful River... 342
Bertrand..... 17
Boylston..... 132
Brown..... 228
Bye-and-bye..... 69
Cheer 212
Consecration..... 240
Courage 224
Court 60
Dover..... 177
Empyrean 53
Fairest 274
Fellowship 215
Forever 294
Golden Hill..... 97

Page
Grace 84
Guest 108
Guide 373
Hants 34
Jesus paid it all... 127
Kentucky 181
Laban 115
Lebanon 221
Lisbon 267
Luther 225
Market Square.... 29
Nageli..... 347
Ozrem 191
Publican 121
Rest for the Weary 303
Sanger 76
Scott 102
Shawmut..... 117
Shirland. 161
Soldiers of the Cross 222
St. Thomas..... 153
Trust..... 234
Warren's..... 349
Wish..... 106
Yield 134

1st P. M.

All 48
Beautiful Zion.... 249
Brighton 46
Dresden 18
Eaton..... 138
Magdalene..... 136
Martillo..... 205
Shepherd..... 254
Wrestle 199

2d P. M.

Jefferson 36
Sonnet 280

3d P. M.

Army..... 208
Clarksville..... 31
Confidence..... 149
Exaltation 12
Haddam..... 328

Page
Harwich 332
Hill of Zion..... 13
Lenox 91
Lischer..... 61
Montgomery 95
Newbury..... 351
Rejoice..... 165
Sing 266

4th P. M.

Ariel 344
Bremen 171
Compassion 120
Gorham 282
Hêdding..... 335
Kedron 67
Meribah 183
Piety 8
Rejoicing..... 275
Sherburne 160
Sojourner..... 292
Unity 217
Vista 154
Warning 338
Willoughby 253
Witness..... 147

5th P. M.

Bible..... 366
Bond 219
Counsel 207
Cyllene..... 168
Friend 363
Hark 144
Hendon 43
Jesus is King..... 372
Jesus loves me... 382
Mercy..... 128
Mourning..... 100
Pilgrim..... 250
Pleyel..... 258
Sicilian 24
We are Pilgrims.. 361
White Robes..... 299
Wilmot..... 143

6th P. M.

Eltham..... 130

Page
Hobab 110
Sabbath..... 105

7th P. M.

Benevento..... 329
Bruce 316
Dawn..... 288
Eltham..... 130
Gould..... 218
Guide..... 178
Hick..... 54
Ives..... 125
Martyn..... 114
Olin 380
Watchman..... 315
Wesley 314

8th P. M.

Anticipation..... 22
Bartimeus..... 104
Blessed 358
Finished..... 49
Flock 377
Greenville 353
Hallelujah 276
Opal..... 348
Recognition 247
Rosa..... 345
Zion 73

9th P. M.

Angel Choir..... 40
Autumn..... 157
Bartimeus 104
Bavaria..... 72
Blessed. 358
Finished 49
Flock 377
Greenville..... 353
Mount Vernon.... 379
Nettleton..... 268
Orestes..... 239
Sicilian..... 24
The Cross..... 389
Turn..... 359
We are coming... 371

Page
10th P. M.

Corydon..... 83
De Fleury..... 272
Enon. 302
Madison 391
Portland 291
Rock 278
Union..... 34
Waiting 301

12th P. M.

Lazarus 131
Mendom 82
Only..... 241
Penitence..... 123
Rockport 263

13th P. M.

Frederick 10
Lion of Judah.... 230
Love 145
Lyons 64
Provision..... 23

14th P. M.

Marching on..... 394

15th P. M.

Banquet..... 290
Rapture 142

16th P. M.

Conqueror..... 317
Eden 279

18th P. M.

Christian 304
Tenham 330

19th P. M.

America..... 19
Harvest 324
Haven 14
Jesus is mine..... 186

21st P. M.

Abraham..... 295
Celestial..... 297

Page
Promise..... 296
Release..... 277

22d P. M.

Trumpet 229

25th P. M.

Triumph 264

26th P. M.

I want to be with Jesus 383
Millennium 313
Missionary Hymn. 308
Webb..... 320

27th P. M.

Biblos 365
Faith 300
Frederick..... 10
Provider 255
Sweet Afton..... 367

28th P. M.

Conquest 55

29th P. M.

Invitation 93

30th P. M.

Alma 94
Bethlehem..... 42

33d P. M.

Work 368

36th P. M.

Florida..... 289
Lanesboro'..... 238
Woodland 170

37th P. M.

Departure..... 340

5's and 6's.

Edward 384

Page

64,64.
Amoy..... 395

64,64,66,64.
Nearer to Thee... 390
Oak 392

64,64,67,64.
Happy Land 369

64,64,44,64.
Newburyport 398

Page

67,87.
Sing for Jesus.... 400

76,86,86,86,76.
Book of Truth.... 378

84,84,88,84.
O! how he loves.. 387

86,86,13.
Around the Throne 364

Page

88,86.
Faith in Jesus.... 396

10 7,77,9.
Saw ye my Saviour 397

10 8,12 9.
The Child's desire. 370

8 lines 10's.
Joyfully 393

11 8,11 8.
Beloved..... 386

THE END.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street New York.

THE JEW AMONG ALL NATIONS.

Eight Illustrations. 18mo.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Among Children; or, Twenty-five Narratives of a Religious Awakening in a School in Pomerania. From the German, by CHARLOTTE CLARKE. 18mo.

MOUNTAINS OF THE PENTATEUCH.

Conversations on the Mountains of the Pentateuch, and the Scenes and Circumstances connected with them in Holy Writ. 18mo.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN,

Author of the Pilgrim's Progress. By STEPHEN B. WICKENS. Six Illustrations. 18mo.

THE TWO DOVES:

Or, Memoirs of Margaret and Anna Dove, late of Leeds, England. By PETER M'OWAN. 18mo.

THE MOTHERLESS FAMILY.

Two Illustrations. 18mo.

THOMAS HAWKEY TREFFRY:

Parental Portraiture of Thomas Hawkey Treffry, who died at Falmouth, April 19, 1821, aged eighteen years. By Rev. RICHARD TREFFRY. 18mo.

UNCLE WILLIAM AND HIS NEPHEWS.

Nine Illustrations. 18mo.

MY GRANDFATHER GREGORY.

With Illustrations. 18mo.

MY GRANDMAMMA GILBERT.

By the Author of "My Grandfather Gregory." Illustrated. 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street, New York.

THE HISTORY OF SARAH BREWER,

A Poor Orphan. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

LIFE OF REV. RICHARD WATSON,

Author of Theological Institutes, Dictionary, Exposition of the Gospels, etc. By STEPHEN B. WICKENS. 18mo.

SERIOUS ADVICE

From a Father to his Children. Recommended to Parents, Guardians, Governors of Seminaries, and to Teachers of Sunday Schools. By CHARLES ATMORE. 18mo.

A VOICE FROM THE SABBATH SCHOOL:

A brief Memoir of Emily Andrews. By Rev. DANIEL SMITH. 18mo.

LITTLE JAMES;

Or, The Story of a Good Boy's Life and Death. John Reinhard Hedinguer; or, the Faithful Chaplain: being an Account of an extraordinarily Pious and Devoted Minister of Christ. 18mo.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH JONES,

A Little Indian Girl, who lived at the River-Credit Mission, Upper Canada. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

JERUSALEM AND THE TEMPLE.

Rebuilding of Jerusalem and the Temple; or, The Lives of Ezra and Nehemiah. By Rev. DANIEL SMITH. 18mo.

THE TRAVELER;

Or, A Description of Various Wonders in Nature and Art. Illustrated. 18mo.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Illustrated. 18mo.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN,

Pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban De La Roche. 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street New York.

THE CONVERTED JEWESS:
A Memoir of Maria ——. 18mo.

THE MISSIONARY TEACHER:
A Memoir of Cyrus Shepard, embracing a Brief Sketch of the Early History of the Oregon Mission. By Rev. Z. A. Mudge. Seven Illustrations. 18mo.

BE GOOD:
An Important Precept illustrated in Ralph's Account of a Visit to the Country. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

HADASSAH;
Or, The Adopted Child. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

THE LIVES OF THE CÆSARS.
For Week-day Reading. Six Illustrations. 18mo.

THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED.
Three Illustrations. 18mo

THE HIGHLAND GLEN;
Or, Plenty and Famine. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

PARTING PRECEPTS
To a Female Sunday Scholar, on her Advantages and Responsibilities. By Mrs. J. Bakewell. 18mo.

NEDDY WALTER;
Or, The Wilderness made to Bloom. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

HARRIET GREY;
Or, The Selfish Girl cured. 18mo.

CUBA.
By Rev. James Rawson, A. M. Illustrated. 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street New York.

THE MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

Two Illustrations. 18mo.

PROCRASTINATION;

Or, Maria Louisa Winslow. By Mrs. H. M. Pickard. 18mo.

CHRISTIAN PEACE;

Or, The Third Fruit of the Spirit. Illustrated by Scenes from Real Life. 18mo.

THE CAVES OF THE EARTH:

Their Natural History, Features, and Incidents. 18mo.

THE BLIND MAN'S SON;

Or, The Poor Student successfully struggling to overcome Adversity and Misfortune. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

THE EARLY DEAD:

Containing Brief Memoirs of Sunday-School Children. Three volumes, 18mo.

HOSTETLER;

Or, The Mennonite Boy converted. A true Narrative. By a Methodist Preacher. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

MOUNTAINS OF THE BIBLE.

Conversations on the Mountains of the Bible, and the Scenes and Circumstances connected with them in Holy Writ. Supplementary to the "Mountains of the Pentateuch." By E. M. B. Four Illustrations. 18mo.

A MISSIONARY NARRATIVE

Of the Triumphs of Grace, as seen in the Conversion of Kafirs, Hottentots, Fingoes, and other natives of South Africa. By Samuel Young, twelve years a Missionary in that Country. 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street, New York.

ANGEL WHISPERS;
Or, The Story of Thomas and Edward. Two Illustrations. 18mo.

HISTORY OF NELLY VANNER.
Written expressly for Children. By JOHN CURWEN. 18mo.

PRAISE AND BLAME.
By Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS, Author of "Facts, not Fables." With Illustrations. 18mo.

THE YOUNG MINER:
A Memoir of John Lean, Jun., of Camborne, in the County of Cornwall. By JOHN BUSTARD. 18mo.

THANET SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.
Mildred, the Thanet Sunday-School Teacher. By JOHN BUSTARD. 18mo.

OLD HUMPHREY'S OBSERVATIONS.
Selections from Old Humphrey's Observations and Addresses. Six Illustrations. 18mo.

INTERESTING STORIES
For the Entertainment and Instruction of Young Readers. Illustrated. Two volumes, 18mo.

ELLEN AND SOPHIA;
Or, The Broken Hyacinth. By MRS. SHERWOOD, Author of "Little Henry and his Bearer." Three Illustrations. 18mo.

FARMER GOODALL AND HIS FRIEND.
By the Author of "The Last Day of the Week." With Illustrations. 18mo.

JANE AND HER TEACHER.
A Simple Story. 18mo.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

200 Mulberry-street New York.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE JANE TAYLOR.

By Isaac Taylor. With a brief Introduction, by Rev. Daniel Smith. 18mo.

SCRIPTURE PROPHECY.

Fulfillment of Scripture Prophecy, as Exhibited in Ancient History and Modern Travels. By Stephen B. Wickens. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

By Rev. Daniel Smith. 18mo.

HISTORY OF THE PATRIARCH JACOB.

By Rev. Daniel Smith. Five Illustrations. 18mo.

THE LIFE OF HEZEKIAH.

By Rev. Daniel Smith. 18mo.

THE LIFE OF JOSHUA.

By Rev. Daniel Smith. Three Illustrations. 18mo.

DEAF AND DUMB.

Recollections of the Deaf and Dumb. 18mo.

THE LIFE OF ELIJAH.

By Rev. Daniel Smith. Five Illustrations. 18mo.

THE WATERLOO SOLDIER.

Three Illustrations. 18mo.

LIFE OF ADAM CLARKE.

An Account of the Religious and Literary Life of Rev. Adam Clarke, LL.D. 18mo.

LIFE OF MRS. COKE.

Memoir of Mrs. Penelope Goulding Coke, by her Husband, the late Rev. Dr. Coke. 18mo.